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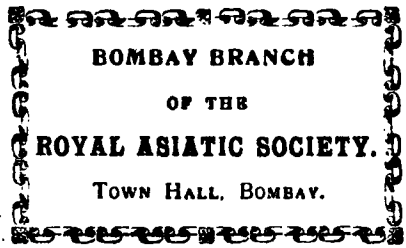

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ITALY AND HER INVADERS

HODGKIN

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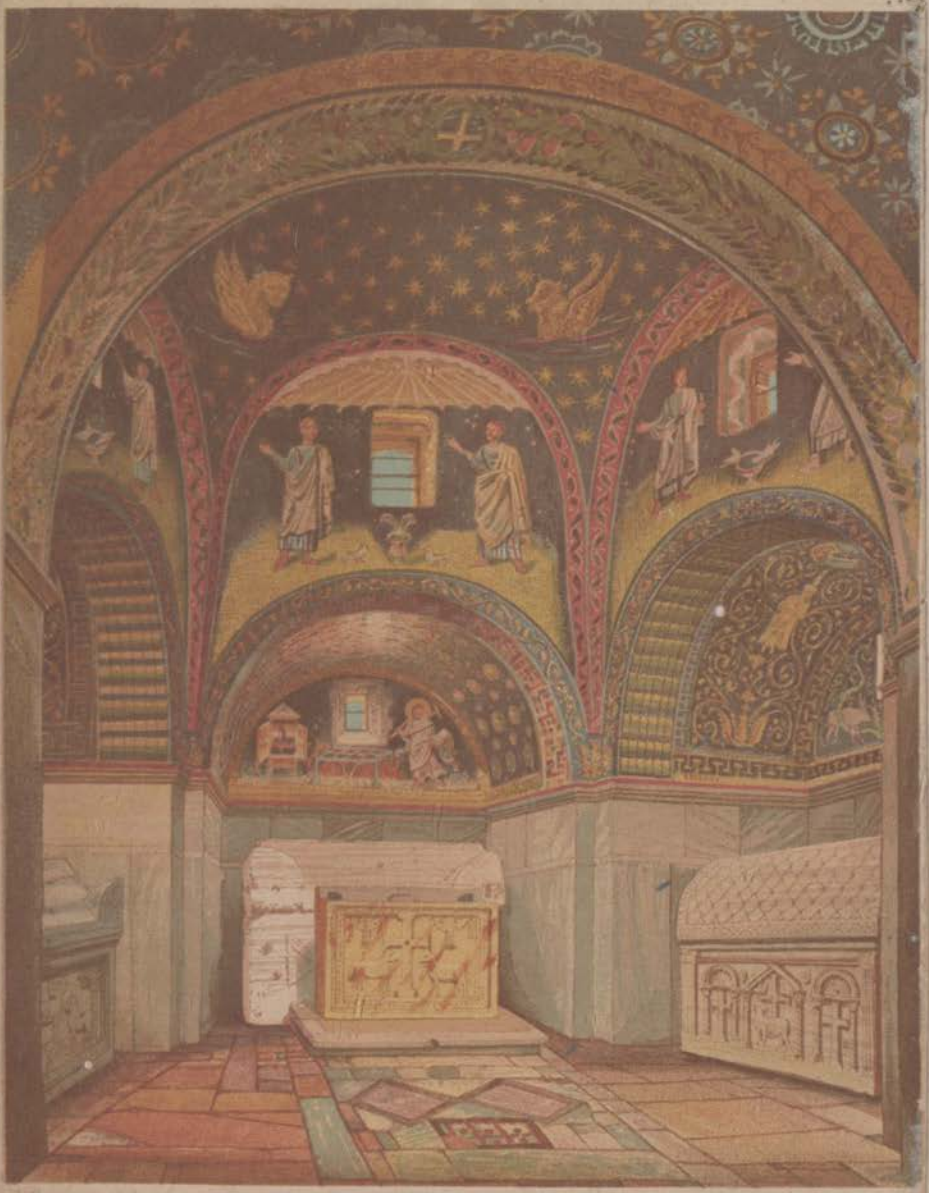

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MAUSOLEUM OF GALLA PLACIDIA, RAVENNA.

ITALY AND HER INVADERS

376—476

BY

THOMAS HODGKIN, B.A.

FELLOW OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON

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ac

VOL. I

Book I. THE VISIGOTHIC INVASION

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PREFACE.

In the following pages I have endeavoured to meet the requirements of two different classes of readers. For the sake of the general reader, who may not have his Gibbon before him, nor a Latin Dictionary and Classical Atlas at his elbow, I have taken for granted as little special knowledge of Roman history as possible, I have generally kept the text clear of untranslated quotations, and I have explained, with even tedious minuteness, the modern equivalents of ancient geographical designations, and have sometimes used the modern name only, at the cost of an obvious anachronism.

On the other hand, as I have proceeded with my work, and become more and more interested in the study of my authorities, I have begun to indulge the hope that I might number some historical scholars among my audience. To these, accordingly, I have addressed myself almost exclusively in the notes, whether at the foot of the page or at the end of the chapter; and these notes, for the most part, the general reader may

safely leave unstudied. Should my book be fortunate enough to come into the hands of a scholar, he is requested to pardon many an explanation of things to him trite and obvious, which I should never have introduced had I been writing for scholars alone.

It will be observed that when sums of money are spoken of, I have generally given the equivalent in sterling. This does not, however, convey much information to the mind unless it be also stated what was the 'purchasing power' of a sum equivalent to a pound sterling in those days. I would gladly have added a chapter on 'The History of Prices under the Empire,' and had collected some materials for that purpose, but I feared to weary my readers with a discussion which might have interested only a few. The general conclusion at which the most careful modern enquirers seem to have arrived is thus stated by Gibbon: about the year 470, 'the value of money appears . . . . . to have been somewhat higher than in the present age.' The general rise of prices since Gibbon's time may justify us in making this statement somewhat stronger. It is probable that in Imperial Rome £100 would have had about the same command over commodities which £200 has in our own day. But of such enormous differences in value, when measured by the precious metals, as exist between the England of Victoria and the

England of the Plantagenets there is here no question.

I have made a slight departure from precedent by introducing more illustrations than are usual in a work of this description. The chief object of the chromo-lithographs of ecclesiastical edifices at Ravenna is to convey to those who have not visited that place some idea of the general effect of the Mosaics. They are engraved from drawings carefully made on the spot by Mr. George Nattress. The coins here figured are, with one exception[1], all in the British Museum. I am indebted to the kind assistance of Mr. H. A. Grueber (in the coin department of that institution) for their selection and arrangement. For the maps, though chiefly founded on Smith's Classical Atlas, I must be myself responsible. Some boundaries are conjecturally drawn, but I have endeavoured to make this conjectural element as small as possible.

I take this opportunity to express my thanks to three friends, with whom this book, which has given me six years of happy labour, will always be connected in the mind of the author. My brother-in-law, Mr. Justice Fry, first encouraged me to attempt such an undertaking, and the advice of Dr. James Bryce and the Rev. M. Creighton was exceedingly helpful at a later period of the work. My hearty thanks are also due to the Delegates of

[1] Aelia Flaccilla, wife of Theodosius I.

the Clarendon Press, for undertaking the publication of the work of one who is a stranger to the University of Oxford.

The volumes now published form a chapter of history which is complete in itself; but if life and health be continued to me, I hope to narrate hereafter the fortunes of the Ostrogoths and Lombards, and thus to bring my work down within sight of the august figure of Charles the Great.

THOS. HODGKIN.

BENWELLDENE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE,
5th December, 1879.

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ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

Page 30, line 7 from bottom, for 'a lad of eighteen' read 'a boy of eight' and five lines lower down after 'even' insert 'at his father's death in 375'

Pp. 90–96. Titles of the pages on the left hand, for 'The Visigothic Invasion' read 'The Last Years of Valens.'

P. 121, note 2. Probably it was the *Province* of Thrace as distinct from the *Diocese*, which Fridigern claimed. The former would almost exactly correspond to the Western half of the modern Province of 'Eastern Roumelia.'

P. 273. Title of page, for 'Courtship' read 'Consulship'

P. 275, l. 5 from bottom, for 'Lissa' read 'Scutari'

P. 301 (marginal note), for 'Consulati' read 'Consulatu'

P. 304, l. 4 from top, for 'Zosmius' read 'Zosimus'

P. 308, l. 5 from bottom. After '407' read as follows: 'The usurper crossed over into Gaul and was welcomed as Imperator by all the Roman legions in that country. From Gaul, as we shall hereafter see, he extended his power into Spain. For the four succeeding years—very critical ones for the Empire—we must think of the armies of Britain and Gaul as thrown into the scale against Rome.'

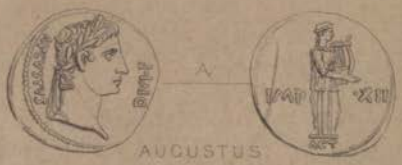
P. 315 (marginal note), for 'Maumer's' read 'Hanmer's'

P. 324 (note 1), l. 3 from bottom, for 'the other, Salvius' read 'the other Salvius'

P. 381 (note), for 'History of the Latin Church' read 'History of Latin Christianity.'

P. 409, l. 3 from bottom, for 'three' read 'two'

P. 465, l. 8 from top, for 'Symmachus the historian' read 'Symmachus the orator' [Symmachus is said to have written a history, but his fame rests on his orations].



AUGUSTUS.

TIBERIUS.

NERO.

VESPASIAN.

DOMITIAN.

TRAJAN.

ANTONINUS PIUS.

MARCUS AURELIUS.

COMMODUS.

DECIUS.

GALLIENUS.

CLAUDIUS GOTHICUS.

AURELIAN.

F.J. Lees Delt

For the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, Oxford.

COINS, FIRST THREE CENTURIES OF THE EMPIRE

INTRODUCTION.

CHAPTER I.

PLAN OF THE WORK. SUMMARY OF ROMAN IMPERIAL HISTORY.

THE object of this history is to trace some of the changes by which classical Italy, the kernel of the Roman Empire, the centre of government and law for the Western world, became that Italy of the Middle Ages, whose life was as rich in intellectual and artistic culture as it was poor in national cohesion and enduring political strength. Plan of Work.

To some other historian will belong the delight of telling worthily in the English language the story of those wonderful Italian Commonwealths, which nurtured and diffused the sacred flame of civilisation, while England, France, and Germany were yet dreaming the dreams of barbarism. Other English scholars are even now relating the history of that succeeding age, so perplexing in its alternate appeals to our admiration and our abhorrence, during which Italy, still in the van of European nations, was passing from the mediæval into the modern phase of thought and manners, the Age of the Renaissance. But my business is at the other, and to most readers the much less interesting, end

INTROD. CH. 1.

of her history. I have to deal with the period of fading light and increasing obscurity during which the familiar Italy of the Classics slowly assumes the character which we term Mediæval.

Italy is the country with which our interests will be permanently bound up, and other nations are mentioned only in so far as they directly or indirectly influenced her destinies. But I must warn the reader that this limitation will often be found to be of the most elastic nature. Every wandering tribe which crossed the Alps, eager to pierce its way to the discrowned capital of the world, contributed something to the great experiment of the making of the new Italy, and the previous history of that tribe, whether it dwelt in Lithuanian steppes or wasted Chinese provinces, is therefore within the scope of our enquiry, which proposes to deal not only with Italy but also with her invaders.

In the period covered by the present volumes, moreover, it is impossible wholly to dissever the history of Italy from that of the other portions of the Roman Empire. This is shown in the lives of two of the first statesmen whom we meet with. A Spanish gentleman (Theodosius), clothed with the Imperial purple at Constantinople, by a battle fought among the mountains of Friuli makes himself master of Italy, and dies at Milan, leaving the dominion of Western Europe to his son. The chief minister of that son (Stilicho), a soldier of German extraction, born probably in Thrace, first

emerges into notice as ambassador to the king of Persia, is married beside the Bosphorus to a daughter of Spain, wars by the Rhine, and dies at Ravenna.

Do what we may, therefore, we shall find our story continually diverted from the country between the Alps and Etna by the perturbing influences of other countries, especially by Byzantium, in the earlier part of this period, and by Gaul in the later. Still, the reader is requested to bear in mind that it is the history of Italy primarily which I shall endeavour to set before him, that the course of the narrative is prescribed by the order of the successive appearances of the barbarians upon the Italian theatre, and that I am not so presumptuous as to endeavour to tell over again what has been already told by the unsurpassable skill of Gibbon, the story of the Fall of the Roman Empire.

Five great invasions by the barbarians, corresponding roughly to five generations of mankind, or 160 years, mark the period which may be called *The Death of Rome*. These five invasions are those of the Visigoths, the Huns, the Vandals, the Ostrogoths, and the Lombards. Alaric the Visigoth first led a hostile army into Italy A.D. 402: Alboin the Lombard entered the same country with his conquering host A.D. 568. It is the story of the *three* earlier invasions that I shall attempt to tell in the present volumes, and the period to which I have especially directed

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my attention is the century which intervenes between the years A. D. 376 and 476. For though the Visigoths did not actually set foot in Italy till A. D. 402, the cause which set them in motion, and which, more than any other, determined the great migration of the Germanic tribes into the countries forming the Roman Empire, was the appearance of the Huns, a horde of Asiatic savages, on the confines of the Visigothic territory between the Black Sea and the Carpathians, in the year A. D. 376, and (by a coincidence which may help to fix both dates in the memory) it was precisely a century after this event, in the year of our Lord 476, that the last Roman Emperor (Augustulus) was pushed off his throne by the first Teutonic ruler of Italy (Odoacer). In the century thus selected the chronological landmarks will be best furnished by the successive appearances of fresh barbarian nationalities upon the scene. Thus, the First Book, which covers much the longest interval in time, will deal with the events from A. D. 376 to 446, considered chiefly either as causes or as consequences of the great *Visigothic* invasions (A. D. 402 to 414). In the Second Book will be narrated the history of the seven eventful years during which Italy and the whole of Europe, Teutonic and Roman, trembled before the might of Attila, king of the *Huns*. The Third Book, which will be devoted to the history of the *Vandal* invasions of Italy and the revolt of the German mercenaries in the Roman army, will narrate the events between A. D. 454 and 476.

A. D. 447–453.

Let us rapidly survey the history of the Empire during the three centuries and a half which intervened between the death of Augustus and the commencement of the epoch which we are going to consider in detail (A. D. 14 to 376). The Emperors who governed Rome during this period may be divided broadly into seven great classes:

Julian and Claudian Emperors. A. D. 14–68.

1. The *Julian and Claudian* Emperors, four men whose names have burnt themselves for ever into the memory of the human race, Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius, Nero. All these men in different ways illustrated the terrible efficacy of absolute world-dominion to poison the character and even to unhinge the intellect of him who wielded it. Standing, as it were, upon the Mount of Temptation, and seeing all the kingdoms of the world and all the glory of them stretched at an immeasurable distance below their feet, they were seized with a dizziness[1] of the soul, and, professing themselves to be gods, did deeds at the instigation of their wild hearts and whirling brains such as men still shudder to think of. Their hands were heavy on the old Senatorial families of Rome, heavier still on their own race, the long-descended posterity of Venus and of Iulus. In the genealogy of the descendants of Augustus, 'stabbed,' 'poisoned,' 'starved to death,' are the all but invariable obituary notices of the women as of the

[1] This phrase is taken from Count Champagny, who in his book Les Cesars has sketched with a master's hand the chief characters of that terrible time.

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men. But the imperial Reign of Terror was limited to a comparatively small number of families in Rome. The provinces were undoubtedly better governed than in the later days of the Republic, and even in Rome itself the common people strewed flowers on the grave of Nero. Frightful as was the waste of money on the wild extravagances of Caligula and Nero, it perhaps did not outrun the supply received from the vast confiscated estates of the slaughtered senators; and the tax-gatherer, at any rate in Italy and the West[1], was not yet that name of terror to the provincials which he became in after days.

Flavian Emperors. A. D. 69-96.

2. The *Flavian Emperors* ought, perhaps, hardly to be classed together, so little was there in common between the just, if somewhat hard, rule of Vespasian, or the two years' beneficent sway of Titus, 'the delight of the human race,' and the miserable tyranny of Domitian. But the stupendous Colosseum, the Arch of Titus, and the Amphitheatre at Verona, serve as an architectural landmark, to fix the Flavian period in the memory; and one other characteristic was necessarily shared by the whole family, the humble origin from which they sprang. After the high-born Julii and Claudii, the descendants of pontiffs and censors, noblemen delicate and fasti-

[1] Finlay considers that as far as Greece was concerned the first century of the Christian Era was the most miserable portion of the time passed under Roman dominion (History of Greece, vol. i, p. 80, ed. 1877).

dious through all their wild debauch of blood, came these sturdy sons of the commonalty to robe themselves in the imperial purple, and this unforgotten lowness of their ancestry, while it gave a touch of meanness to the close and frugal government of Vespasian, evidently intensified the delight of Domitian in setting his plebeian feet on the necks of all that was left of refined or aristocratic in Rome. All the more strange does it seem, when we consider the humble extraction of these Emperors, that their name should have remained for centuries the favourite title of Emperors no way allied to them in blood, a Claudius (Gothicus), a Constantine, a Theodosius, and many more, having prefixed the once ignoble name of Flavius to their own. And hence, by a natural process of imitation, the barbarian rulers who settled themselves within the limits of the Roman Empire in the fourth and fifth centuries, Burgundian, Lombard, Visigoth, adopted the same mysteriously majestic fore-name, unconsciously, as we must suppose, selecting the very epithet[1] which best described their own personal appearance[2], yellow-haired sons of the North as they were,

[1] Autharis the Lombard adopted the name of Flavius about the year A. D. 584, Recared the Visigoth about the same time. The intention appears to have been in each case to signify to their subjects in Italy and Gaul respectively that they claimed some portion of the dignity of the Roman Emperors (Paulus Diaconus de Gestis Langobardorum; cf. note in Dr. Abel's German translation, p. 60). Odoacer, if the coin attributed to him be correct, also called himself Flavius.

[2] Flavius, from flavus, light-haired.

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among the dark-coloured Mediterranean populations.

Adoptive Emperors. A.D. 96–192.

3. The *Adoptive Emperors* who followed the Flavian dynasty conferred upon the Empire the inestimable boon of nearly a century of internal peace, order, and good government. If we cannot acquiesce without reservation in the celebrated statement of Gibbon, that 'If a man were called on to fix the period in the history of the world in which the condition of the human race was most happy and prosperous, he would without hesitation name that which elapsed from the death of Domitian to the accession of Commodus,' we can truly say that we know not where to find any other consecutive series of sovereigns which can be compared to these illustrious names, Nerva, Trajan, Hadrian, Antoninus, Marcus. Valiant, accomplished, just, able to bear their share in the rough work of the defence of the Empire against external aggression, yet not delighting in war, these men, with many differences of temperament, of intellectual power, and of moral excellence, were alike in their earnest single-heartedness of purpose to use the vast power entrusted to them for the good of their world-wide realm. Alike in central Rome and in the remotest provinces of the Empire, we find the traces of their beneficent activity, working not as if for a year or a generation, but for eternity. The column at Rome which commemorates the Dacian triumphs of Trajan measures also the greatness of the excavations for the mag-

nificent *Forum Trajani*. From the Lower Danube to the Black Sea, from the Upper Danube to the affluents of the Rhine, from the Tyne to the Solway, from the Frith of Forth to the Frith of Clyde, men can still trace the boundary lines of the Roman Empire traced by the mighty hands of Trajan, Hadrian, and Antoninus. Not even the Colosseum of Vespasian or the Pantheon of Agrippa impresses the mind with a sense of the majestic strength of Rome so forcibly as the massive bulwarks of a bridge erected by Hadrian's cohorts over some little British stream unknown to the majority even of Englishmen, or the square and solid blocks of an Imperial guard-house on some remote and solitary Northumbrian moor[1]. And of these works, with that peculiar quality of grand permanence which they bear upon their fronts, and which seems to say that they are the work of men who could count near a thousand years of empire behind them, and could count upon more than a thousand years of empire before them, the best and most characteristic are those which were reared in the second century by order of these princes whom we have called the Adoptive Emperors.

But for one consideration, the method of selection, which gave to the Roman world so splendid a succession of rulers, would seem to be so good as to deserve to be re-introduced into practical

[1] I allude especially to the bridge over the North Tyne at Chollerford and the Mile-castle at House-steads.

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politics. The Commonwealth having once been fortunate enough to secure a wise and virtuous ruler, and having entrusted him with as much power as possible short of absolute despotism, leaves it to him to select, in the maturity of his years and judgment, the man whom he deems likeliest to carry on his great work in his own spirit of absolute devotion to the welfare of the State. Avoiding thus the oft-recurring absurdities of popular election, avoiding also the hap-hazard of hereditary succession, wherein Nature seems sometimes to amuse herself by producing sons who are the very burlesques and parodies of their fathers, the State obtains the selection of the man presumably the fittest of all her children to govern in his turn. He is adopted by the reigning sovereign, calls him father, is treated by him with the confidence and affection due to a son, steps naturally into his vacant place at his death, and carries forward the great and beneficent schemes of which he has learnt the secret.

An admirable theory, and one which owing to a combination of favourable circumstances did, as we have seen, for nearly a century work out most beneficial results in practice. But every one can see what is the deep-rooted and enduring principle in human nature which must cause it to fail in the long run. 'And Abram said, "Behold to me thou hast given no seed: and lo, one, born in my house is mine heir." And behold the word of the Lord came unto him saying, "This shall

not be thine heir, but he that shall come forth out of thy loins shall be thine heir[1].'' Neither the proverbial jealousy between kings and their sons, nor the nobler principle of postponing family affection to the good of the State, can be trusted to counterbalance, for more than a generation or two, the irresistible instinct which makes a man prefer to work for his own offspring rather than for the offspring of other men, and unwilling to play at adopting sons when he has sons of his own growing up around him. So, having got this principle of hereditary succession deep in the nature of things, and likely to last as long as the human race itself, the wisest course seems to be to accept it, make the best of it, and by the safeguards of what we call constitutional government prevent it from doing more harm than can be helped to the world.

4. No more striking illustration both of the strength of the parental instinct and of the mischiefs of hereditary succession, could be afforded than by the change which befell the Roman Empire in the year A. D. 180, when Marcus Aurelius, wisest, most patriotic, and most self-denying of emperors, instead of adopting a successor left his power to his son Commodus, most brutal and profligate of tyrants.

Barrack Emperors. A.D. 211–284.

The convulsions which followed his murder (A.D. 192) were the prelude to the reigns of a class of men whom we may describe as the *Barrack Emperors*, whose reigns made up a

[1] Gen. xv. 3, 4.

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century as miserable and ruinous as the period of the Adoptive Emperors had been prosperous and tranquil. The open sale of the Imperial dignity to Didius Julianus (A.D. 193) by the Prætorian Guards was only the expression in an unusually logical and shameless form of the motives which animated the Roman armies in the successive revolutions with which they afflicted the State. The proclamation of a new emperor brought with it a liberal *donative* to the common soldiers, promotion and the chance of lucrative employment in the civil hierarchy to the officers. Therefore, as a skilful tradesman makes his profit by rapidly "turning over" his capital, even so in the interests of the military profession must emperors be made and unmade with a rapidity which almost takes away the breath of the historian who tries to record these bewildering changes. And the Prætorians of Rome were not to have a monopoly of this profitable speculation. It had been discovered long ago that 'emperors could be made elsewhere than at Rome,' and in Britain, Gaul, Spain, Africa, on the Persian frontier, wherever the legions were stationed, *pronunciamentos* (to borrow a term from Spanish politics) were constantly occurring, and second-rate generals were perpetually being hatched into emperors. To-day the purple robe, the radiated crown, the epithets, 'Augustus,' 'Pius,' 'Felix,' 'Invictus,' 'Pater Patriae,' and all the cant of conventional courtliness, to-morrow the headless trunk, the dagger-stabs in

the purple, the murdered children, and a legion in the adjoining province greedily fingering their new donative and shouting the names of another pious, happy, and unconquered emperor who had been mad enough to climb the slippery slope.

In the period of seventy-three years which elapsed between the death of Severus and the accession of Diocletian, no fewer than eighteen emperors were recognised at Rome, besides a crowd of anti-emperors in the provinces, whose shifting shadowy forms defy enumeration. Thus the average length of the reign of each of these comparatively legitimate emperors was only four years and three weeks. What state could prosper which changed even its ministers as often as this? But the course of events during the two preceding centuries had made of the emperor more than any single minister, far more of course than any constitutional king. He was the very mainspring of the State: in the army, in the courts of law, in the administration, in legislation, his impulse was needed to set the machine in motion, his guidance to keep it in the right track. There are some great names, some heroic natures belonging to this time. Decius, Claudius, and Aurelian will all claim a share of our admiration when we glance at their deeds in recounting the early history of the Gothic inroads. But what could the most strenuous ruler accomplish with so short a tenure of power? He was just beginning to learn his work when a mutiny of the soldiery or

A.D. 211–284.

the sword of a barbarian, or one of those terrible pestilences which denoted and increased the misery of the time, carried him off, and the skein, more tangled than ever, fell into the hands of a too often incapable successor.

Add to this primary evil of the rapid change of rulers others which were derived from it—inroads of the Germanic tribes, triumphs of the increasingly arrogant Persian kings, dilapidation of the frontier fortresses, utter exhaustion of the Treasury, and above and beyond all, a depreciation of the currency such as the world hardly saw again till the days of the French *assignat*; and the picture of this most miserable century is, not indeed complete, but at least sufficiently dark to disenchant us with that theory of 'Caesarism,' of which it furnishes a fitting illustration.

One point ought not to be left unnoticed. Not till towards the end of this period of the Barrack Emperors do we meet with any traces of real generalship among the Roman military leaders. The wretched system of pronunciamentos not only drained the life-blood of the State but ruined the discipline of the army. It was seen then as it has so often been seen since in the history of the world, that if once the interests of the military profession are allowed to become a paramount consideration in politics, it soon ceases to be an efficient instrument even for its own purpose of scientific manslaughter.

5. This time of anarchy was closed by the

DIOCLETIAN

CONSTANTIUS I

CONSTANTINE I.

CONSTANTIUS II.

JULIAN II.

JOVIAN.

VALENTINIAN I.

VALENS.

GRATIAN

VALENTINIAN II.

F. J. Lees Delt. For the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, Oxford.

EMPERORS OF THE THIRD AND FOURTH CENTURIES.

DIOCLETIAN – VALENTINIAN II.

accession of Diocletian, who inaugurated a period short in duration but productive of boundless consequences to the world, the period of the *Partnership Emperors.* Himself borne to power by something not very unlike a mutiny of the troops on the Persian frontier, he nevertheless represented and gave voice to the passionate longing of the world that the age of mutinies might cease. With this intention he remodelled the internal constitution of the State and moulded it into a bureaucracy so strong, so stable, so wisely organised, that it subsisted virtually the same for more than a thousand years, and by its endurance prolonged for many ages the duration of the Byzantine Empire. With the same end avowedly in view but doubtless in part also at the promptings of his own superhuman pride, Diocletian severed himself more decisively than any of his predecessors from the Augustan policy of recognising in the emperor only the first of Roman citizens, and ostentatiously claimed from his subjects a homage no less servile ~~that~~ that which was rendered to the most absolute of Oriental despots. The diadem worn after the Persian fashion, the jewelled buskins with their very soles tinged with purple, the reverence, not by kneeling but by complete self-prostration on entering the Imperial presence, exacted from all subjects of whatever rank—these innovations, almost as alien to the spirit of Augustus as to that of either Brutus, were now contentedly acquiesced in and formed

Partnership Emperors. A. D. 284-323.

INTROD. CH. 1. part henceforward of the traditions of the Roman monarchy. So, too, did the pompous and inflated phraseology of the sovereign and his retinue, of which some samples, such as Sacred Majesty and Serene Highness, have passed into the language of modern courts and survive even to our own day.

But the most important principle which Diocletian introduced into the politics of the Empire was Administrative Division. Recognising the impossibility of properly ruling those vast dominions from one only seat of government, recognising also the inevitable jealousy felt by the soldiers of the provinces for their more fortunate brethren under the golden shower of donatives at Rome, he divided the Roman world into four great Prefectures, which were to be ruled, not as independent states but still as one Empire by four partners in one great imperial firm. This principle of partnership or association was made elastic enough to include also the time-honoured principle of adoption. Diocletian associated with himself the stout soldier Maximian as his brother Augustus; then these two Augusti adopted and associated two younger men, Galerius and Constantius, as junior partners in the Empire, conferring upon them the slightly inferior title of Caesars. The Caesar Constantius governed from his capital of Treves the Prefecture of the Gauls, containing the three fair countries of Britain, France, and Spain. Maximian from his capital (not Rome but Milan) administered the Prefecture of Italy, com-

prising Italy Proper, Southern Germany, and North-Western Africa. Galerius from Sirmium (near Belgrade) ruled the Prefecture of Illyricum, containing the countries which we now know as European Turkey and Greece, with part of Hungary, while the rest of the Empire, namely Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt, bore the name of the Prefecture of the East, and owned the immediate sway of Diocletian himself, who fixed his capital at Nicomedia in Bithynia.

According to this system while the younger monarchs, the Caesars, were engaged in the tough work of the defence of the frontiers, their more experienced colleagues were to apply their matured intellects to the less exciting task of internal government and legislation. Civil war, it was fondly hoped, was rendered impossible; for whenever an Augustus died his Caesar stood ready to succeed him, and the nomination of the new Caesar would be decided by the calm collective wisdom of the three reigning sovereigns.

The scheme was really deserving of a certain measure of success, and had Diocletian's colleagues all been men as just and moderate as Constantius Chlorus, it probably would have succeeded, at least for a generation or two. But, as every one knows, it failed, and that in the very lifetime of its author. After nineteen years of sovereignty, on the whole well and wisely exercised, Diocletian retired from the cares of government to his superb palace and his cabbage-garden by Salona

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on the Dalmatian shore of the Adriatic. Much against his will, the elderly soldier, Maximian, retired likewise. The health of Constantius was visibly declining, and the choice of new Caesars was left to Galerius, the worst of the Imperial quartett, who chose two men, one of them the half-witted Maximin Daza, his own nephew, and both even more unsuited for empire than himself. Then steamed up and boiled over a very devil's-cauldron of resentments and rivalries. Constantine the Great claims successfully the purple worn by his dead father, Maximian retracts his abdication and associates his son Maxentius: everybody who has any conceivable claim upon the Empire is declaring himself Augustus and his son Caesar: before the death of Diocletian no fewer than six men are all posing as full Roman Emperors. We hasten on to the familiar end. By A.D. 314 two Emperors alone, Constantine and Licinius, are left, the former in the West, the latter in the East. They become brothers-in-law, they endeavour to persuade the world, perhaps even their own hearts, that they are friends. But it is of no avail; the two queen-bees cannot dwell together in the same hive; each is bound to destroy or be destroyed.

A.D. 323. At the battle of Chrysopolis Licinius is defeated, soon after he is slain, and Constantine remains sole heir of the magnificent inheritance of Julius and of Marcus.

Yet let it not be thought that the scheme of Diocletian utterly failed. When Constantine dedi-

cated in A.D. 330 the magnificent city by the swift Bosporus, which still bears his name, that diamond which still makes so many sore hearts among the envious queens of the world, he was but giving bodily shape to the best thought of the deep brain of Diocletian, and that thought, if it ruined Rome, perhaps saved the Empire.

Theologian Emperors. A.D. 323–363.

6. Constantine the Great and his family make up the last but one of our Imperial classes, and may be styled the *Theologian Emperors.* There is this one feature common to Constantine the Orthodox, to Constantius the Arian, and to Julian the 'Apostate,' that with all of them the relation of man to the unseen world was the topic which most profoundly interested the intellect, whether it succeeded or failed in moulding the life. Constantine's youth and early manhood were passed amid the din of Diocletian's terrible persecution of the Christians, a persecution which must have possessed a fascinating interest for him on account of his father's suspected and his mother's avowed attachment to the new faith. That persecution was not the work so much of the statesmanlike Diocletian as of the coarse and tyrannical Galerius: and yet we may almost say, looking to the relative positions of the Empire and the Church, that Diocletian himself was bound to persecute if he did not believe[1]. The Christian

[1] For a sympathetic, almost admiring estimate of Diocletian's character from the Christian point of view, see an interesting monograph by A. J. Mason, on The Persecution of Diocletian (Cambridge, 1876).

Church, a strong and stately hierarchy, proclaiming its own eternal truth and the absurdity of all other faiths, had grown up within the easy latitudinarianism of the Roman Empire, an *imperium in imperio*. Its Bishops were rapidly becoming the rivals of the Imperial Vicars, its Patriarchs of the Imperial Prefects. Even the wife and daughter of the greatest of the Emperors were believed to be Christians at heart, and the most popular of his colleagues more than tolerated the new faith. In these circumstances, urged on by the malign influence of Galerius, and influenced perchance contrary to the advice of his deeper nature by the traditions of his predecessors and his supposed duty to the Empire, Diocletian became a persecutor, and having undertaken the bloody task brought to its execution the same thoroughness, the same square-headed pertinacity which characterised his whole career as a statesman.

He failed. The Empire which had accepted the challenge of the Church was signally defeated in the encounter. Thenceforward it was in the nature of things that the Church should dominate the Empire. The corruption which was wrought in Christianity by the atmosphere of the Court of Constantinople is admitted more or less by all schools of Christian thought. But, on the other hand, unbelief itself recognises in the long theological duel of the fourth century something more than the mere hair-splittings of ambitious and worldly ecclesiastics. The constancy of Diocletian's

martyrs had achieved the long delayed triumph of Christianity. The Roman world, which had been for three centuries in doubt what 'this new doctrine whereof thou speakest is,' was now prepared, not unanimously, but by an overwhelming majority, to accept it as 'the fixed Highway to the Infinite and Eternal,' as furnishing the long sought-for answer to the weary riddle of human existence.

But what *was* the answer? In what precise terms was it framed? As our poet says:—

> 'Heaven opens inward, chasms yawn,
> Vast images in glimmering dawn
> Half shown are broken and withdrawn[1].'

There had been something of vagueness in the language of the earlier teachers of Christianity, in the very fulness and passion of their faith something almost like Agnosticism in their manner of speaking about heavenly things. This must now exist no longer. If the Gospel was indeed the new philosophy making void all that Zeno and Epicurus had taught before, it must have its own philosophical scheme of the nature of the Godhead, clear and sharp as anything in the writings of Plato or of Philo, and capable of being defended by irresistible logic in all the schools of Alexandria. The attempt to elaborate such a theological system out of the statements of the disciples of Jesus concerning their Master involved the Church and the Empire in fifty years of the Arian controversy.

[1] Tennyson, The Two Voices.

To settle this controversy, as he hoped, but in reality to open the lists and invite all the world to take part in it, Constantine summoned (A. D. 325) the august Council of Nicaea. From the standard of orthodoxy established in the Nicene Creed, Constantine himself before his death, in A.D. 337, visibly declined, and his son, Constantius II, eventually the sole inheritor of his power, became one of its bitterest opponents. The twenty-three years during which Constantius filled the throne of the East are emphatically the Age of Councils. Councils were held at Antioch, at Tyre, at Sardica, at Arles, at Rimini, and at Constantinople. In the words of a contemporary historian[1], 'Even the service of the posts was disorganised by the troops of Bishops riding hither and thither [at the public expense] to attend what they call Synods, convened by the Emperor's order, in the hope of bringing every man round to his own opinion.'

A strange spectacle truly, and one which it is difficult to think of without scorn. Not only the great and intelligible feud between Athanasius and the Arians, but the endless divisions and sub-divisions of the Arians themselves, Homoeusians and Homoeans and Eunomians, the innumerable creeds, the Bishops set up and pulled down by the Imperial authority, make up a history which in the modern reader stirs alternately the sensations of weariness and amusement. But amusement changes into contempt, and contempt

[1] Ammianus Marcellinus, xxi. 16, 18.

into indignation, when he discovers that Constantius, the main-spring of all this theological activity, was a moody and suspicious tyrant, deeply imbrued with the blood of his nearest kindred, constantly sentencing better men than himself to death at the bidding of the envious eunuchs who were the ministers of his luxury. Yet even for the perpetual theological fussiness of Constantius one might plead for a milder sentence in consideration of that influence of the spirit of the time, from which no man can altogether free himself. The whole current of the age swept men's minds irresistibly into theology. All that remained of the intellectual subtlety of the Greek, of the practical common sense of the Roman, were engaged in solving the momentous question, 'What is that true-opinion[1] concerning the Nature of Christ, the possession of which secures us eternal life, and the deviation from which, even by a hair's-breadth, means eternal ruin?' And the organ for discovering this true-opinion being a duly convened council of Bishops, and the expression of it a creed with duly accentuated anathemas upon all 'right-hand errors and left-hand deflections,' where could the uneasy conscience and mystified brain of a theologising Emperor find rest if not in the bosom of yet another council formulating with the conventional anathemas yet another creed?

The death of Constantius during the successful

[1] ὀρθὴ δόξα.

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insurrection of his cousin Julian swept away for a time these endless creed-spinners. It may seem strange to class the so-called 'Apostate' among the Theologian Emperors, yet every student of his life will admit that with him too man's relation to the unseen universe was the point round which all his being turned. He was no Positivist (to use the language of our own day); though not a persecutor, except of the mildest type, he was no Latitudinarian in matters of religion: he was deeply, seriously, earnestly, impressed with a belief in the existence of the old Olympian gods, and tried, but without a trace of success, to restore their worship. He did *not* say, dying in his tent by the Tigris of the wound inflicted by the Persian javelin, 'Oh Galilean, thou hast conquered!' yet he might truly have said so, for the one dearest wish of his life was foiled. The pagan Theologian Emperor had made no enduring impression upon his age. Once more had the full wave of Imperial power dashed against the calm figure of the Christ, and once more it retired, not a fold of the seamless vesture disarranged.

7. The last category of Emperors (from A.D. 363 to 476) might be styled *The Sovereigns of the Sinking Empire:* but as we have now reached the threshold of our special subject, it will be convenient to forego any general sketch, and to begin to paint them with a little more detail.

For the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, Oxford

Edw. Weller

CHAPTER II.

THE DYNASTY OF VALENTINIAN.

Authorities.

Our chief authority for the reign of Valentinian I and his brother Valens is AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS. He wrote probably between the years 380–390. His history concludes thus: 'These things have I as an old soldier and a Greek set forth to the best of my ability. Beginning with the sovereignty of Nerva and concluding with the death of Valens, my work professes to be truthful, and I have never intentionally deceived either by silence or by misrepresentation. Let others younger and more learned than I am write about subsequent events [the reign of Theodosius], but I must warn them that if they do so they will have to train their tongues to a higher style of eloquence than mine.' 96–378.

In calling himself *Graecus*, Ammianus no doubt means that he was born in the Greek-speaking provinces of the Empire. He was perhaps a native of Syria, and he first appears in public life under the auspices of Ursicinus governor of Nisibis, a general of whose qualities he speaks in terms of high praise, and whose fortunes he followed for some years. He was of noble birth and probably of handsome person, being one of the *protectores domestici* who as Procopius says (Hist. Arc. c. 24), were generally selected on account of their beauty and good family. He himself tells us, in describing one of his narrow escapes from his Persian pursuers that he soon found himself 'overcome by the weariness of the march, as being a Noble unaccustomed to such toil' (xix. 8, 6).

Of the thirty-one books of his history the first thirteen are most unfortunately lost. Few writers could have given us so valuable an insight as Ammianus into the terrible

convulsions of the third century, the principles of Diocletian's reorganisation of the State, and the manner in which the change of the national religion was brought about by Constantine. Though he was apparently a Pagan he speaks without bitterness, and sometimes almost with respect, of Christianity.

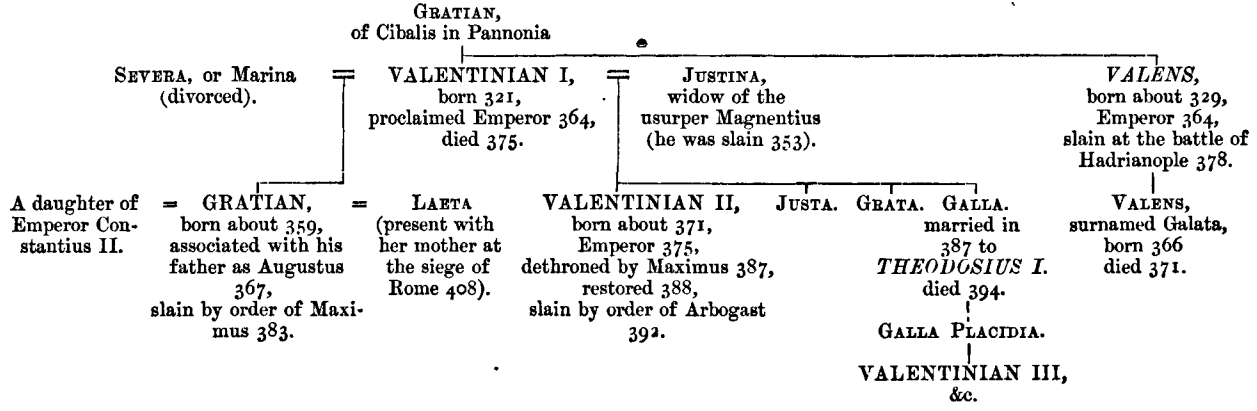
The eighteen books which have been preserved, contain the history of twenty-five years (353–378) and often describe events actually witnessed by the author, especially in connection with Julian's Persian campaign. Ammianus as an officer of the household troops was probably himself present at the death-bed of Julian.

His style has been much and justly blamed. It is laboured, pompous, often obscure, and it contains some of the longest and oddest words to be found in any Latin author. But in fairness it ought to be remembered that Latin was not his native tongue, that he had spent more than half of his life in Greek-speaking countries, and that he had received the training not of a rhetorician but of a soldier. Of course, also, the best Latin authors of his time would have compared very unfavourably with those of the first or even the second century.

But the student who goes to Ammianus not for style but for thought will certainly not be disappointed. He has great power of describing character and a quick eye for social characteristics; in fact some of his pictures of Roman manners are worthy to have been painted by Juvenal himself. He speaks of natural phenomena and of the wonders of foreign lands with something of the *naïf* wonder of Herodotus. Above all he shows everywhere a hearty admiration for all honest men and a genuine hatred of oppression. No one has travelled far under the guidance of Ammianus without feeling that he may be safely trusted to tell the whole truth as far as he knows it.

FAMILY OF VALENTINIAN.

[Emperors of the East are printed in *Italic* capitals.]


GRATIAN, of Cibalis in Pannonia
SEVERA, or Marina (divorced).
VALENTINIAN I, born 321, proclaimed Emperor 364, died 375.
JUSTINA, widow of the usurper Magnentius (he was slain 353).
VALENS, born about 329, Emperor 364, slain at the battle of Hadrianople 378.
A daughter of Emperor Constantius II.
GRATIAN, born about 359, associated with his father as Augustus 367, slain by order of Maximus 383.
LAETA (present with her mother at the siege of Rome 408).
VALENTINIAN II, born about 371, Emperor 375, dethroned by Maximus 387, restored 388, slain by order of Arbogast 392.
JUSTA.
GRATA.
GALLA. married in 387 to *THEODOSIUS I.* died 394.
VALENS, surnamed Galata, born 366 died 371.
GALLA PLACIDIA.
VALENTINIAN III, &c.

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Jovian. 363–364.

THE immediate successor of Julian, the Emperor *Jovian*, was a Christian by profession but an ignoble sensualist in practice. He lived just long enough to reverse his predecessor's religious policy, to conclude a treaty with Sapor, King of Persia, which abandoned five provinces to the enemy, and to lead back the humiliated army into Asia Minor. There, on the frontiers of Bithynia, he died suddenly. Some said that the cause of death was his own gluttony, others talked about the unwholesome smell of fresh plaster on the walls of the imperial bedchamber, or the fumes of an overheated fire. The strange thing was that, though an Emperor was unexpectedly found dead in his bed, no one suggested that his death had been other than a natural one.

Valentinian I. 364–375.

Valentinian, who was chosen in the room of Jovian, was a man of very different temper. He was an able officer, the son of the sturdy Gratian, a native of Pannonia (Western Hungary), who by strength and courage had raised himself to a high place in the Imperial service. From the same region of Illyricum, which was the country of Valentinian, had come already Claudius, Aurelian, Diocletian, and many of the great restorers of the Empire; and in some qualities Valentinian was worthy of his Illyrian predecessors. He thoroughly comprehended the hard work that had to be done in those evil days by any ruler of the Roman world, and set himself to do it. Old fortresses were raised from the dust; mutinous pretensions

of the soldiery were repressed; the Alamanni, a German tribe, who were threatening the frontiers of the Empire, from Lake Constance to the city of Maintz, were warded off in a series of successful campaigns; in Britain, in Africa, on the Danube, the able generals selected by the Emperor led well-disciplined armies to almost invariable success. He was hard, exacting, almost rapacious, in the fiscal administration of his Empire[1], but the most discontented of his subjects felt that the money which was wrung from the provincials was being devoted to the defence and improvement of their territory, and was not wasted upon the idle luxury of the Court.

Family favouritism of Valentinian.

But the considerable merits of Valentinian as a ruler were almost neutralised by one fault, family favouritism, and two great vices, suspiciousness and cruelty. When he was first proclaimed Augustus, a murmur arose from the army, drawn up in its centuries and its maniples, calling upon him to secure the safety of the Commonwealth by naming a partner of his dignity. So deeply had the principle of associated empire sunk into the minds of all Roman subjects, a principle which probably recommended itself to the soldiery by the practice of the associated Emperors presenting

[1] Ammianus is not quite consistent with himself as to the fiscal administration of Valentinian, 'In provinciales admodum parcus, tributorum ubique molliens sarcinas' (xxx. 9. 1) seems high praise, but is not easily reconciled with 'Aviditas plus habendi sine honesti pravique differentiâ, et indagandi questus varios per alienae vitae naufragia exundavit in hoc principe flagrantius adulescens' (xxx. 8. 8).

INTROD. CH. 2. them with a second 'donative.' For the time Valentinian, with dignified firmness, refused to allow the army to dictate to him upon such a topic, but the suggestion had not fallen on barren ground, and attentive observers soon perceived what manner of fruit it was likely to bear. Dagalaiphus, general of the cavalry, a loyal and capable soldier, when the Emperor asked counsel of his officers whom he should nominate as his colleague, fearlessly replied, 'If thou lovest thy own kindred, most excellent Emperor, thou hast a brother; if the Commonwealth, seek some one else around whose shoulders to hang the purple.' Unfortunately, Valentinian accepted the former alternative, and nominated his brother *Valens* to preside over the Eastern half of the Empire, a man utterly unfit for supreme rule, who, during their joint tenure of power, leant in trustful incapacity upon the strong arm of his elder brother, but whose helpless blundering when that brother was no longer at the helm hastened the ruin of Rome.

364.

Three years later Valentinian again announced to the assembled soldiery that he was about to introduce to them a new Emperor. This time it was his son *Gratian*, ~~a lad of eighteen~~, with many noble qualities of body and mind, gentler and more highly cultured than his father, one who in more peaceful times might have won the honour and love of all his subjects; but even he was scarcely fitted to take a man's share of the hard rough work of government, and defence of the

367.

labouring Empire. It is true that the harmony of the Augusti[1], so often falsely commemorated upon imperial coins, was in fact secured, but at a somewhat heavy price of inefficiency and misgovernment.

Suspiciousness of Valentinian and Valens.

The suspiciousness of Valentinian, in which he was only too faithfully copied by Valens, recalled the gloomy jealousy of Tiberius, but it had also some features peculiar to itself and to the time. He was a man of pure morals, and through the strange and dreary catalogue of his oppressions contained in the pages of Ammianus there may be discerned some desire to chastise the dissoluteness of the Roman aristocracy, something of that same spirit which made the Pannonian oppressors of Italy in our own day represent themselves, not altogether without reason, as possessing a higher moral standard than the race whom they were keeping down. But after all, the one question of most intense interest to the brother Emperors and to the millions of their subjects, and the one master-key to all their internal policy, was 'How long shall we be Emperors, and who will succeed us?' Nor will the intense nervous interest both of governors and governed in this question seem unnatural, when we remember that the Emperor was the source of all promotion and of all legislation, a Prime Minister, as it were, appointed for life, unchecked by Parliament, and with a chance, but not a certainty, of transmitting his power to

[1] 'CONCORDIA AUGGG [ustorum]' the number of final G's corresponding to that of the harmonious emperors.

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his son. Or, to go across the Atlantic for an analogy to his position, if the quadriennial election of the President of the United States raises to fever-pitch the passions of all the army of office-holders, past, present, and to come, much more would the dark possibilities and the dramatic surprises of a change in the Imperial dynasty stir the hopes or rouse the fears of a population, among whom office of one kind or another was rapidly becoming the only barrier which separated the happy from the destitute.

Prevalence of magical arts.

This feverish anxiety with reference to the occupants of the throne linked itself in an extraordinary way with the practice of magical arts. Whether men's minds were in an unusually excited state on religious questions, owing to the recent duel between Heathenism and Christianity[1],—whether Neo-Platonism, with its tendency to dabble in spells and incantations, had infected the minds of many of the upper classes,—whatever the reason may have been, it is clear that there was during this period an epidemic of witchcraft and poisoning on the one hand, and a yet fiercer epidemic of suspicion of these practices on the other. For instance, an advocate named Marinus was accused of having attempted 'by wicked arts'—magic—to bring about his marriage with a lady named Hispanilla. The proof offered

[1] May not the morbid condition of the public mind in England under the Stuarts with reference to witches be similarly referred to the then recent controversies of the Reformation?

was of the slenderest kind, but he was condemned to death. Hymetius, proconsul of Africa, a man of specially honourable character, was charged with having induced a celebrated soothsayer named Amantius to perform some unholy sacrifice for him. The soothsayer was tortured, but denied the accusation. In some secret place, however, in his house was found a letter in the writing of Hymetius begging him to perform some strange rites, whereby the gods might be prevailed upon to soften the hearts of the Emperors towards him. The end of the letter, so it was said, stigmatised Valentinian as a bloody and rapacious tyrant. Upon the production of this letter, and the establishment of some other accusations against him, Amantius the soothsayer was condemned to death. Hymetius the proconsul was near meeting the same fate, but escaped by a well-hazarded appeal to the Emperor. Lollianus, the son of a prefect, and a youth who had the first down of manhood on his cheeks, was convicted of having copied out a book of incantations. He, too, appealed to the Emperor, but in his case the appeal only ensured his condemnation, and he died by the hand of the executioner[1]. Thus lawlessly did law rage in the West. In the East, men's blood was shed on quite as ridiculous pretences. The Proconsul of Asia, Festinus[2], called in the

[1] Ammianus xxviii. 1.

[2] This Festinus came from Trient (in the Tyrol). Maximin, another and yet more cruel prefect under Valentinian, was born

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services of a simple old woman to cure his daughter of intermittent fever, by a soft charm-like song which she was wont to sing. The spell succeeded, and the monster put the poor old creature to death, as a witch. A philosopher, named Coeranius, writing to his wife, had added a postscript in Greek, 'Take care and crown the gate with flowers.' This expression was generally used when some great event was about to happen. Coeranius evidently, in the judgment of the proconsul, was expecting a change in the government. He too must be put to death. In our concluding instance the horrible and the ludicrous meet together. A young man in the public baths was seen to be pressing his fingers alternately on the marble of the bath and his own chest, muttering each time one of the seven vowels in the Greek alphabet. The poor youth's real motive for this performance was that he imagined it would cure a pain in his stomach. Nevertheless he was haled away to the judgment-seat of Festinus, put to the torture, and slain by the sword of the executioner[1].

Cruelty of Valentinian.

But besides this all-pervading atmosphere of suspicion, which affected princes and subjects alike, and which made some parts of the reign of Valen-

in the diocese of Valeria (south of Buda on the right bank of the Danube). Simplicius, one of his successors, was originally a schoolmaster at Aemona (Laybach). One perceives a tendency on the part of these Illyrian Emperors to employ functionaries from the Northern side of the Alps.

[1] Ammianus xxix. 2. 22–28.

tinian resemble the period of the 'Popish Plot' in England, or the Reign of Terror in France, there was something in Valentinian's nature which partook of the mere animal cruelty of a bullying schoolboy. Thus, we are assured, on the unimpeachable testimony of Ammianus[1], that he used to keep in dens near his bed-chamber two savage bears, whom he named, with grim jocosity, 'The Golden Darling[2]' and 'Innocence,' that there were keepers whose regular business it was to see that these creatures were kept up to a proper pitch of savagery, and that after the Emperor had with his own eyes seen Innocence mangle the corpses of many of his subjects, he dismissed her into the woods, saying 'Innocence has won her freedom[3].'

[1] Ammianus xxix. 3. 9.

[2] A conjectural translation of Mica Aurea.

[3] It must be admitted that in the pages of any writer less trustworthy or more distant in time than Ammianus, this story about the bears would be properly rejected as quite incredible. Had Ammianus been a younger man one might have supposed that he had taken too literally some half-jesting gossip of the camp about the severity of the Emperor. But with an old soldier this explanation seems untenable. It is true that Lactantius (De Mortibus Persecutorum, cap. xxi) tells, with even more circumstantial details, a similar story concerning Galerius, but Valentinian's profession of Christianity, however little it availed to ensure holiness of life, might at least have been expected to make such an open outrage upon humanity impossible. Ammianus's rather turgid sentence ('Innocentiam denique post multas, *quas ejus laniatu cadaverum viderat sepulturas ... dimisit*') may perhaps mean that the dead bodies [of criminals already executed in due course of law] were thrown to the bear for food. But I do not pretend to be able to explain, to believe, or to reject this strange story.

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A page of Valentinian's let slip too soon upon the game a Spartan hound that sprang up and bit him. The enraged Emperor ordered him to be beaten to death with clubs upon the spot. A foreman in the imperial workshops brought for the Emperor's acceptance a beautifully polished steel breastplate, which he had made to order. It wanted a little of the stipulated weight, and the too clever craftsman, instead of receiving even a diminished payment, was ordered off to instant execution[1]. A day or two before the Emperor's death, his horse happened to rear as he was in the act of mounting it. In the struggle a hand of the groom who held it came somewhat roughly in contact with the Imperial person. He at once ordered that offending hand to be chopped off, and would have proceeded even to take the innocent lad's life, if the officer in charge of the stables had not interfered and obtained for him a fortunate reprieve.

Death of Valentinian.

Such was the life of this hard, laborious, cruel Emperor, and his death corresponded with his life. The Quadi, a tribe of barbarians, possibly of Sclavonic origin[2], aggrieved at the erection of a Roman fortress on their side of the Danube, had burst into the Empire, and cruelly ravaged the province of Pannonia, Valentinian's own native land. In the following year (A.D. 375) the Em-

[1] Ammianus xxix. 3.

[2] They are generally mentioned in conjunction with Sarmatae, to whom they were 'similar in manners and mode of warfare.'

peror marched against them with a powerful host, and the Quadi, desirous to deprecate his wrath, sent a humble embassy to meet him at the town of Bregetio, on the Danube, about one hundred miles below Vienna. The contrast was a striking one between the Emperor of the Romans[1], tall, erect, with limbs of admirable symmetry, with steel cuirass, and helmet adorned with gold and gems, a stern gleam in his blue-gray eyes, but 'looking every inch an emperor,' and over against him the squalid forms of the ambassadors of the Quadi, with their breastplates of horn sewn upon linen jackets, so that the pieces overlapped one another like the feathers of a bird, shrinking, bending, seeking by every motion of their bodies to appease the anger of the terrible Augustus. 'They had not intended to declare war against the Empire. No assembly of the chiefs had been convened. Nothing had been done by the regular council of the nation. A few robber-hordes close to the river had done deeds which they regretted, and for which they must not be held responsible. But indeed that fortress should not have been built upon their territory, and it stirred the clownish hearts of their people to frenzy to behold it.' At the mention of the fortress the Emperor struck in with terrible voice, upbraiding the barbarians with ingratitude for all the benefits of Rome. They continued to endeavour to soothe him. His voice faltered, but not from softened

[1] Ammianus xxx. 9. 6; xxix. 3. 4; xxvii. 10. 11; xvii. 12. 2.

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feeling. His attendants saw that he was about to fall, wrapped his purple round him, and bore him to an inner room, that the barbarians might not look upon the weakness of an Emperor. In the full torrent of his rage he had been seized with some sudden malady, probably apoplexy[1], and after a terrible struggle with death the strong tempestuous-souled man died, apparently before nightfall. He had lived fifty-four years, and reigned twelve.

Fresh division of the Empire.

At the time of the death of Valentinian his eldest son, Gratian, was sixteen years of age. By a second wife, Justina, the deceased Emperor had left a boy named after him (Valentinian II), who was now four years old, and who was raised to the throne, his mother governing as regent. In the division of the Empire, Gratian had 'the Gauls,' that is, Britain, France and the Netherlands, and Spain. Justina and her son took Italy, Illyricum, and Africa. Valens, as before, held 'the East,' that is, the countries of Egypt, Syria, and Asia Minor, with the eastern half of European Turkey. Thus the result of the principle of association, as practised by Valentinian, had been to hand over the Roman world to the sovereignty of a boy, a woman, and a man whose abilities were below mediocrity. It is no marvel that the outcome was disastrous.

Character of Valens.

Both physically and mentally Valens was a man

[1] Ammianus's description seems to waver between apoplexy and hemorrhage from the lungs.

of meaner mould than the brother upon whom during his life he constantly leaned for support. He had one virtue as a ruler, frugality, and he was thereby enabled considerably to lighten the burden of taxation, but he did not, according to the stereotyped official phrase, 'combine economy with efficiency.' Unlike his brother, who was a staunch upholder of religious toleration, Valens was a fanatical and persecuting Arian. His acts of oppression have no doubt been somewhat magnified by the party which in the end successfully asserted its right to the name of Orthodox, but there can be no doubt that the whole influence of the Eastern Court was thrown, with bitter violence, upon the side of those who rejected the Nicene Creed. It is most important to remember that thus, during the whole of the period of forty-one years which elapsed between the accession of Constantius and the death of Valens (337–378), except the short interval caused by the reigns of Julian and Jovian, Arianism was the state-religion of all the Eastern provinces of the Empire.

In person, Valens was of moderate stature, with crooked legs and somewhat protruding stomach, swarthy visage, and something like a squint, which was not, however, observable at a distance. He was passionate, suspicious, covetous, with neither courage nor skill in war, and it is easy to see that he was continually haunted with a feeling of his own unfitness for the exalted posi-

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tion in which Fortune had placed him, and with the thought that his subjects were commenting upon that unfitness.

His share in the persecution of those who practised unlawful arts was even larger than that of his brother in the West. This persecution raged furiously in the province of Asia and its capital Ephesus, where 'those which used curious arts' were compelled to 'bring their books together' by an influence very different from the persuasive teaching of the Apostle Paul, at the bidding of a fierce proconsul named Festus, who slew and banished relentlessly those suspected of such dark practisings with the infernal powers. There is reason to fear that not only there, but over the whole Roman world, many books which would now be of priceless value, as illustrating the philosophy and theology of the classical nations, perished at this time. The story of the origin of this particular spasm of superstitious anger illustrates the jealous and timid nature of Valens, and at the same time unexpectedly brings us face to face with the practices of modern Spiritualism.

Zosimus iv. 15.

'A young man named Theodorus (at Antioch), one of the Imperial notaries, well born and bred, fell into the hands of flatterers, who perverted his honest nature, and persuaded him to consult with that class of persons who say they have the power of divining future events. The enquiry being put, who should be the next Emperor after Valens,

Zosimus iv. 13. Theodorus and the Fortune-tellers.

they placed a tripod in the midst, which in some mysterious manner was to indicate the reply.' Ammianus explains more minutely that the tripod, made of laurel-wood, consecrated with mystical incantations, and perfumed with Arabian spices, was set in the middle of the house, having upon it a round dish, on the rim of which were inscribed the twenty-four letters of the alphabet. Thereupon entered a person clad in linen, and with linen socks upon his feet, who shook to and fro a curtain to which a ring was hung with a very fine thread. As the curtain fell the ring touched successively letter after letter, and thus for ordinary inquirers composed prophetic verses in heroic measure. But in this case 'the letters indicated upon the tripod were first Θ, then E, then O, then Δ' (Theod-), which were at once accepted by the bystanders as an assurance that Theodorus should be the successor of Valens. Instead of this, however, an information was laid against him, and the jealous Emperor caused him to be put to death, and not him only, but, according to one authority, many other innocent men whose names began with the dreaded letters, such as Theodorus, Theodotus, Theodosius, Theodulus, and so forth. And from this cause proceeded that impetuous onslaught on all the professors of divination at Ephesus which has just been described.

xxix. 1.

Socrates Scholasticus iv. 19.

After all, however, the disastrous end of the reign and life of Valens came neither from domestic conspiracy nor from Persian conquest, from

which quarter he seems to have apprehended most danger to his Empire. It came from battle with the *Goths*, to whose history we now turn, gladly escaping from the close air of suspicious and blood-stained courts to the vast plains of central Europe, in which for centuries had wandered that great Gothic tribe which was to send forth two conquerors of Italy, and to found one European state which exists till the present day.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY HISTORY OF THE GOTHS.

Authorities.

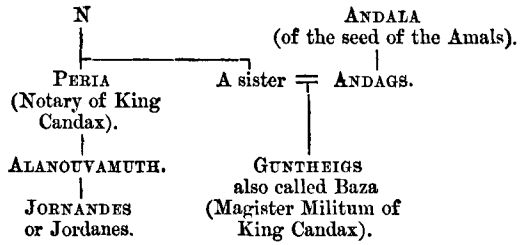
Sources:—

JORNANDES or JORDANES, a man of Gothic descent, wrote his 'History concerning Gothic Affairs' probably about A. D. 552. He is often spoken of as Bishop of Ravenna, but this appears to be a mistake, as we have very full lists of the occupants of this see, in none of which does his name appear. He was, however, an ecclesiastic of some sort, and it is probable that he wrote in or near Ravenna.

All that we really know about the origin and personal history of Jornandes is told us by himself in the fiftieth chapter of his book on Gothic Affairs. 'The Sciri and Satagarii, and the rest of the Alans occupied [about A. D. 455] the lesser Scythia and the lower Moesia [the Dobrudscha and Bulgaria]. Their general [or duke] was named Candax, and to him my grandfather Peria (father of my father Alanouvamuth) was Notary (or Chancellor) so long as he lived. Moreover his sister's son Guntheigs, who was also called Baza, the son of Andags, the son of Andala, of the [royal] race of the Amals, was his Master of the Forces.'

This gives us the following

PEDIGREE OF JORNANDES.



Evidently his cousin Guntheigs, with his Amal descent, was the great man of the family.

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Jornandes continues: 'I also, although an unlettered man, Jornandes, before my conversion [i.e., no doubt, before taking clerical or monastic vows] was a notary.' ('*Ego item, quamvis agrammatus, Jornandes* [*al. Jordanes*] *ante conversionem meam Notarius fui.*') Jornandes need scarcely have told us that he was *agrammatus,* for every page of his history shows how thin was the veneer of classical learning which he possessed. Such value as belongs to his writings is derived from the fact that he was a copyist and epitomiser of CASSIODORUS (A. D. 480–575) 'the Senator,' the accomplished minister of the Ostrogothic king Theodoric, and the author of a History of the Goths, in twelve books, which unfortunately is entirely lost. Jornandes seems to assert in his Preface that he had only had the loan of this book for three days. If this be so, he deserves credit for having preserved so much of it, though with many obvious inaccuracies.

In several parts of the work of Jornandes the movement of the old Teutonic ballads (the Sagas) is distinctly perceptible. This is especially the case in his history of Attila.

The chief work of Jornandes, as has been already said, is the De Rebus Geticis (32 pages folio in Muratori's Rerum Italicarum Scriptores, vol. i). He also wrote a treatise De Regnorum et Temporum Successione (20 pages, in the same volume), containing the history of the world from Adam to Justinian, from which a little additional information respecting the events of the fifth and sixth centuries has been collected.

As to the precise form of his name, it will be seen that the MSS. waver between Jornandes and Jordanes. Jordanes is now almost invariably adopted by German scholars, and is believed to be supported by the best documentary evidence, but considering how much more familiar the form Jornandes is to English scholars, it has seemed best to adhere to it throughout this History.

ZOSIMUS (flourished in the latter part of the fifth century) gives some interesting particulars about the early inroads of the Goths. His work is described among the authorities for the next chapter.

DEXIPPUS (flourished A. D. 267) wrote the history of the Gothic war, in which he bore so honourable a part. A few scattered fragments have come down to us, chief among them a speech, which is supposed to have been uttered by Dexippus himself to the Athenian soldiery. (See Dexippi, &c., Fragmenta, edited by Bekker and Niebuhr, Bonn, 1829.)

Guides:—

Aschbach, Geschichte der Westgothen (1827). A sensible and generally accurate monograph on the History of the Visigoths, from the earliest times down to the fall of the Gothic monarchy in Spain.

Pallmann, Geschichte der Volkerwanderung, vol. i (1863). The author is a very Rationalist in Teutonic history. Notwithstanding the title of his book, his chief object seems to be to show that there was no 'wandering of the nations,' that all the events which brought about the great movement of the barbarian races against the Empire may be accounted for by the most prosaic and commonplace motives; and to a certain extent he proves his point. His book is not very skilfully put together, but his microscopical analysis of the authorities may often be of service to the student. (The first volume has been used by me in revision only.)

Herzberg's Geschichte Griechenlands unter der Herrschaft der Römer, vol. iii (1875), contains a very spirited and accurate sketch of the Gothic inroads into the Empire in the third century, and especially of the war in Attica.

For the life and literary work of ULFILAS consult:—

Massmann, Ulfilas. Die Heiligen Schriften in Gothischer Sprache. Stuttgard, 1857.

Rev. J. Bosworth, Gothic and Anglo-Saxon Gospels. London, 1865.

(A complete English edition of Ulfilas is still a desideratum.)

Max Müller, Lectures on the Science of Language, First Series, pp. 185–194 (fourth edition).

My own views on the literary and theological posi-

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tion of Ulfilas are stated more at length in an article on Ulfilas, the Apostle of the Goths, contributed to the Edinburgh Review for October 1877.

WHEN and from what causes the great Teutonic family, of which the Goths formed a portion, migrated westwards from the Asiatic home of the Aryan races, it will probably be impossible ever to determine. It is enough to accept the undoubting assertion of the ethnologist that this migration did once take place, and to observe that the national traditions and mythology seem to point, in however vague and feeble a manner, towards the same conclusion.

But the first clear utterance of tradition among the Goths points to *Sweden* as their home. It is true that this theory of the Swedish origin of the Goths has of late been strenuously combated, but until it is actually disproved (if that be possible) it seems better to accept it as a 'working hypothesis,' and, at the very least, a legend which influenced the thoughts and feelings of the nation itself.

Condensing the narrative of Jornandes, and winnowing away from it a good deal of classical learning, of the irrelevance or the worthlessness of which we are able to form our own opinion, we get some such results as these;—

'The island of Scanzia [peninsula of Norway and Sweden] lies in the Northern Ocean, opposite the mouths of the Vistula, in shape like a cedar-leaf. In this island, a warehouse of nations

('officina gentium'), dwelt the Goths, with many other tribes,' whose uncouth names are for the most part forgotten, though the Swedes, the Fins, the Heruli, are familiar to us.

'From this island the Goths, under their king *Berig*, set forth in search of new homes. They had but three ships, and as one of these during their passage always lagged behind, they called her *Gepanta*, "the torpid one," and her crew, who ever after showed themselves more sluggish and clumsy than their companions when they became a nation, bore a name derived from this circumstance *Gepidae*, the Loiterers.

'However all, both loiterers and nimble ones, came safely to land at a place not far from Dantzic, which was called ever after Gothi-scanzia. There in that retuse angle of the Baltic coast they settled themselves, pressing hard upon the Vandals, their neighbours.' (And here we remark, incidentally, the fact that in this same region, the East Prussia of modern geography, Tacitus, writing about the end of the first century A.D., placed the tribe of *Gothones*. These may not have been the same as our Goths, but there seems at first sight a strong probability that they were.)

'From this corner of the Baltic, finding themselves straitened for room, the Gothic wanderers, who were now becoming a great nation, roamed southwards and eastwards under the guidance of *Filimer*, the fifth king from Berig. Somewhere in the vast steppes of Lithuania, when they were

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crossing a river, a bridge gave way and half of the great army-nation perished in the stream, and in the morasses on either side of it[1]. And even to this day (say A.D. 550) the passers by often hear afar off the cries of cattle, and see faint traces of men hovering about that melancholy spot. But the other half of the host moved onwards.' They emerged victorious from many conflicts with the yet ruder tribes through whom their path lay, and at length the endless horizon was broken by a dip of blue. Perhaps the long train of waggons halted, and women and children clambered down out of their recesses to see that dim and far-off feature in the landscape which told them that their wanderings were reaching a close. The journeyers from the Baltic had indeed reached the Euxine, the same sea which, centuries before, the ten thousand returning Greeks had hailed with the great cry, 'Thalatta, Thalatta.' Ignorant as yet of the very name of Greece, the Gothic minstrels for many generations preserved in their songs the remembrance of the thrill of delight which went through the hearts of their fathers at the sight of that Southern sea.

Settlement in what is now South Russia.

The date of this migration of the Goths is uncertain; but, as far as we can judge from the indications afforded by contemporary Roman events,

[1] It would be a strange and not an impossible coincidence, if this stream, whose name is not mentioned, were the Beresina, of similarly disastrous memory for the Grand Army of Napoleon.

it was somewhere between 100 and 200 A.D. At any rate, by the middle of the third century, we find them firmly planted in the South of Russia. They are now divided into three nations, the Ostrogoths on the East, the Visigoths on the West, the lazy Gepidae a little to the rear—that is, to the North of both. Tribes both Sclavonic and Tartar had roamed over these wide plains, vaguely called Scythia, for centuries before, and have roamed or encamped there for centuries since, but it is important for us to remember that these men are Teutons of the Teutons, as purely German as Herman (Arminius) himself, and that all the main features of German life, as sketched by Tacitus, were doubtless exhibited among them. Moreover, the evidence of language shows that among the Teutonic races they belonged to the Low German family of peoples: more nearly allied, that is to say, to the Dutch, the Frieslanders, and to our own Saxon forefathers, all of whom dwelt by the flat shores of the German Ocean or the Baltic Sea, than to the Suabians and other High German tribes who dwelt among the hills by the upper waters of the Rhine, the Elbe, and the Danube. The backs of these Gothic nations are towards the Scythian desert, their faces towards the Euxine and the Danube, and they are only watching their opportunity for another migration less peaceful than the last.

The opportunity came in the middle of the third century. The confusion in the affairs of the Roman

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Empire, under the men whom I have styled the Barrack Emperors, had become indescribable. Civil war, pestilence, bankruptcy, were all brooding over the Empire. The soldiers had forgotten how to fight, the rulers how to govern. It seemed as if the effete and unwieldy Empire would break down under its own weight almost before the Barbarians were ready to enter into the vacant inheritance.

Emperor Philip. 244-249.

Under the reign of Philip the Arabian, the Goths began to complain that their *stipendia*, subsidies which were probably something like our own Danegeld, disguised under the form of soldiers' pay, had been withheld from them; a measure which was probably due not so much to any deliberate change of policy as to the utter disorganisation into which the finances and the administration of the Empire had fallen. Upon this provocation they moved westward and southward, occupied Dacia, which the Romans had not yet entirely abandoned, and crossing the Danube, laid waste the province of Moesia (the modern Bulgaria), and besieged Marcianople (Shumla). After a long blockade they accepted a large sum of money from the inhabitants to raise the siege and return home. The leader in this expedition is said to have been King *Ostrogotha*, and whether this be the name of a man or an embodiment of a nation, there seems to be no doubt that as a rule, during all the events of the succeeding 120 years, the *Ostrogoths* were the leading tribe. On this occasion the 'Torpids,' the Gepidae, were

Invasion of the Empire by Ostrogotha.

excluded altogether from the venture, an exclusion which they bitterly resented. Brooding over this slight, and dissatisfied with their narrow boundaries, they first made a furious, successful, and almost exterminating raid upon their neighbours, the Burgundians, and then their king Fastida sent to Ostrogotha, saying, 'I am hemmed in with mountains and choked with forests, give me land or meet me in battle.' 'Deeply,' said Ostrogotha, 'as I should regret that tribes so nearly allied as you and we should meet in impious and fratricidal strife, yet land I neither can nor will give you.' They joined battle in the north-west corner of Hungary; the Gepidae were thoroughly beaten, and Fastida fled humiliated to his home. So many fell in the battle that, as Jornandes hints with a grim smile, 'they no longer found their land too strait for them[1].'

War with the Gepidae.

After this episode the Goths returned to their more important business, the war with Rome. *Cniva* was now their King, and Decius was Emperor of Rome, a man unfavourably known to us in ecclesiastical history as having set on foot one of the fiercest persecutions of the Christians, that namely to which the illustrious Cyprian fell a victim. Yet Decius was no mere tyrant and voluptuary, persecuting and torturing for the sake of a new sensation. He had in him some of the heroic spirit of his great namesakes, the Decii of

Emperor Decius. 249–251.

[1] 'Crescenti populo dum terras coepit addere, incolas patrios reddidit rariores.' (De Rebus Geticis, cap. xvii.)

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the Samnite wars. He was willing, even as they had done, to sacrifice himself for the glory of Rome, to which the Goths without and the Christians within seemed to him to be equally hostile; and his calm readiness to accept death in the discharge of his duty, showed that he shared the heroism of the martyrs whose blood he blindly shed.

Invasion of the Empire by Cniva.

249-250.

King Cniva, with 70,000 of his subjects, crossed the Danube (probably on the ice), a day's march above Rustchuk, at the place which is still called Novo-grad, and was then known as Novae. In his first campaign he seems to have defeated Priscus, the Roman Governor, and then to have swept with devastating fury over the plains of Moesia (Northern Bulgaria), and up to the line of the Balkans. Next year the central event of the war was the siege of Philippopolis, in the valley of the Maritza, whither vast quantities of plundered provincials had flocked for refuge. The siege flagged, —these northern barbarians were generally unfortunate in their operations against walled towns,— and time was given for the Emperor Decius himself to arrive with an army to raise it. A battle ensued, which was evidently a terrible one. Thirty thousand Goths lay dead upon the field. We are not informed of the numbers lost by the Romans, but apparently they must have been yet greater, since the battle was by Roman writers accounted a defeat, and the main object of the war was not attained. Philippopolis, with all its panic-stricken

inhabitants (of whom it is said that 100,000 were put to the sword) and all their treasure, fell into the hands of the barbarians.

But either their own terrible losses or the demoralising effect of the pillage of Philippopolis caused the fortune of war to turn somewhat against the Goths. They found themselves hard pressed by Decius, and offered, we are told, to relinquish all their captives and all their spoil if they might be allowed to return in peace to their own land. Decius refused their request, and posted one of his most highly trusted generals, the Senator Gallus, with a large body of troops across the line of their homeward march. If we may trust a Roman historian[1] (which is doubtful, since a beaten army is always ready with the cry of treachery), Gallus, already coveting the Imperial crown, opened negotiations with the barbarians, and these by a concerted arrangement posted themselves near a very deep swamp, into which by a feigned flight they drew Decius and his troops. The Romans floundering in the bog soon got into disorder. Moreover, at this critical period, Herennius, the brave young son of the Emperor, fell pierced by a Gothic arrow. The troops offered their rough and hasty sympathy to the bereaved father, who answered with stoical calmness, 'I do not account the death of one soldier so great a loss.' He himself soon after perished. With a vast multitude of his officers and men, he

[1] Zosimus, copied by Zonaras.

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was sucked in by that fatal swamp, and not even his corpse, nor those of thousands of his followers, were ever recovered. Gallus, who succeeded to the vacant purple, made a hasty and ignominious peace with the barbarians, agreeing to pay them a large annual sum of money, which might be called either subsidy or tribute according to the nationality of the speaker.

The Goths invade Asia-Minor. 258-262.

The peace which Gallus had made with the invaders proved to be but a short truce, and they were soon again employed in the ravage of Asia as well as of Europe. In the slight sketch which is all that is here attempted of the early operations of the Goths, it will not be needful to try to disentangle the chronology of this peculiarly difficult period. At least four times they made expeditions which anticipated the future exploits of the Northmen. Making a league with the petty chieftains of the tribes bordering on the Cimmerian Bosporus (Straits of Kertch), they transported their men in the ships lent them by these allies to the coasts of what we now call Circassia and Georgia.

258.

Their first attempt upon the fortifications of Pityus (the modern Soukoum Kaleh) was unsuccessful, but returning the same season they found a large part of the Roman garrison removed, to defend another portion of the frontier, and took the fortress with but little difficulty. Trebizond, on the southern shore of the Black Sea, being surrounded by a double wall, and strongly gar-

risoned, might have been expected to prove an insuperable obstacle. But the Goths, who had discovered that the defenders of the city kept a lax watch, and passed their time in feasting and drunkenness, quietly collected a quantity of wood which they heaped up one night against the lowest part of the walls, and so mounted to an easy conquest. The demoralised Roman soldiers poured out of the city by the gate opposite to that by which the Goths were entering. The barbarians thus came into possession of an untold quantity of gold and captives, and, after sacking the temple and wrecking the stateliest of the public buildings, returned by sea to their own land.

259. Their success stimulated a large neighbouring tribe of Goths to undertake a similar enterprise. These however, dreading the uncertainties of the navigation of the Euxine, marched by land from the mouths of the Danube to the little lake of Philea, about thirty miles north-west of Byzantium. There they found a large population of fishermen, whom they compelled to render them the same service with their boats which the men by the Sea of Azof had rendered to their countrymen. Sailing boldly through the Bosporus they wrested the strong position of Chalcedon at its mouth from a cowardly Roman army far superior to them in numbers, and then proceeded to lay waste at their leisure the rich cities of Bithynia. The men who had overcome so many difficulties were, after all, stopped by the Rhyndacus, an apparently incon-

siderable stream which falls into the Sea of Marmora. Retracing their steps, therefore, they tranquilly burned all the Bithynian cities which they had hitherto only plundered, and piling their vast heaps of spoil on waggons and on ships, they returned to their own land.

The foregoing account of this inroad of the barbarians is given to us by Zosimus the Greek historian. The Goth Jornandes, whose historical perspective is not extremely accurate, informs us that during the expedition 'they also sacked Troy and Ilium, which were just beginning to breathe again for a little space after that sad war with Agamemnon[1].' But neither Chalcedon nor Troy seems to have imprinted itself so deeply in the barbarian memory as a certain town of Anchialus in Thrace (now the tolerably famous Bourghaz), built just where the range of the Balkans slopes down into the Euxine Sea. For at or near to Anchialus 'there were certain warm springs renowned above all others in the world for their healing virtues, and greatly did the Goths delight to wash therein.' One can imagine the children of the North, after the fatigue of sacking so many towns, beneath the hot sun of Asia Minor, requiring divers washings in these nature-heated baths. 'And having tarried there many days they thence returned home[2].'

[1] 'Vastantes in itinere suo Trojam Iliumque, quae, *vix a bello illo Agamemnoniaco aliquantulum respirantes*, rursus hostili mucrone deletae sunt.'

[2] Jornandes, De Rebus Geticis, cap. xx.

A third expedition, which must have been also partly maritime, brought these hardy and mischievous barbarians to another well-known spot, to the Ionic city of Ephesus, where they signalised their tarriance by the destruction of that magnificent Temple of Diana, one of the Seven Wonders of the World, of whose hundred marble columns, wreathed round by sculptured figures in high relief, an English explorer[1] has lately discovered the pathetically defaced ruins. 262.

The Goths at Athens. 267.

But a greater shrine of art than even Ephesus was to be visited by the unwelcome pilgrimage of the Teutons. Five years later the German tribe of the Heruli (accompanied possibly by some of the Goths properly so called), with a fleet which is said to have consisted of five hundred ships—if they should not rather be called mere boats—sailed again through the Bosporus, took Byzantium, ravaged some of the islands of the Archipelago, and landing in Greece, wasted not only Corinth, Sparta, and Argos, but even Athens herself, with fire and sword. The soft and cultured Athenians, lately immersed in the friendly rivalries of their professors of rhetoric, and who had for centuries not seen a spear thrown in anger, were terrified by the apparition of these tall, gaunt, skin-clothed barbarians under their walls. They abandoned their beautiful city without a struggle, and as many as could do so escaped to the *demes*, the little villages scattered along the heights of

[1] Mr. J. T. Wood (Discoveries at Ephesus; London, 1877).

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Hymettus and Cithaeron. It was probably during the occupation of Athens by the barbarians which followed this surrender that a characteristic incident occurred. A troop of Teutonic warriors roaming through the city in search of something to destroy, came to one of the great libraries which were the glory of Athens. They began to carry out the parchment rolls, full of unintelligible learning, and to pile them up in a great heap, intending to behold a magnificent bonfire. 'Not so, my sons,' said a gray-bearded Gothic veteran; 'leave these scrolls untouched, that the Greeks may in time to come, as they have in time past, waste their manhood in poring over their wearisome contents. So will they ever fall, as now, an easy prey to the strong unlearned sons of the North.'

Zonaras xii. 26.

Valour of Dexippus.

That the Gothic veteran spoke only a half-truth when he uttered these words was soon shown by the valiant and wisely planned onset which was made upon the barbarians by Dexippus, rhetorician, philosopher, and historian, who at the head of only 2000 men, co-operating apparently with an Imperial fleet, succeeded in expelling the barbarians from Athens, and to some extent effaced the stigma which their recent cowardice had brought upon the name of the Greeks. Details as to the siege and counter-siege are alike wanting, but we still have the speech, truly said to be not altogether unworthy of a place in the pages of Thucydides, in which the soldier-sophist, while cautioning his followers against rash and unsupported skirmishes,

breathes a high heroic spirit into their hearts, and appeals to them to show themselves fit inheritors of the great traditions of their forefathers. 'Thus shall we win from men now living, and from those who are yet to be, the meed of ever-to-be-remembered glory, proving in very deed that even in the midst of our calamities the old spirit of the Athenians is not abated. Let us therefore set our children and all our dearest ones upon the hazard of this battle for which we now array ourselves, calling upon the all-seeing gods to be our helpers.'

'When they heard these words, the Athenians were greatly strengthened, and begged him to lead them on to battle,' in which, as has been already said, they appear to have won a complete victory.

Character of the Emperor Gallienus. 254–268.

All these inroads of the Goths occurred under the reign of the Emperor Gallienus, that celebrated *poco-curante*, who took both the captivity of his father (Valerian) and the rapid dismemberment of his Empire with such charming composure and serenity. 'Egypt,' said one of his ministers to him, 'has revolted.' 'What of that? cannot we dispense with Egyptian flax?' 'Fearful earthquakes have happened in Asia Minor, and the Goths are ravaging all the country.' 'But cannot we do without Lydian saltpetre?' When Gaul was lost he gave a merry laugh, and said, 'Do you think the Republic will be in danger if the Consuls' robes cannot be made of the Gaulish tartan?'

On the death of Gallienus, a sovereign of very

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different temper ascended the throne. Claudius II and his successor Aurelian, notwithstanding the shortness of their reigns, effectually dissipated the mosquito-swarms of barbarian invaders and provincial usurpers who were ruining the unhappy dominions of Gallienus.

Claudius II Emperor. 268–270.

Invasion by the Goths in larger numbers than before.

The two campaigns (of 268 and 269) in which the Emperor Claudius vanquished the barbarians are related with great brevity, and in such a shape that it is not easy to harmonise even the scanty details which are preserved for us. It seems clear, however, that the Goths (both Ostrogoths and Visigoths), with all their kindred tribes, poured themselves upon Thrace and Macedonia in vaster numbers than ever. The previous movements of these nations had been probably but robber-inroads: this was a national immigration. The number of their ships (or skiffs) is stated by Zosimus at 6000. This is probably an exaggeration or an accidental corruption of the historian's text, but 2000, which is the figure given by Ammianus, is a sufficiently formidable number even of the small craft to which the estimate refers. And the invading host itself, including doubtless camp-followers and slaves, perhaps some women and children, is said, with a concurrence of testimony which we dare not disregard, to have reached the enormous total of 320,000.

Their defeat.

A few years earlier, so vast an irruption must inevitably have ruined the Roman Empire. But now, under Claudius, the army, once more subjected to strict discipline, had regained, or was

rapidly regaining, its tone, and the Gothic multitudes, vainly precipitating themselves against it, by the very vastness of their unwieldy masses, hastened their own destruction. A great battle was fought at Naissus (Nisch, in Servia), a battle which was not a complete victory, which according to one authority[1] was even a defeat for the Romans, but since the barbarians as an immediate consequence of it lost 50,000 men, their doubtful victory may fairly be counted as a defeat. In the next campaign they were shut up in the intricate passes of the Balkans by the Roman cavalry. Under the pressure of famine they killed and eat the cattle that drew their waggons, so parting with their last chance of return to their northern homes. Again they gained some advantage in the field over the Roman legions, but again the benefit of it was snatched from them by the superior generalship of Claudius. At length the remnants of the huge host seem to have disbanded, some to have entered the service of their conqueror as *foederati*, and many to have remained as hired labourers to plough the fields which they had once hoped to conquer.

Death of Claudius.

In right of these memorable victories Claudius took the surname of Gothicus, but the conquered barbarians avenged themselves in an unexpected manner on their conqueror. The vast number of unburied corpses bred a pestilence, to which the Emperor fell a victim. His successor Aurelian, the

[1] Zosimus, i. 43.

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Aurelian Emperor. 270–275.

Dacia abandoned to the Goths. 270.

conqueror of Zenobia, led Gothic chiefs as well as the proud queen of Palmyra as captives up the Capitolian Hill. Yet he made peace wisely as well as war bravely, and prudently determining on the final abandonment of the Roman province of Dacia, he conceded to the Goths the undisturbed possession of that region on condition of their not crossing the Danube to molest Moesia. Translating these terms into the language of modern geography, we may say, roughly, that the repose of Servia and Bulgaria was guaranteed by the final separation from the Roman Empire of Hungary, Transylvania, Moldavia, and Wallachia, which became from this time forward the acknowledged home of the Gothic nation. The half-Romanised Dacians, who had been the previous inhabitants of this country, bore, unfortunately for the interests of history, the name *Getae*. A name so like to that of the new settlers was not unnaturally transferred to them by the Roman poets and historians. Hence it comes to pass that Jornandes's history (which, it should be observed, passes over the defeats of the Goths by Claudius in utter silence) is entitled 'De Rebus *Geticis*,' and hence too we shall find at a later period that a poem on the campaign against Alaric is headed 'De Bello *Getico*.' It is enough here to note the almost certainly erroneous identification of the two peoples without tracing out the mystification and perplexity to which, in many ways, it has given rise.

Aurelian's Dacian settlement of the Goths proved

to be a piece of real statesmanship. Had a similar policy been pursued all round the frontiers of the Roman Empire, that Empire, though in somewhat less than its greatest extent, might perhaps be still standing.

Peace for nearly a century between Rome and the Goths.

For about a century (from 270 to 365) the Goths appear to have been with little exception at peace with Rome. There were indeed about ten years (nearly coinciding with the time of the foundation of Constantinople) during which this good understanding was disturbed. In 322, 328, and 332, there was war between the Emperors and the barbarians on the Gothic frontier. In the last year Constantine intervened in a dispute between the Goths and their Sarmatian neighbours, and is said to have caused 100,000 of the Goths to perish on the battle-field or of cold and hunger, and to have insisted on their king Araric giving up his son as an hostage. But with these exceptions there appears to have been not only peace but amity between the nation and the Empire, many Gothic auxiliaries serving under the Caesars in their Persian campaigns. It is hinted that this friendship existed especially between the barbarians and the family of Constantine, as if the Teuton rather loved a brave and capable conqueror, for the Constantines were collateral descendants of the great Claudius Gothicus himself.

Empire of Hermanric.

Of the whole of this period we have but little that can be called history. We have vague accounts of the greatness of *Hermanric*, an Ostrogoth (that

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portion of the nation seems still to take the lead), and one of the divinely descended royal race of the *Amals*. His reign may have endured from about 335 to 375, and he is said to have extended his dominions northwards to the Baltic, and to have added many Sclavonian tribes inhabiting Lithuania and central Russia to the number of his subjects. But he observed the compact of Aurelian, and did not once cross the Danube to war with Rome.

Of the internal history of the Goths during this period we can form a little clearer idea, and far away as we seem still to be from the history of Italy, the changes effected among these obscure barbarian tribes during the fourth century are really of vital importance to that history.

Effect of the Dacian settlement on the character of the Goths.

The province of Dacia, in which the Goths had now obtained a settlement, was one which for a century and a half had been united, more or less closely, to the Roman Empire, and they dwelt in it for another century. With their will, or against their will, these two facts must have had a powerful influence on their character, and there can be little doubt that during this period of their sojourn in Dacia, they put off, in great measure, their old wandering, nomad character, and put on that of a settled people, still fierce, still delighting in war, but thinking more of occupying the country and less of roaming over it, more of the corn-field and less of the forest, than their fathers had done. The bridge which Trajan had thrown over the

Danube had indeed been destroyed, but his three great roads still bore their indestructible witness to the former might of Rome. Though many of the Dacians or Getae followed the retiring Roman eagles, and founded a second Dacia south of the Danube, it is expressly stated that many remained. How deeply these had been imbued with the spirit of Latin civilisation is still shown by the Roumanian language, which, like some great boulder-stone, fills up the provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia and part of Hungary, having Sclavonic speeches to the north and south of it, and the Magyar to the west, but itself by many a root and many a termination bearing witness to its descent from the old language of Rome and Alba Longa.

Over this civilised, Romanised, subject population of Dacia the Goths bore sway for a century, and though there may not be good contemporary evidence of the fact, it is reasonable to suppose that they would here in some measure anticipate the part which the German invaders afterwards played among all the conquered 'Latin races' of Southern and Western Europe. The cornfields, the vineyards, the mines, would be made productive by the toil of the subject Dacians or of captives taken in war with their Northern neighbours and reduced to slavery, while the fair-haired Goths, the meanest of whom would feel himself as a lord among his dependants, would make war the business of their lives, of which the chase, the minstrel's song, the endless Walhalla-banquet,

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with Tokay wine instead of mead for the favourite beverage, would be the recreations.

Introduction of Christianity and the art of writing.

But while this was the superficial aspect of their life, two momentous changes were being silently introduced among them. The worship of Odin and Thor was being displaced by the religion of Christ, and their language was giving birth to a literature. The chief agent in these two events, full of importance even to the present day, was a man who a hundred years ago would have been spoken of as an obscure ecclesiastic, but for whom in our own day the new science of the History of Speech has asserted his rightful position, as certainly 'attaining to the first three' in the century in which he lived. If the greatest name of that century be admitted to be Constantine, and if the second place be yielded to Athanasius, at least the third may be claimed for the missionary bishop of the Goths and the first translator of the Bible into a barbarian tongue, the noble-hearted Ulfilas.

Bishop Ulfilas. 311–381.

Ulfilas, who was born in 311, was not of pure Teutonic extraction, but was descended from Cappadocian ancestors who had been carried captive by the Goths, probably during that raid into Asia Minor which ended at the baths of Anchialus. He was however himself, in heart and by speech, a Goth, and in the course of his life he became master both of the Greek and Latin languages. In the capacity either of an ambassador or, more probably, a hostage, he was

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sent while still a young man to Constantinople. During his stay there, which lasted apparently for about ten years, if not at an earlier period, he embraced the Christian religion, he was ordained *Lector* (Reader), and eventually, in the thirtieth year of his age, he was consecrated Bishop by the great Arian ecclesiastic, Eusebius of Nicomedia. From this time onwards for forty years he was engaged in frequent missionary journeys among his countrymen in Dacia, many of whom, having become converts to Christianity, were persuaded by him to cross the frontier, in order to escape the cruel persecutions of their heathen countrymen, and to settle within the limits of the Roman Empire. These Christianised Gothic settlers were called *Gothi Minores*, and their dwellings may perhaps have been situated upon the northern slopes of the Balkans. Our information as to these Lesser Goths is derived exclusively from the following passage in Jornandes (De Rebus Geticis, cap. 51):—

The Gothi Minores

'There were also certain other Goths, who are called Minores, an immense people, with their bishops and primate Vulfila, who is said, moreover, to have taught them letters: and they are at this day dwelling in Moesia, in the district called Encopolitana (?). They abide at the foot of the mountains, a numerous race, but poor and unwarlike, abounding only in cattle of divers kinds, and rich in pastures and forest timber, having little wheat, though the earth is fertile in producing other crops. They do not appear

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to have any vineyards: those who want wine buy it of their neighbours; but most of them drink only milk.'

Alphabet of Ulfilas.

'He is said to have taught them letters.' That statement, confirmed by many other authorities, has, upon the whole, successfully stood the test of modern analytical criticism[1]. The reader may be not unwilling to see a specimen of this, the earliest complete alphabet possessed by a Teutonic nation. The Greek alphabet is put side by side, that it may be seen at a glance how largely the one was based upon the other. We can speak confidently as to the *order* of the letters on account of their numerical value.

ENGLISH EQUIVALENT.	GOTHIC LETTERS.	GREEK LETTERS.	ENGLISH EQUIVALENT.	NUMERICAL VALUE.
A	𐌰	A	A	1
B	𐌱	B	B	2
G	𐌲	Γ	G	3
D	𐌳	Δ	D	4
E	𐌴	E	Short E	5
Q	𐌵	ϛ		6
Z	𐌶	Z	Z	7
H	𐌷	H	Long E	8
TH	𐌸	Θ	TH	9
I	𐌹	I	I	10
K	𐌺	K	K	20
L	𐌻	Λ	L	30
M	𐌼	M	M	40
N	𐌽	N	N	50
J	𐌾	Ξ	X	60
U	𐌿	O	Short O	70

[1] The difficult question of the relation of the alphabet of Ulfilas to the Runes is purposely here left undiscussed.

ENGLISH EQUIVALENT.	GOTHIC LETTERS.	GREEK LETTERS.	ENGLISH EQUIVALENT.	NUMERICAL VALUE.
P	𐍀	Π	P	80
R	𐍂	Ρ	R	100
S	𐍃	Σ	S	200
T	𐍄	Τ	T	300
V	𐍅	Υ	U	400
F	𐍆	Φ	F	500
X	𐍇	Χ	CH	600
W	𐍈	Ψ	PS	700
O	𐍉	Ω	Long O	800

The correspondences in this table are obvious. A little examination will show the differences, which are very curious, and apparently still quite unexplained. We can understand why Ulfilas availed himself of the gap between Epsilon and Zeta (represented by the antiquated Greek letter ϛ) to insert his guttural Q, which, it may be observed, is never followed, as with us, by an U. We can also see how cleverly he has availed himself of the redundancies occasioned by the double forms of E and O in the Greek alphabet to introduce his H and U (the Greek U being represented by the Gothic V). But why he should have chosen the Greek Theta to represent his Teutonic W, and the Greek Psi to represent his Theta, why he should have introduced his J opposite to the Greek Xi, and then, following the example of the Latins, have appropriated the Greek Chi to his X, are questions to which we rather desire than expect the answers.

The grammar of the Gothic tongue, as exhi-

bited in the translation of Ulfilas, is, it need hardly be said, of priceless value in the history of Human Speech. We here see, not indeed the original of all the Teutonic languages, but a specimen of one of them three centuries earlier than any other that has been preserved, with many inflections which have since been lost, with words which give us the clue to relationships otherwise untraceable, with phrases which cast a strong light on the fresh and joyous youth of the Teutonic peoples. In short, it is not too much to say, that the same place which the study of Sanscrit holds in the history of the development of the great Indo-European family of nations is occupied by the Gothic of Ulfilas (Moeso-Gothic, as it is sometimes not very happily named) in reference to the unwritten history of the Germanic races.

Philological value of Moeso-Gothic.

But let us not, as enthusiastic philologists, fancy that Ulfilas lived but to preserve for posterity certain fast-perishing Gothic roots, and to lay the foundation for 'Grimm's Law' of the transmutation of consonants. To Christianise and to civilise the Gothic people was the one great and successfully accomplished aim of his life. It was for this that he undertook, amidst all the perils and hardships of his missionary life, the labour, great because so utterly unprecedented, of turning the Septuagint and the Greek New Testament into the language of a barbarous and unlettered race; by the mere conception of such a work showing a mind centuries in advance of its contemporaries. Nor was

Translation of the Bible.

it a portion only, the Gospels or the Psalms, as in the case of our own King Alfred 500 years later, which was thus rendered into a language 'understanded of the people.' The whole of the New Testament and much the larger part of the Old were turned into Gothic by the good bishop, who, however, according to a well-known story[1], refrained from translating 'the Books of Kings' (that is, of course, the two Books of Samuel and the two of Kings), 'which contain the history of wars: because his nation was already very fond of war, and needed the bit rather than the spur, so far as fighting was concerned.' One can understand the wise 'economy' of truth, which withheld from these fierce Dacian warriors Sagas so exciting as the battle of Mount Gilboa, the slaughter of Baal's priests at the foot of Carmel, and the extermination of the House of Ahab by Jehu son of Nimshi.

If we often find it hard in our own day to say whether a great man moulds his age or is moulded by it, we must not expect to be able to decide with certainty how far Ulfilas effected and how far he merely represented the conversion of the Teutonic races to Christianity. His was evidently a most potent personality, and his book, carried by traders and warriors from town to town and from camp to camp of the barbarians, may have been even more powerful than himself. Let the operating cause have been what it may, all the Teutonic

[1] Told by Philostorgius, ii. 5.

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nations who figure prominently in the history of the fifth century, with two conspicuous exceptions, became Christian in the course of the fourth century, and chiefly during the lifetime of Ulfilas. The two exceptions are the Franks and the Saxons, whose conversion, as every one knows, was postponed till the days of Clovis (496) and Ethelbert (597).

Arianism of Ulfilas and his converts.

But the form of Christianity taught by Ulfilas and earnestly accepted by the Goth, the Vandal, the Burgundian, the Sueve, and the Lombard, was one of the various forms which passed under the common denomination of Arian. Many have been the stories dishonourable to Ulfilas and to the Barbarians, and quite inadequate to the result that they profess to explain, which, probably without any untruthful intent, later ecclesiastical historians put into circulation in order to account for this unacceptable triumph of Heterodoxy. It has been represented over and over again that the Goths were seduced into Arianism by the Emperor Valens, that their abandonment of the Nicene faith was the price paid for that settlement within the confines of the Empire which will shortly have to be described, and that the broker in this unholy compact was their revered bishop Ulfilas. A careful study of the ecclesiastical condition of the Eastern provinces during the fourth century might have suggested the improbability of this view. The simple and obvious truth is that Ulfilas was an Arian because every considerable ecclesiastic with whom he came in contact at Constantinople was Arian, because

that was the form of faith (or so it seemed to him) which he had been at first taught, because he was consecrated bishop by the great Arian controversialist Eusebius of Nicomedia, and apparently received the kiss of peace from the prelates to whose ranks he had just been admitted at the great Arian synod of Antioch (341), because, in short, during the whole time that his theological mind was being moulded, Arianism, of one kind or another, was Orthodoxy at Constantinople, and Athanasius was denounced as a dangerous Heretic. He himself, when lying at the point of death, pre- 381. faced his Arian confession of faith with these emphatic words: 'I, Ulfila, bishop and confessor, *have ever thus believed*' (*semper sic credidi*): and there is no reason to doubt that, as far as any man can speak accurately of his own spiritual history, these words were true.

It is necessary here briefly to indicate the nature of the Arianism of Ulfilas which was probably that of the great majority of his Gothic converts, not in order to discuss the truth or falsehood of their doctrines, but solely, in the interest of historic accuracy, to prevent them from being identified with modern schools of thought with which they had nothing in common. In the bewildering maze of the great theological controversy of the fourth century we can discern five great parties, divided as follows:—

1. The Sabellians (represented by Marcellus and Photinus) said in effect 'There is no distinction of persons in the Godhead. The Son *is* the Father.'

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2. The Athanasians, while rejecting the doctrine of the Sabellians as heresy, clung with indomitable tenacity to the words of the creed adopted at Nicaea: 'The Son is of one substance (*Homo-ousios*) with the Father.'

3. The Semi-Arians, the party to which the Emperor Constantius at first belonged, said, 'The Son is of *like* substance (*Homoi-ousios*, not Homo-ousios) with the Father,' and they went on to introduce refinements between the terms for 'being' and 'substance' which the Latin language utterly failed to render.

4. Here broke in the advocates of the *Homoion*, the party to which Ulfilas belonged, who said impatiently, 'Away with these subtleties. Neither Homo-ousios nor Homoi-ousios is to be found in the Scriptures. Jesus Christ, in whom we believe, is "the only-begotten Son of God, begotten of God before all ages and before every beginning, by whom all things were made both visible and invisible, born of the Father, the only one of the only one, God of God *like* (*Homoios*) *to the Father who begat him, according to the Scriptures*, and whose generation no one knoweth but the Father who begat him."' These words are taken from the creed adopted at the Arian Synod of Constantinople (360), a creed which, as we are expressly told[1], received the signature of Bishop Ulfilas. The creed goes on to rehearse, in words slightly amplified from the Nicene, the miraculous

[1] Socrates, ii. 41.

birth, crucifixion, resurrection and ascension of Christ, and his future coming in glory. The article of belief in the Holy Spirit is qualified in an anti-Trinitarian sense. The creed concludes: 'But since the term *Ousia* (Being), which was used by the fathers in a very simple and intelligible sense, not being understood by the people, has been a cause of offence, we have thought proper to reject it, as it is not contained in the Holy Scriptures, and we deprecate the least mention of it in future. . . . Nor ought the Hypostasis (Substance) of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit to be even named. But we affirm that the Son is like the Father in such a manner as the Holy Scriptures declare and teach. Let therefore all heresies which have been already condemned, or which may have arisen of late, contrary to this exposition of the faith, be Anathema.'

'Like the Father in such manner as the Holy Scriptures declare.' This was the watchword—one might almost say the Shibboleth—of that section of the Arians to which Ulfilas belonged.

5 and 6. The *Anomoeans,* who maintained that the Son was not even like the Father, though divine, and the small sect of the *Psilanthropists* who asserted that Jesus was merely and purely man, need not be further noticed here, since neither Ulfilas nor, as far as we can discover, any of the Barbarian chiefs who invaded the Roman Empire ever adopted these views.

But if the theological chasm between the Bar-

barian converts of Ulfilas and the party which ultimately triumphed in the Church was somewhat less than our modern prepossessions would have led us to suppose, from a political and historical point of view the disastrous effect of the conversion of the Goths and their kindred to the Arian form of Christianity can hardly be stated too strongly. That conversion made the Barbarians parties to the long law-suit between Arians and Trinitarians, which had dragged on its weary length through the greater part of the fourth century, and in which, up to the time that we are now speaking of, the persecuting spirit, the bitterness, the abuse of court favour, had been mainly on the side of the Arians. The tide was now soon to turn, and the disciples of Athanasius were to be the dominant party, the favourites of court and people. Into such a world, into the midst of a clergy and a laity passionately attached to the Homo-ousian formula, the Arian Teutons were about to be poured, not only to subdue and overturn, but if possible to renew and to rebuild. In this work of reconstruction the difference of creeds proved to be a great and often a fatal difficulty. The Barbarian might be tolerated by the Roman; by the Catholic the Arian could not but be loathed. Of even the Heathen there was hope, for he might one day renounce his dumb idols and might seek admission, as the Frank and the Saxon did, into the bosom of the One Catholic and Apostolic Church. But the Schismatic would probably grow

Historical consequences of the Arianism of the Teutonic races.

hardened in his sin, he would plant his false bishops and his rival priests side by side with the officers of the true Church in every diocese and parish. There could be no amalgamation for the faithful with the Arians. The only course was to groan under them, to conspire against them, and as soon as possible to expel them.

Situation of the Goths at the accession of Valens.

Our two lines of narrative, the Roman and the Gothic, are now rapidly converging. Let us suppose that we have arrived at the year (364) when the feeble and timid Valens was placed on the Eastern throne by his brother Valentinian. At that time Ulfilas would be in the fifty-third year of his age and the twenty-third of his episcopate. Hermanric, king of the Ostrogoths, a centenarian and more, was still the most important figure in the loosely welded Gothic confederacy. His special royalty may possibly have extended over Northern Hungary, Lithuania, and Southern Russia. The 'torpid' Gepidae dwelt to the north of him, to the south and west the Visigoths, whose settlements may perhaps have occupied the modern countries of Roumania, Transylvania and Southern Hungary. The two great nations, the Ostrogoths and Visigoths, were known at this time to the Romans, perhaps among themselves also, by the respective names of the Gruthungi and Thervingi, but it will be more convenient to disregard these appellations and speak of them by the names which they made conspicuous in later history. Into the degree of connexion or dependence in

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which the Gepidae and Visigoths may have stood towards the mightier Ostrogoths it seems useless now to enquire. But it is significant that the rulers of the Visigoths, though they, like the Amal kings of the Ostrogoths, had a great house, the Balthi, sprung from the seed of gods, did not at this time bear the title of King, but contented themselves with some humbler designation, which the Latin historians translated into *Judex* (Judge).

365. War between Valens and the Visigoths.

The Visigoths seem to have considered their long treaty of alliance with Rome as binding them to the house of Constantine personally rather than by official links to the Empire. Acting upon this principle, when Count Procopius, a distant relation of Julian the Apostate, rose in insurrection against Valens and assumed the purple at Constantinople, they sent 10,000 Gothic soldiers to serve under the banner of the usurper. Procopius was soon overpowered and slain, but the war thus kindled smouldered on for three years (367–369) with no very notable incidents, and at last seems to have degenerated into guerilla warfare and assassination. This at least is the extraordinary narrative of Zosimus: 'For when the Goths did not venture to join in a regular pitched battle, but hid themselves in the swamps and from thence made covert attacks, Valens ordered his soldiers to remain in their regular quarters, but collecting the suttlers and camp followers and those who had charge of the baggage, he promised them a certain sum for every barbarian head which they should bring in

[to his head quarters at Shumla]. Stimulated by the hope of such gains these men plunged into the forests and morasses, slew any Goths whom they came across, and received the promised reward. And when a great multitude had been destroyed in this fashion, those who were left began to supplicate the Emperor for a peace, which was granted on terms not dishonouring to the Roman name, for it was agreed that the Romans should hold in all security their former possessions, while the barbarians promised not to cross the river nor attack the Roman frontier[1].'

Athanaric head of the heathen party.

This peace, whatever may have been the causes which led up to it, was concluded on a boat moored in the centre of the Danube, between the Emperor Valens in person and Athanaric, a warrior who had distinguished himself during the recent war and had been recently raised to the dignity of Judex of the Visigoths[2]. Athanaric, the very type of stern morose adherence to old Gothic ways, had bound himself to his father by a dreadful oath that he would never set foot on Roman soil, and as it would have been beneath the dignity of the Emperor to cross over to him, the *via media* was adopted, and the high contracting powers met on

[1] Zosimus, iv. 11.

[2] Though Ammianus (xxvii. 5. 6) makes Athanaric 'the most powerful man of the tribe of the Gruthungi, there can be no doubt that he was really a Visigothic Judex.

Isidore (a Spanish Visigoth) puts the accession of Athanaric in 369, but says that he reigned 13 years. As Athanaric died at the very beginning of 381 he probably began to reign in 367.

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well-moored barges in the middle of the rapid Danube.

Over against this sturdy Gothic Conservative, Athanaric, appears the gentler and more attractive but yet powerful figure of Fridigern, who was also a Judge of the Visigoths at this time. Fridigern embraced Christianity and leaned in all things towards friendship with Rome. Athanaric not only remained obstinate in his heathenism but persecuted even to the death those of his subjects who embraced the Roman faith. To test the faith of his followers he sent round a waggon bearing one of the old Gothic idols to their tents, and caused all who refused to worship it to be burnt with their families. A church full of Christian refugees was burnt with all whom it contained. The young and nobly-born Nicetas, one of the chief men of the nation, was, on account of his public preaching of Christianity, dragged away into confinement, ordered to abjure his faith, and on his refusal hacked to pieces and cast into the fire. These men, notwithstanding their probable Arianism, seem to have been honoured as true Christian martyrs by the Catholic Church. Everything about this short and cruel spasm of persecution seems to show that it was due to the flickering up from its embers of the expiring flame of Gothic heathenism.

Fridigern head of the Christian party.

Civil war among the Visigoths.

Civil war, the result of these persecutions, broke out between Athanaric and Fridigern. Apparently each chief fled in turn : it is alleged that Fridigern

was restored by the intervention of Valens; at any rate it seems safe to assert that before the death of Valentinian (375) peace was restored between them.

It appeared probable, at this time, that the Visigoths, the nearest neighbours of the Empire on her Danubian frontier, would rapidly accept her religion and her civilisation, perhaps undergo a peaceful conquest at the hands of her magistrates and her merchants, at least settle down again for another hundred years into the condition of proud and satisfied allies of Rome. We have now to witness the strange and terrible event which falsified all these reasonable expectations, and changed the destinies of every country in Europe from the Volga to the Straits of Gibraltar.

NOTE A. On the Early History of the Goths, as told by Jornandes.

NOTE A.

In order to give the reader a perfectly fair impression of the state of our information on this subject, it is right to inform him how the extracts from Jornandes have been selected, or, as an unfriendly critic might say, garbled, in the short sketch given in the text.

That sketch, which contains the essence of what seem to be the traditions of the Goths themselves as to their early wanderings, is taken from the first four chapters of Jornandes' De Rebus Geticis. I omit all notice of the following nine chapters, and join the course of his narrative again in the fourteenth chapter, where he describes the 'differentiation' into Ostrogoths and Visigoths. The fifteenth contains the perfectly historical account of the
235–238. Emperor Maximin, who probably was of Gothic origin;
244–249. the sixteenth opens with the reign of Philip the Arabian, and from this point onwards the narrative runs side by side with the authentic history of the Roman Empire.

As a matter of evidence, however, the reader has a right to ask what are the contents of the nine chapters between the fourth and fourteenth, and I am bound to answer that they are omitted not as irrelevant, but as inconvenient and not coherent with the history which has been given.

Chapter V is chiefly occupied with a description of Scythia, in which the Goths were now settled, and incidentally with some account of *Zamolxis* their great philosopher. Now Zamolxis is mentioned by Herodotus as the teacher who communicated to the Getae the doctrine of immortality, which, according to some, he had himself learned from Pythagoras. If he was a historical personage at all he lived probably about 500 B. C.

Chapter VI records the expedition of *Tanasis*, king of

the Goths, into Egypt, which he subdues and hands over to the king of the Medes. Deserters from his army form the nation of the Parthians. NOTE A.

Chapter VII gives a long and tedious account of the wars of the Amazons, the Gothic women who were left behind when their husbands undertook the aforesaid expedition into Egypt, relates their conquests in Asia, and contains a wildly incorrect sketch of the geographical position of Mount Caucasus.

Chapter VIII continues the history of the Amazons, and connects it with the classical stories of Theseus, Hippolyte, and Penthesilea (say 1200 B. C.).

Chapter IX, returning to the male Getae, asserts, on the authority of the 'Getica' of Dio (the Roman historian of the third century), that Telephus, son of Hercules and nephew of Priam, was their king.

Chapter X contains the old classical stories about Cyrus's war with Queen Tomyris, the invasions of Scythia by Darius and Xerxes, and the wars of Sitalces, king of Thrace, with Perdiccas, king of Macedon, successor (it should be ancestor) of Alexander the Great. 525 B.C. 516 B.C. 429 B.C.

Chapter XI describes the arrival of a certain Diceneus among the Goths and the science of theology which he taught them. His arrival is in the reign of *Boroista*. There was a king of Dacia named *Boerebistas* a contemporary of Augustus, who is possibly intended here. The description of the priests, who are called 'the Hatted Men' (*Pileati*) because they sacrificed covered with a kind of mitre, while the rest of the people are called *Capillati*, on account of the long hair in which they glory, has more of the ring of truth about it than the pseudo-classical legends of the chapters immediately preceding.

In Chapter XII King *Corillus* leads the Goths into Dacia, the geographical situation of which is described.

In Chapter XIII the wars of the *Getae* against Rome during the reign of Domitian (entirely historical) are described, and the credit of them claimed for the Goths. 85–90 A.D.

With Chapter XIV, as before said, we rejoin the stream of genuine Gothic history.

NOTE A. Now if we were reduced to the alternative of accepting all this semi-classical farrago as true, or rejecting all the pre-historic chapters of Jornandes, one would vote without hesitation for the latter alternative. If the migration of the Goths from the Baltic to the Euxine has to be placed before the Trojan War, it must be confessed that Gothic tradition concerning it at that enormous distance of time is perfectly valueless.

But I still conceive it to be not only possible but very probable that we have, in the earlier part of this treatise of Jornandes, really valuable and authentic traditions of his people, which he has distorted and muddled by the attempt —common to so many of the medieval chroniclers—to make them fit in with his own crude and inaccurate notions as to classical history. As an illustration of this tendency I may mention 'the Chronicles of Hainault' written in the thirteenth century, and occupying three volumes. Troy and Rehoboam, Zedekiah and Cyrus, Babylon, Thebes, and Carthage, figure plentifully in the first volume, towards the end of which we find twenty pages or more devoted to an abstract of the history of Christ and His Apostles. It is not till some way through the second volume that anything like the real history of Hainault commences. And how some of the medieval historians of Britain offended in the same way, what webs of sham-classic history they spun, like silkworms, out of their own internal consciousness, is sufficiently notorious. But in Jornandes's case this excuse is to be made, that he was almost invited into the error by two identifications both of which had been made long before his time, and both of which tended to glorify his nation and to link it in with the great deeds of classical antiquity. These are, (1) the identification of the Goths with the Scythians; (2) the identification of the Goths with the Getae.

It seems nearly certain that both identifications are either valueless or untrue:

1. Zosimus, writing a hundred years before Jornandes, always calls the Goths Σκύθαι, and probably most of the Greeks writers would do the same. Yet it appears to be

the opinion of the majority of ethnologists[1] that the Scythians mentioned by Herodotus were a Mongolian people. Some think them to have been Sclavonic; and of the few who hold them to have been Teutonic I do not understand that any identify them with the Goths of the fourth century, the old etymology Σκύθαι = Gothi being apparently quite abandoned. NOTE A.

It is admitted too that most of the post-Herodotean writers used the word 'Scythians' in such a very vague sense, for the inhabitants of all the countries north of the Euxine, the Caucasus, and the Parthian Empire, that the term is of little value in ethnological investigations. Like our own word 'Indians,' it proves nothing as to the origin of most of the races to which it has been applied. There cannot be a more striking proof that 'Scythian' is merely a geographical and not an ethnological term, than the fact that Priscus, a contemporary probably of Zosimus, uses it regularly to describe the Huns, the successors of the Goths in the region north of the Danube, but members of an utterly different nationality from theirs, as every Roman historian of the period knew.

2. As for the *Getae*, we can speak more positively. It is next to an historical impossibility that they and the Goths can have been the same people. The Getae, having lived for many centuries close to the frontiers of Greek and Roman civilisation, have a well-marked and ascertained place in history. They were a Thracian people. They fought against Perdiccas, king of Macedonia, at the time of the Peloponnesian war. They frequently sold their children as slaves to the Greeks, so that Geta is one of the commonest names for a slave in classical comedies. They occupied Dacia, and under the name of Dacians successfully resisted for some generations the power of Rome. Their hero-chief Decebalus was at length defeated by the Emperor Trajan, a defeat celebrated by the column of that Emperor. Their country was turned into a Roman province, and notwithstanding its proposed abandonment by Hadrian, it remained for 170 years under Roman influence,

[1] Compare Rawlinson's Herodotus, Appendix to Book i

NOTE A. and for the greater part of that time under Roman government. Can any one who knows the pulverising, assimilating character of the Roman dominion believe that these Getae, so long subject to the rule of the *legatus* and the centurion, were the same people as the nomad Goths following the guidance of their own long-haired Amal chiefs, who with such fresh vigour and apparently as a hitherto unknown foe, precipitated themselves on the eastern provinces of the Empire in the reign of Caracalla? The testimony of language is still clearer. Unless the Getae had been thoroughly Romanised, whence came the Roumanian dialect (an undoubted offshoot from the Latin) which still extends over so large a part of Dacia? And if the Goths were Getae, how could they have spoken the pure and primitive Teutonic tongue which is enshrined in the Moeso-Gothic Bible of Ulfilas?

It seems therefore to be a fact past all dispute that the coincidence between the names Gothi and Getae is accidental; that the Romans themselves first called their new invaders by the former name (witness the title of the Emperor Claudius II, *Gothicus*, which is alone almost decisive of the controversy); that afterwards when they had abandoned Dacia to the Barbarians they called them by the name of the former inhabitants, just as we, though sprung from Angles, Saxons, and Danes, constantly call ourselves *Britons*; that the obvious similarity between the two names Goth and Geta aided this confusion, till at length Claudian wrote his poem De Bello Getico and Jornandes his treatise De Rebus Geticis without a suspicion, probably, that Getic and Gothic had not been synonymous terms from the beginning of the world.

To sum up the whole matter. Winnowing away everything in Jornandes's history which relates to the Scythians and the Dacians, I believe that we have a fairly trustworthy and valuable deposit of true Gothic tradition left. It is probable *a priori* that this should be the case. Jornandes himself wrote, let us say, in 550; Cassiodorus, on whose work he founded himself, and who was in continual communication with the king and chiefs of the Ostro-

goths, in the year 500. Gothic had then been a written language since the time of Ulfilas—say from about 350. Tacitus had marked the existence of the *Gothones* at the south-east corner of the Baltic about A. D. 100, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that some remembrance of the achievements and migrations of the nation during the intervening 250 years would be preserved 'in the old songs, which being recited in public, almost served the purpose of a history' (Jornandes, cap. iv). NOTE A.

It should be stated, that comparative philology does not oppose, but rather supports the belief in a migration of the Goths from the Baltic to the Euxine, for Gothic occupies (e. g. in that set of phenomena which together constitute 'Grimm's Law') a place much nearer to Low German and Scandinavian, the dialects spoken on the Baltic coasts, than to High German, the language of South Germany.

In considering this subject I have continually been reminded of the remarks made by Grote (History of Greece, vol. i, chap. xix) as to the danger of attempting to deduce History from Legend. There is no doubt that Jornandes is a *Logographer*, and one of a very bad type, knowing very imperfectly the history into which he tries to make his legends fit. But the comparative shortness of the period for which we have to trust to tradition, the limiting influence of authentic history (the history of the Roman Empire) all round the nation in question, and the possession of written monuments of that nation's language, not greatly posterior to the time under discussion, seem to give us a much surer footing than can be found by enquirers into the history of Greece in Heroic times.

BOOK I.

THE VISIGOTHIC INVASION

CHAPTER I.

THE LAST YEARS OF VALENS.

Authorities.

Sources:—

AMMIANUS MARCELLINUS; JORNANDES; previously described.

ZOSIMUS (in Corpus Scriptorum Historiae Byzantinae. Edited by Bekker; Bonn, 1837).

The period during which Zosimus flourished has not been as yet accurately determined. One of his German commentators says that the possible era of his life 'fluctuates over a space of 160 years.' But it seems to be generally admitted as most probable that he was contemporary with the Emperor Theodosius II (408–450).

The title of his history says that he was 'Count and Advocate of the Treasury.' He probably therefore resided at Constantinople.

He wrote in Greek a History, the object of which was to

trace the decline of the Roman power, as another Greek historian, Polybius, had traced its culmination. We possess five books and a small portion of a sixth, of this History, which begins with the death of Commodus and ends very abruptly in the year 410, just before Alaric's third siege of Rome. Either the author never finished his work or we possess only a portion of it.

It is indeed wonderful that any of it should have been preserved, for Zosimus is a most bitter pagan, and delights in flouting Constantine, Theodosius, and all the imperial names which were dearest to the Catholic Church. It has been truly said, that if a man believes all the evil which Eusebius and all the good which Zosimus have written concerning Constantine he cannot go very far wrong. But in both cases, it seems to me, his belief will be in 'a vanishing quantity.' Zosimus is, however, invaluable to us as preserving some at least of the thoughts and arguments familiar to the advocates of the lost cause, Paganism.

His fondness for oracles, portents, and old mythological traditions is extraordinary, and often mars the artistic effect of his work. Thus, for instance, in the very crisis of Alaric's march into Italy (408), having mentioned the name of Aemona (Laybach), he interrupts himself in order to repeat a wild story about the Argonauts, sailing up the Danube and the Save, and then dragging the Argo fifty miles overland to the Adriatic. His love of the heathen-marvellous is so interesting a fact in the history of human thought, that I have ventured, at some risk of wearying the reader, to transfer some of these stories to my pages.

His style is often obscure, and it is extremely difficult to discover from his writings the true historical sequence of events. His bitterness and peevish temper, too, contrast unfavourably with the generally calm and judicial tone of Ammianus. But such as he is, he is almost our only historian deserving of the name for a space of twenty years (389–409), and the darkness becomes dark indeed when his taper goes out.

Guides:—

Gibbon, History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Smith's edition; London, 1854.

Tillemont, Histoire des Empereurs. (Vol. 5, Paris, 1701: Vol. 6, Paris, 1738.)

Clinton, Fasti Romani. (Oxford, 1845.)

A reference to these three authors may be presumed for every chapter, and almost every page, of the present volumes. An occasional query as to the correctness of some minor detail in Gibbon's History will not be misconstrued into dissent from the general verdict of admiration for his work. The accuracy in outline and, for the most part, in detail of so vast a panorama of human history is the more extraordinary in view of the generally uncritical character of English scholarship in the latter part of the eighteenth century. One of the points for which later writers have reason to be most grateful to Gibbon is the clear and full statement of the authorities upon which each paragraph is based. This having been done once for all, in a book which is easily accessible to every student, seems to absolve those who come after from quoting with the same fulness of detail, which would indeed, for the most part, resolve itself into a mere transcription of Gibbon's notes.

For a perfect digest of all the authorities bearing on every fact in Roman Imperial History we naturally turn to Tillemont, who devoted the patient industry of a life to his two great works, Memoires Ecclesiastiques, and Histoire des Empereurs. Form, the great beauty of Gibbon's work, is utterly absent from Tillemont's mass of useful materials, annalistically arranged. But often when gratefully appreciating the helpfulness of this book—helpfulness all the greater as it seems on account of its complete absence of style—I have thought how great would be the advantage if the *facts* of some much-discussed period of English history,—say the Reformation, the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, or the Great Rebellion,—could be with perfect accuracy chronicled Tillemont-fashion for eloquent writers on both sides to work up afterwards as they pleased into the proper literary form.

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Fynes Clinton, in his well-known book, the Fasti Romani, has analysed with extreme industry and care all the important dates in the history of the Upper Empire. The book—superior in this respect to that of Tillemont—is printed with an accuracy which approaches very nearly to perfection. A student who carefully follows Clinton's method, and verifies his quotations, soon feels that he may rely with almost absolute certainty on the correctness of his conclusions.

Of these three absolutely indispensable guides to the history of a world-important crisis, an English reader may reflect with permissible pride that two are his own fellow-countrymen.

375 UPON the premature death of Valentinian, by the banks of the Danube, the eyes of the inhabitants of the Roman Empire were turned towards his brother Valens, now the oldest member of the Imperial partnership, and the one who might be expected to exercise the most decisive influence upon its policy. Owing to the mistaken forecast which persistently saw in the Persian monarchy the most dangerous enemy to Rome, Valens gave the largest share of his time and attention to the affairs of Armenia and Mesopotamia, and was generally to be found at Antioch rather than at Constantinople. In that soft and licentious city by the Orontes, the minds of men, after the disclosure of the so-called 'Conspiracy of Theodorus,' and the cruel reprisals which had followed it, seem to have settled down into a state of apathetic discontent varied by anticipations, to themselves only half intelligible, of some terrible approaching doom. In after time, when the doom had fallen, men re-

State of feeling at Antioch.

membered what presages might have been drawn from the dismal cry of birds at night, from the howls of wolves, and the unusual mists which had so often blotted out the sunrise. Nay, the mouths of men, as on so many previous occasions of impending disaster to the State, had uttered unconsciously the plainest prophecies. When any of the common people of Antioch imagined himself wronged, he would cry out in the meaningless slang of the streets, 'May Valens be burned alive [if I will put up with this]!' And as the Emperor had presented the city with one of those usual tokens of Imperial munificence, a magnificent range of *Thermae* (hot baths), one might hear every morning the voices of the town criers calling to the people, 'Bring wood, bring wood, bring wood, to heat the baths of Valens.' Men looked back afterwards upon these and similar presages, and wondered that they had been so blind to the signs of coming woe.

Ammianus xxxi. 1. 2.

Meanwhile, in the steppes of Astrakhan, and on the northern slopes of the Caucasus, events were progressing among unknown and squalid barbarians which, co-operating with the internal rottenness of the Empire, were to bring about not only the violent death of Valens, but many another change of more enduring consequence. The *Huns*, a nation whom we may, with sufficient if not with scientific accuracy, describe as a vast Tartar horde, allured or impelled from Asia by some unknown force, fell first upon the Tartar or semi-Tartar

Irruption of the Huns.

nation of the Alani, who dwelt between the Volga and the Don, slew many, and made vassal-confederates of the rest, and with forces thus swollen pressed on toward the broad domains of Hermanric, king of the Ostrogoths.

It will be necessary, when the descendants of these invaders in the third generation dash themselves upon the Roman legions, to consider their ethnological position somewhat more closely. At present the collision is only of Hun against Goth, and therefore it is sufficient to learn from the pages of Jornandes what the Goth thought of these new and unexpected enemies. This is what he says in the twenty-fourth chapter of his book 'on Gothic affairs.'

Gothic tradition about the origin of the Huns.

'Concerning the abominable origin of the Huns: their expedition against the Ostrogoths, their hideous and terrible countenances.

'We have ascertained that the nation of the Huns, who surpassed all others in atrocity, came thus into being. When Filimer, fifth king of the Goths after their departure from Sweden, was entering Scythia, with his people, as we have before described, he found among them certain sorcerer-women, whom they call in their native tongue Aliorumnas (or Al-runas), whom he suspected and drove forth from the midst of his army into the wilderness. The unclean spirits that wander up and down in desert places, seeing these women, made concubines of them; and from this union sprang that most fierce people [of the

Huns], who were at first little, foul, emaciated creatures, dwelling among the swamps, and possessing only the shadow of human speech by way of language.

'According to Priscus they settled first in the further [eastern] shore of the Sea of Azof, lived by hunting, and increased their substance by no kind of labour, but only by defrauding and plundering their neighbours. Once upon a time, when they were out hunting beside the Sea of Azof, a hind suddenly appeared before them, and having entered the waters of that shallow sea, now stopping, now dashing forward, seemed to invite the hunters to follow on foot. They did so, through what they had before supposed to be trackless sea with no land beyond it, till at length the shore of Scythia [Southern Russia] lay before them. As soon as they set foot upon it, the stag that had guided them thus far mysteriously disappeared, whence they deemed that she had been divinely sent to shew them the way. They returned to their comrades to tell them what had happened, and the whole nation resolved to follow the track thus opened out before them. They fell like a human whirlwind on the nations inhabiting that part of Scythia, and offering up the first tribes whom they overcame as a sacrifice to victory, suffered the others to remain alive, but in servitude.

'With the Alani especially, who were as good warriors as themselves, but somewhat less brutal

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in appearance and manner of life, they had many a struggle, but at length they wearied out and subdued them. For, in truth, they derived an unfair advantage from the intense hideousness of their countenances. Nations whom they would never have vanquished in fair fight fled horrified from those frightful—faces I can hardly call them, but rather—shapeless black collops of flesh, with little points instead of eyes. No hair on their cheeks or chins gives grace to adolescence or dignity to age, but deep furrowed scars instead, down the sides of their faces, show the impress of the iron which with characteristic ferocity they apply to every male child that is born among them, drawing blood from its cheeks before it is allowed its first taste of milk. They are little in stature, but lithe and active in their motions, and especially skilful in riding, broad-shouldered, good at the use of the bow and arrows, with sinewy necks, and always holding their heads high in their pride. To sum up, these beings under the form of man hide the fierce nature of the beast.'

Historical importance of this Asiatic migration.

Such was the impression made upon the mind of the European barbarian by his first contact with the Asiatic savage. The moment was an eventful one in the history of the world. Hitherto, since the great migration of the Aryan nations, Europe had arranged her own destinies unmolested by any Asiatic invaders save the great armaments which at the bidding of Darius and Xerxes marched onwards to their doom. Now the unconscious proto-

types of Zinghis Khan, of Timour, and of Bajazet had come from the steppes of Turkestan to add their element of complication to the mighty problem.

It need not be said that the narrative of Jornandes is not here offered as trustworthy history. The battles with the Alani must in all probability have been over before the Huns first saw the Sea of Azof, and the latter squalid tribe were no more descended from Gothic women than from demon-fathers. But the passage is worth reading, and even reading again, for the vividness with which it brings the new in-comers into Europe before our eyes, and contrasts them with other tribes, like them in the deadliness of their onset against Rome, but unlike in all else.

Contrast between Goths and Huns.

The fair-haired, fair-skinned, long-bearded and majestic Goth on the one hand; the little swarthy smooth-faced Tartar Hun on the other: here the shepherd merging into the agriculturist, there the mere hunter: here the barbarian standing on the very threshold of civilisation, there the irreclaimable savage: here a nation already in great measure accepting the faith of Christ and reading the Scriptures in their own tongue, there brutal heathens. Such was the chasm which separated the Goths and the Teutons generally from the Huns.

Civilised, however, the Goths were not as yet, except in comparison with the unredeemed savagery of their new neighbours. Least of all

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could the word 'civilised' be used of that old and obstinate heathen, Hermanric the Ostrogoth.

Death of Hermanric.

He, as we are told, was now failing in health, having been cruelly and perfidiously wounded in the side by two chieftains of the subject nation of the Roxolani, Sarus and Ammius. What moved the two men to that ungentle deed? He had only caused their sister Sanielh to be torn in pieces by wild horses, in order to punish the traitorous defection of her husband. The wound which her brothers gave him, and his sadness at the impending conflict with the Huns, hurried the great Hermanric into his grave in the 110th year of his age. The quaint language in which Jornandes imparts this information veils the fact, communicated to us by Ammianus, that the death of this stout-hearted old warrior was, after all, a suicide.

375? [1]Against the empire of the Ostrogoths, weakened

[1] The inclination of the German critics is to spread the 'Hunnen-einfall' over five years, thus: '372, attack upon the Alani; 374–375, overthrow of the Ostrogoths; 375–376, defeats of Athanaric.' There is a good deal to be said in support of this view, and there can be little doubt that at least the wars with the Alani were over before the commencement of 376. Against any further extension of the time are to be set the strong expressions of Jornandes and Ammianus as to the rapidity of the Hunnish conquests ('ad Scythiam *properant* . . . . quasi quidam *turbo gentium*,' says Jornandes. 'Ermenrichi late patentes et uberes pagos *repentino impetu* perrumperunt . . . . qui vi *subitae procellae* perculsus . . . . voluntaria morte sedavit;' 'Cujus post obitum rex Vithimiris creatus *restitit aliquantisper Halanis*,' are the words of Ammianus), and the entry

Overthrow of the Ostrogothic Empire.

by the loss of its old commander, and evidently further weakened by internal division, the endless Asiatic horde moved on. It would almost seem that the greater part of the nation, with Hunimund, son of Hermanric, for their king, bowed their necks to the yoke, and without a struggle accepted the position of a subject race in the great and loosely-knit Hunnish confederacy. Whether with or without a battle, this, at any rate, was the position which the majority of the Ostrogoths soon occupied, and in which they continued for the following eighty years. During the whole of that time the Ostrogothic people has no independent political existence, but faithfully follows the standards of the Huns.

A much smaller section of the community chose Withimir (or Winithar) of the royal race of the Amals, but not a son of Hermanric, for their king, and under his leadership attempted a brave but hopeless resistance to the overpowering enemy[1]. After much slaughter he was slain in battle,

in one of the Latin Chronicles ('Descriptio Consulum Idatio Episcopo adscripta'), which seems to assign the whole Hunno-Gothic campaign to the year 376 ('Valente Aug V. et Valentiniano Juniore Augusto. His consulibus victi et expulsi sunt Gothi a gente Unorum et suscepti sunt in Romania pro misericordia jussione Augusti Valentis'). I do not see that the point is one of much consequence. The really important event, the hurling of the Visigoths against the Danube frontier of the Empire unquestionably took place in 376.

[1] The Huns seem to have left the work of crushing this inconsiderable resistance to their confederates the Alani (see quotation from Ammianus in the preceding note).

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and the remnant of the people, under the nominal sovereignty of the boy Widerich, son of the late king, but really led by his guardians, Alatheus and Saphrax, made their way southwards to the Wallachian shore of the Danube, whither all that was left of the Gothic nation that disdained to accept the over-lordship of the Hunnish king, was by this time streaming.

Defeat of Athanaric by the Huns.

For the Visigoths under Athanaric had fared no better than their Ostrogothic brethren. Possibly they had not supported their eastern kindred with perfect loyalty. At any rate, they attempted by a separate defence of the line of the Dneister to save their own homes in Moldavia and Wallachia. Here, however, Athanaric allowed himself to be utterly out-manœuvred by the Huns. On a moonlight night they crossed the river by an unwatched ford, got between him and his outposts, and made his magnificent position by the river, in which he was leisurely drawing up his troops in order of battle, utterly useless. After some slight skirmishes, Athanaric saw that he must abandon his position, and fell back on the line of the Pruth. Then a pause seems to come upon the operations of both nations. The Visigoths have evidently lost all heart for fighting, and the Huns have abated a little of the first impetuosity of their onset, encumbered as they now are by their enormous booty, in which the flocks and herds which they have taken from the Goths no doubt figure prominently.

During this interval the tidings 'that a new and hitherto unknown race of men had fallen like an avalanche' upon the supposed invincible Hermanric and Athanaric spread far and wide throughout the region of 'Gothia,' and everywhere seems to have produced the same feeling; 'We must put the Danube between us and the foe.' It was one of those epidemics of terror which are sometimes found among half-civilised races, unworthy, certainly, of a brave and high-spirited people, but due in part to the superstitious imaginations described by Jornandes. Fridigern, whose dominions lay apparently southward of Athanaric's, and who seems not to have come into actual collision with the Huns, was naturally looked to by the fugitives as the leader of the new migration. If the Goths were to obtain a footing on the Roman side of the broad and strong stream, watched as it was by the legions and ships of the Emperor, it could be only as the result of friendly negotiations with Valens; and who so fitting to commence these negotiations as Fridigern, the convert to Christianity, and the faithful advocate of the Roman alliance?

376.

Wide-spread terror of the Visigoths,

So now was seen by those who looked across from the Bulgarian to the Wallachian shore (from Moesia to Dacia, if we use the contemporary geographical terms) a sight the like of which has not often been witnessed in history since the dismayed armies of the Israelites stood beside the Red Sea.

who flock to the Danubian frontier of the Empire.

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It is thus described by the contemporary historian Eunapius[1].

'The multitude of the Scythians [Goths] who escaped from the murderous savagery of the Huns amounted to not less than 200,000 men of fighting age [besides old men, women, and children]. These, standing upon the river-bank in a state of great excitement, stretched out their hands from afar with loud lamentations, and earnestly supplicated that they might be allowed to cross over the river, bewailing the calamity that had befallen them, and promising that they would faithfully adhere to the Imperial alliance if this boon were granted them.'

Debates at Antioch as to the reception of the Goths within the Empire.

The authorities of the province to whom this request was made, answered, reasonably enough, that they could not grant it upon their own responsibility, but must refer it to the Emperor at Antioch, in whose council the question was soon and earnestly debated. They had indeed come, though they knew it not, to one of the great moments in the history of Rome, to one of those times when a Yes or No modifies the course of events for centuries. There was danger, no doubt, in keeping two hundred thousand warriors, maddened by fear and famine, at bay upon the frontiers of the Empire; yet, encumbered as they were by the presence of their wives and children, they would hardly have succeeded in crossing the river in the Emperor's despite. There was danger

[1] P. 48. (Bonn ed.)

in admitting them within that river-bulwark: yet, for the greater part of a century, they had been the faithful allies of Rome; they recognised the binding force of a solemn covenant; they were rapidly coming under the influence of civilisation and Christianity. Bringing, as they proposed to bring, their wives and children with them, they gave some pledges to Fortune, and, if they had been justly dealt with, might probably in the course of years have become attached to their Moesian homes, and have formed an iron rampart for the Empire against further barbarian invasion. Or, if this attempt to constitute them armed defenders of the Roman soil were too venturesome, they might possibly, in that extreme need of theirs, have been constrained into peaceful pursuits, if the surrender of their arms had been made an indispensable condition of their entrance upon Roman territory. 376.

Mistaken policy of Valens.

Unfortunately, in that supreme crisis of the Empire, the mediocre intellect and feeble will of Valens, guided by the advice of men who were accomplished only in flattery[1], decided upon a course which united every possible danger, and secured no possible advantage. His vanity was gratified by the thought that so many stalwart warriors did but crave permission to become his servants. His parsimony—the best trait in his character—discerned a means of filling the Imperial treasury by accepting the unpaid services

[1] 'Eruditis adulatoribus.' (Ammianus, xxxi. 4. 4.)

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of these men, while still levying in the provinces the tax which was supposed to be devoted to the hire of military substitutes for the provincials[1]. His unslumbering jealousy of his young and brilliant nephew, Gratian, suggested that in the newly enlisted Goths might one day be found a counterpoise to the veteran legions of Gaul. Moved by these considerations, he decided to transport the fugitives across the Danube. At the same time he laid upon them conditions hard and ignominious, but which if once named, ought to have been rigidly enforced, and he himself, by the necessity of the case, contracted implied obligations to them which it would have required the highest degree of administrative ability to discharge. All these details—and it was a case in which details were everything—he left in the hands of dishonest and incapable subordinates, without, apparently, bestowing on them a day of his own thought and labour; and those subordinates as naturally as possible brought the Empire to ruin. Notwithstanding the often-quoted saying about 'the little wisdom with which the world is governed,' the Divine Providence does generally, in administration as in other branches of conduct, reward human foresight with success: and it branded the haphazard blundering of Valens with signal and disastrous failure.

[1] 'Et pro militari supplemento, quod provinciatim annuum pendebatur, thesauris accederet auri cumulus magnus.' (Ammianus, xxxi. 4. 4.)

376. The conditions imposed on the Goths,

The conditions upon which the Emperor permitted, and even undertook himself to accomplish, the transportation of the Goths to the territory of the Empire, were, first, that all the boys who were not yet fit for military service (that is, no doubt, all those whose fathers were men of influence in the Gothic host) should be given up as hostages, and distributed in different parts of the Empire; and second, that the weapons should be handed over to the Roman officials, and that every Goth who crossed the river should do so absolutely unarmed. Later and ecclesiastical historians have added, and laid great stress upon, a third condition, that they should all embrace Christianity, of course in its Arian form; but this stipulation, which is not mentioned by any contemporary authority, and is in itself unlikely, has been probably introduced from some confused remembrance of the previous dealings between Valens and Fridigern, dealings in which the weight of the Imperial name does seem to have been thrown into the scale of Christianity, as understood by the Arians. And it is a remarkable and important fact, that the only Goths to whom liberty to cross the river was voluntarily conceded by the Emperor were these *Christian* clients of his, the followers of Fridigern.

but not enforced by the officers of Valens.

The conditions which were imposed destroyed all the grace of the Imperial concession, wounded the home-loving, war-loving Goth in his pride and his affections, and brought him, with a rank-

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ling sense of injury in his heart, within the limits of the Empire. But having been imposed, they should have been impartially enforced. As it was, the one condition which had now become all-important was disgracefully neglected by the two officers, Lupicinus, Count of Thrace, and Maximus, a military leader of evil reputation, who had charge of the transportation of the barbarians. All day and all night, for many days and nights, the Roman ships of war were crossing and recrossing the stream, conveying to the Moesian shore a multitude which they tried in vain to number. But as they landed, the Roman centurions, thinking only of the shameful plunder to be secured for themselves or their generals, picking out here a fair-faced damsel or a handsome boy for the gratification of the vilest lust, there appropriating household slaves for the service of the villa or strong labourers for the farm, elsewhere pillaging from the waggons the linen tissues or costly fringed carpets which had contributed to the state of the late lords of Dacia — intent on all these mean or abominable depredations, suffered the warriors of the tribe to march past them with swelling hearts, and with the swords which were to avenge all these injuries not extracted from their scabbards. This hateful picture of sensuality and fatuous greed is drawn for us, not by a Goth, but by two Roman historians[1], and in look-

[1] Zosimus and Eunapius.

ing upon it we seem to understand more clearly why Rome needs must die.

376. Neglect of Commissariat.

As the expressed condition on the part of the Goths — the surrender of their arms — was recklessly left unenforced, so the implied condition on the part of the Romans for the feeding of the new settlers was criminally ignored. It did not require any great gift of statesmanship to see that so large a multitude, suddenly transplanted into an already occupied country, would require for a time some special provision for their maintenance. Corn should have been stored ready for them in the centre town of each district, and those who could not buy, as many could have done, the food needful for their families, should have been permitted to labour for it at some useful work of fortification or husbandry. But everything was left to chance: chance, of course, meant famine; and, according to the concurrent testimony of Goths and Romans[1], even famine itself was made more severe by the 'forestalling and regrating' of Lupicinus and Maximus. These men sold to the strangers at a great price, first beef and mutton, then the flesh of dogs (requisitioned from the Roman inhabitants), diseased meat and filthy offal. The price of provisions rose with terrible rapidity. The hungry Visigoth would sell a slave — they evidently still possessed slaves — for a single loaf, or pay ten pounds of silver (equivalent to 40*l.* sterling) for one joint of meat. Slaves, money, and furniture

[1] Jornandes and Ammianus.

BOOK I. CH. 1. 376–7.

being all exhausted, they began—even the nobles of the nation[1]—to sell their own children. Deep must have been the misery endured by those free German hearts before they yielded to the cruel logic of the situation. 'Better that our children live as slaves, than that they perish before our eyes of hunger.'

Gothic discontent.

Through the winter months of 376–377 (apparently) this systematic robbery went on, and still the Goths would not break their plighted faith to the Emperor. Even as in reading the ghastly history of the Terror in 1793 we are bound to keep ever in memory the miserable lot of the French peasant under the *ancien régime*, so the thought of this cold and calculated cruelty, inflicted by men who had agreed to receive them as allies, and who called themselves their brothers in the faith of Christ, should be present to our minds when we hear of the cruel revenges which in Thrace, in Greece, and in Italy, 'Gothia' took on Rome. At length murmurs of discontent reached the ears of Lupicinus, who concentrated his forces round the Gothic settlements. The movement was perceived and taken advantage of by the Ostrogothic chieftains, Alatheus and Saphrax, who had asked in vain for the same permission that was accorded to the Christian Visigoths. Watching their opportunity, they made a dash across the Danube, probably lower down the

[1] 'Mancipia, inter quae et filii ducti sunt optimatum.' (Ammianus, xxxi. 4. 11.)

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COUNTRIES BORDERING on the LOWER DANUBE
A.D. 376

Roman Miles

Reference to Colours

Diocese of Thracia	Green
" Macedonia	Red
" Dacia	Yellow
" Illyria	Purple

For the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, Oxford.

Edw. Weller

stream than the point where their countrymen had crossed. Thus the peril of Moesia, already sufficiently grave, was increased by the arrival of a new and considerable host, who were bound by no compact with the Empire, and had given no hostages of their fidelity. Fridigern, who was not yet prepared for an open breach with the Romans, but nevertheless would fain fortify himself by an alliance with these powerful chiefs, slowly marched towards Marcianople [1], the capital of the Lower (or Eastern) division of Moesia. When he arrived there, with his comrade in arms Alavivus, an event occurred which turned discontent into rebellion, and suspicion into deadly hate. The story is thus told by Jornandes, with some added details from Ammianus. 377.

Banquet at Marcianople.

'It happened in that miserable time that the Roman general, Lupicinus, invited the kings Alavivus and Fridigern to a banquet, at which, as the event showed, he plotted their destruction. But the chiefs, suspecting no guile, went with a small retinue to the feast.' Meanwhile the multitude of the barbarians thronged to the gates of the town, and claimed their right as loyal subjects of the Empire to buy the provisions which they had need of in the market. By order of Lupicinus the soldiers pushed them back to a distance from the city. A quarrel arose, and a band of the soldiers

[1] Marcianople corresponds to the modern *Shumla*. The strength of this position as commanding several of the Balkan passes, and near both to the Danube and the Euxine, has been sufficiently impressed upon us by recent events. It and Hadrianople were the great arsenals of Moesia and Thrace, respectively.

BOOK I. CH. 1. 377.

were slain and stripped by the barbarians. News of this disturbance was brought to Lupicinus as he was sitting at his gorgeous banquet, watching the comic performers and heavy with wine and sleep. He at once ordered that all the Gothic soldiers, who, partly to do honour to their rank, and partly as a guard to their persons, had accompanied the generals into the palace, should be put to death. 'Thus while Fridigern was at the banquet he heard the cry of men in the agonies of death, and soon ascertained that it proceeded from his own followers shut up in another part of the palace, whom the Roman soldiers at the command of their general were attempting to butcher.' He drew his sword in the midst of the banqueters, exclaimed that he alone could pacify the tumult which had been raised among his followers, and rushed out of the dining-hall with his companions. They were received with shouts of joy by their countrymen outside, they mounted their horses and rode away determined to revenge their slaughtered comrades [1].

'Delighted to march once more under the generalship of one of the bravest of men, and to exchange the prospect of death by hunger for death in the battle-field, the Goths at once rose in arms.' Lupicinus, with no proper preparation, joined battle with them at the ninth milestone from Marcianople, was defeated, and only saved himself by a shameful flight.

[1] It seems possible that Alavivus was slain at the banquet. Ammianus, who has scrupulously mentioned his name with Fridigern's up to this point, now speaks of him no more.

The barbarians equipped themselves with the arms of the slain legionaries, 'And in truth that day ended in one blow the hunger of the Goths and the security of the Romans; for the Goths began henceforwards to comport themselves no longer as strangers but as inhabitants, and as lords to lay their commands upon the tillers of the soil throughout all the Northern provinces [1].'

377.

After war had thus been declared, Fridigern, elated with his success, marched across the Balkans, and appeared in the neighbourhood of Hadrianople. There the incredible folly of the Roman officials, who seem to have been determined 'not to leave one fault uncommitted,' threw another strong Gothic reinforcement into his arms. There were two chieftains named Sueridus and Colias, possibly belonging to the 'Gothi Minores' of Ulfilas, who had long ago entered the service of the Empire, and who were now from their winter-quarters at Hadrianople placidly beholding the contest, without any disposition to side with their invading kinsmen. Suddenly orders arrived from the Emperor that these troops were to march to the neighbourhood of the Dardanelles. Their leaders prepared to obey, but made the perfectly reasonable proposal that they should receive an allowance for the expenses of the march, rations for the journey,

Sueridus and Colias driven into rebellion.

[1] Jornandes, cap. xxvi; Ammianus xxxi. 5. The passages in quotation marks are from Jornandes, who however makes no mention of Alavivus. There are slight differences between the two narratives which make it not easy satisfactorily to combine them.

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and be allowed a delay of two days to complete their preparations. Some old grudge connected with depredations committed by the Goths on their property in the suburbs prompted the magistrates of the city to refuse the request; nay more, to arm the smiths, of whom there was a large number in Hadrianople, the chief arsenal of Thrace, to sound the trumpets, and to threaten Sueridus and Colias with instant destruction unless they immediately obeyed the Emperor's orders. The Goths at first stood still, unable to comprehend the meaning of this outburst of petulance, but when scowling looks were succeeded by taunting words, and these by actual missiles from the armed artisans, they willingly accepted the offered challenge and fought. Soon a crowd of Romans were lying dead in the streets of Hadrianople. According to their usual custom the Goths despoiled them of their arms, and then they marched out of the town to join their countryman Fridigern. The united forces attempted a siege of the city, but in vain,—throughout these wars the barbarians never succeeded in taking a first-class fortress,—and with an exclamation from Fridigern, 'I do not make war on stone walls,' they broke up their camp and streamed westwards and southwards through the Rhodope valleys and over the rich province of Thrace[1]. From every quarter the enslaved Goths

[1] For convenience sake I use Thrace in the classical sense, as representing the country between the Balkans and the Aegean. Official Thrace at this time reached northwards to the Danube.

hastened to the uplifted standard of 'the bravest of men,' eager to avenge upon their oppressors the insults and the blows which they had received since that shameful day of the passage of the Danube. 377.

The Goths ravage Thrace.

These, and some deserters from among the poorer Provincials[1], were of great service to the barbarian leaders in guiding them to the lurking-places of wealthy Romans, and the secret stores of corn and treasure. Pillage, conflagration, murder, were universal in all the country districts of Thrace. Little children were slain before the eyes of their mothers, and old men stripped of all their wealth, lamenting their ruined homesteads, and crying out 'that they had already lived too long,' were dragged away into slavery among the barbarians.

Action taken by Valens.

When the news of this disastrous issue of the Gothic migration reached the Emperor at Antioch, it naturally plunged him in the deepest anxiety. Yet he left the campaign of 377 to be fought out by his generals, and did not that year appear himself upon the scene. He at once patched up a peace with Persia, withdrew his troops from Ar-

[1] Ammianus says that 'to these were joined several persons skilled in tracking out veins of gold, who were not able to bear the heavy burdens of the taxes, and being received with the willing consent of all, they were of great use to the invaders of an unknown country in pointing out the hidden stores of corn and the lurking-places of the fugitives' (xxxi. 6. 6). We learn from Vegetius (a contemporary writer on military affairs) that the Roman generals always endeavoured to have some of these very Thracian miners in their armies in order to conduct the subterranean operations of a siege (iv. 24).

BOOK I. CH. 1. 377.

menia (which was through all this century the Afghanistan of Rome), and sent them straight to the field of action in Thrace under two generals, Profuturus and Trajan, whose self-confidence we are told was greater than their capacity. Gratian also spared some troops from Gaul, under the command of Richomer, who held the high office of 'Count of the Domestics,' but their numbers were considerably lessened by desertion before they reached the foe.

Ammianus blames the strategy of the generals of Valens, who he thinks should have avoided anything like a pitched battle with the Goths, and should have gradually worn them down by frequent and harassing encounters. But it is plain that they succeeded in clearing first the Rhodope country, and then the line of the Balkans, of the Gothic army (though detached bands of plunderers still loitered in the South), and at last the three generals sat down before the barbarian camp at a place called 'The Willows' (*Ad Salices*) in the region which we now call the Dobrudscha, between the Danube and the Sea. That the tide of battle should have rolled so far northward seems to show that the Roman generals had not greatly failed in their campaign.

Drawn battle of 'Ad Salices.'

A bloody but indecisive battle followed, of which Ammianus has given us a striking if somewhat turgid description. We see the Goths in their great round encampment of waggons which they themselves called 'carrago,' and with which their

Dutch kinsmen in South Africa have lately made us familiar under the name of 'the laager camp[1].' Those fiery spirits hoped to win the battle on the previous evening. They now pass the night in sleepless excitement, varied by a prolonged supper. The Romans also remain awake, but rather from anxiety than hope. Then with the dawn of day the barbarians, according to their usual custom, renew to one another their oaths of fidelity in battle. The Romans sing a martial song, rising *crescendo* from the lower notes to the higher, which is known to their nation as the *barritus*. The barbarians, with less of harmony make the air resound with the praises of their martial ancestors. (Would that the historian could have taken down for us from the mouth of some captive Goth a specimen of one of these ancestral songs.) Then the Goths try, but not with great success, to gain some rising ground from which they may rush down in fury on the foe. The missile weapons fly, the Romans, joining shield to shield, form the celebrated *testudo*, and advance with firm step. The barbarians ding down upon them their great clubs, whose blackened ends are hardened in the fire, or stab those who resist most obstinately with the points of their swords. Thus for a time they break the left wing of the imperial army, but a strong support comes up, and the Roman line is restored. The hail of flying javelins rattles on unceasingly. 377.

[1] 'Ad orbis rotundi figuram multitudine digesta plaustrorum tamquam intramuranis cohibitum spatiis' (Ammianus, xxxi. 7. 5).

BOOK I. CH. 1. 377.

The horsemen on both sides pursue the fugitives, striking at their heads and backs, the foot soldiers follow, and ham-string the fallen to prevent their continuing their escape. So while both nations are fighting with undiminished ardour the sun goes down upon scenes whose ghastliness our historian describes with unnecessary minuteness, and after all the battle of the Salices is neither lost nor won. Next day the bodies of the chiefs on both sides are buried. Those of the common soldiers are left to the vultures, which at that time fed fat upon human flesh. Years after, Ammianus himself appears to have seen the heaps of whitened bones which still denoted the site of the great battle [1].

After this indecisive battle the Goths remained 'in laager' for seven days. The Romans retired to Marcianople, but succeeded, owing to the inactivity of the barbarians, in shutting many detached parties of the Goths into sequestered valleys among the Balkans, where they perished of famine. Before the close of the year, however, we find the Goths again holding the Balkan line against Saturninus, who had been sent to reinforce

[1] 'Reliqua peremptorum corpora dirae volucres consumpserunt, adsuetae illo tempore cadaveribus pasci, ut indicant nunc usque albentes ossibus campi.' Compare Claudian (writing of these times but of a slightly different place)—

'Dicite, Bisaltae, vel qui Pangaea juvencis
Scinditis, offenso quantae sub vomere putres
Dissiliant glebis galeae. Vel qualia rastris
Ossa peremptorum resonent immania regum.'

In Prim. Cons. Stilichonis, i. 134–7.

Trajan and Profuturus: and not only so, but having sent invitations to some of their late enemies, the Huns and the Alani—for by this time the Roman was even more hateful than the Hun—they again burst into Thrace, where they committed a fresh series of outrages, the heightened brutality of which seems to be due to the presence of their Tartar auxiliaries.

377-8. Coalition of Goths and Huns against Rome.

The campaign of 378 opened auspiciously for the interests of Rome along the whole line. In the West, Gratian, who had found *his* barbarians upon the Rhine and in the Tyrol perceptibly more restless and excited on account of the rumours of Rome's reverses on the Danube, succeeded in winning an important victory near Colmar in Alsace, and in reducing to obedience, after some operations of extraordinary difficulty, the Lentienses, a barbarous tribe who dwelt among the mountains of the Black Forest.

Campaign of 378 in the West;

In the East, Sebastian, who had now succeeded Trajan,—these constant changes of generals seem to indicate weakness in the Imperial councils,—with a small and select detachment of troops fell by night upon a large body of marauding Goths who had settled themselves to sleep by the banks of the river Hebrus (Maritza), and of whom only a few nimble-footed ones escaped the slaying sword of the Roman general.

in the East.

But these two victories were in fact not the precursors merely, but the causes, of a greater and far more terrible defeat. The Emperor Valens had

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378. Valens at Constantinople.

now appeared upon the scene, having removed his court from Antioch to Constantinople. Deep down in that man's heart, the secret motive it may be believed of many of his worst and most unwise actions, was the conviction that he had been chosen by fraternal partiality for an office for which he was not fitted, and that all men, citizens, soldiers, generals, were ever reflecting upon that unfitness. The victories of his nephew and of his general, but especially of the former, of the gallant and brilliant Gratian, were gall and wormwood to his spirit, and he nourished a petulant and morbid craving for a victory in which that nephew should have no share.

The few days of the Emperor's tarriance at Constantinople were clouded by an outbreak of popular sedition, partial indeed, and soon suppressed, but unpleasantly indicating the adverse judgment of the multitude on his recent policy. Valens withdrew in displeasure to his villa of Melanthias (apparently not far from the capital), where, since he knew himself to be unpopular with the citizens, he set himself to gain the affections of the soldiery by the well-worn devices of 'donative' and extra rations, and affable gossip with the men[1]. In this way the early summer passed on while Sebastian won his victory by the Maritza and Gratian his by the Rhine. Roused by these tidings, Valens set forth from his villa with a

[1] 'Militem stipendio fovebat et alimentis et blanda crebritate sermonum' (Ammianus xxxi. 11. 1).

large and well-appointed army, containing no small number of veterans, and many experienced officers. On his march an incident occurred which at the time was probably remarkable only as furnishing an illustration of the lamentably devastated state of the country, but to which later generations added a touch of the supernatural, and then beheld in it a portent. 378.

'The body of a man,' says Zosimus, 'was seen lying by the roadside, seeming as if it had been scourged from head to foot, and utterly motionless, except as to the eyes, which were open, and which it moved from one to another of the beholders. To all questions who he was, or whence he came, or from whom he had suffered these things, he answered nothing. Whereupon they deemed the sight to be somewhat in the nature of a portent, and shewed it to the Emperor. Still, when he questioned it, it remained equally dumb: and you would have said that it could not be living since the whole body was motionless, nor yet utterly dead since it still had the power of vision. And while they were gazing, suddenly the portentous thing vanished. Whereupon those of the bystanders who had skill to read coming events, conjectured that the apparition foreshadowed the future condition of the commonwealth, which, like that man, should be stricken and scourged, and lie for a space like one who is about to give up the ghost, until at length by the vileness of its rulers and ministers it should be utterly destroyed. And

Book iv, ch. 21.

Portent which appeared to the army of Valens.

BOOK I. CH. 1. 378.

this forecast, as one after another all these things have come upon us, is seen to have been a true one.'

After three days' march the army reached Hadrianople, where they took up their position in the usual square form of a Roman camp strengthened by ditch and vallum and palisade. The scouts who had seen the Gothic forces, by some incredible error brought back word that they only numbered 10,000 men. Before the battle was joined the Emperor must have been undeceived on this point, but it is probable that to the last he under-estimated the strength of his foe. While they were still in camp Richomer, the Count of the Domestics, arrived with a letter from his young master Gratian, who had been detained by fever at Sirmium (a day's march west of Belgrade), stating that he was again on the road, and would shortly join his uncle with powerful reinforcements. A council of war was held to decide between instant battle and a delay of a few days in order to effect a junction with Gratian. Sebastian, fresh from his easy victory by the Maritza, advised immediate action. Victor, master of the infantry, a Sarmatian (Sclav) by birth, but an excellent and wary general, and true to Rome, advised delay. The absurd miscalculation of the enemy's forces, joined to the Emperor's unconcealed desire to win his victory without Gratian, carried the day, and it was decided to fight forthwith.

Scarcely had this resolution been arrived at when

a singular embassy arrived from Fridigern. 'A presbyter of the Christian worship,' with other persons of somewhat humble rank[1], brought a letter, in which the Gothic king entreated that he and his people who were driven forth from their homes by the inroad of the savage Huns, might have the province of Thrace[2] assigned to them for a habitation, with all the cattle and crops which yet remained in it. On this condition, which, as it may have been represented, was justified by the precedent of Aurelian's cession of Dacia, they promised to remain everlastingly at peace with Rome. According to a camp-rumour, which Ammianus believed, but which to a modern historian seems highly improbable, this same messenger brought confidential letters from the Goth to the Emperor, advising him apparently not to concede the terms openly asked for, but to hurry up his army close to the barbarian host, and thereby enable Fridigern to extract from his too arrogant followers terms more favourable to the Roman commonwealth.

378. Negotiations commenced by the Goths.

Such an embassy, with such a request, especially in the existing mood of the Emperor and his officers, was of course disregarded: and at dawn of the following day the Emperor and his army set forward, leaving their baggage, military chest, and

Battle of Hadrianople, Aug. 9, 378.

[1] 'Christiani ritus presbyter, ut ipsi appellant missus a Fritigerno legatus cum aliis humilibus venit ad principis castra' (Ammianus, xxxi. 12. 8).

[2] This must mean official Thrace, i. e. Thrace + Moesia Inferior. But of course an exception must have been tacitly made for Constantinople and its vicinity.

BOOK I. CH. 1. 378.

the chief of the trappings of the Imperial dignity, under the shelter of the walls of Hadrianople.

It was not till two o'clock in the afternoon[1] that the waggons of the Goths, arranged in their usual circular form, were seen upon the horizon. The Romans drew up their line of battle, putting the cavalry, contrary to their usual custom, in front of the heavy-armed infantry. While this was going on, the barbarians, 'according to their custom,' says Ammianus, 'raised a sad and savage howl,' which however was probably meant for melody. Then followed, not the fight, but a perplexing series of embassies and counter embassies between Fridigern and Valens. The Goth seems to have had really some doubt as to the issue of the combat. His friends Alatheus and Saphrax, with the chief of the barbarian cavalry, were from some unexplained cause absent, but he knew that they were hastening to join him. He knew also that with the Roman troops, hot, exhausted and thirsty after a long march under the noonday sun of August, and with their horses unable to graze—for the Goths had set the dry grass on fire and it was still blazing all around them—an hour or two of delay would tell for him and against the Emperor. Why Valens lingered is less easy to explain, unless, after all, he, though eager for

[1] 'Cum in medium torridus procederet dies, *octava tandem horâ* hostium carpenta cernuntur' (Ammianus, xxxi. 12. 11). Is this the eighth hour of the *day* (2 p.m.), or of the *march*, which would be about noon?

a victory all his own, had little stomach for the fight.

378.

However, the impatience of the Roman soldiers put an end to this irritating suspense. Some light-armed troops (archers and shield-bearers) under the command of Bacurius the Armenian, came up to the Gothic rampart and actually engaged the enemy at the very moment when Richomer was starting on a return embassy to the hostile camp. Doubtless however even then Fridigern would have found means to spin out again his interminable negotiations, had not his chief end already been attained. Alatheus and Saphrax were come, and their cavalry swept down upon the hot and hungry Roman soldiers 'like a thunderbolt.' The battle which followed is described with much minuteness but no great clearness by Ammianus, and the general impression which the ordinary reader carries away from his pages is simply that, like 'every battle of the warrior,' this one was 'with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood,' and that it ended with 'burning and fuel of fire.' What the professional Roman soldier has failed to make clear, a modern writer, ignorant of the rudiments of the military art, is excused from attempting to explain. Something is said about the right wing of the cavalry having reached the ground before the left, which straggled up in disorder by various roads to the field of battle. It has also been suggested[1] that the Romans, in putting

[1] By Pallmann (i. 134).

BOOK I. CH. 1. 378.

their cavalry before their infantry showed that they intended to attack, and that the battle was necessarily lost when Fridigern by his crafty negotiations and by the well-timed charge of Alatheus and Saphrax wrested from them the offensive. One thing is clear, that there must have been some neglect of the simplest principles of tactics on the part of the Roman generals, for the maniples of the infantry were so tightly jammed together that they could scarce draw their swords or reach back a once-extended hand, and their spears were broken by the swaying to and fro of their own unmanageable mass before they could hurl them against the enemy. There they stood, raging but helpless, an easy mark to the Gothic missiles, not one of which could fail to wound a Roman soldier, while the cavalry, which was to have covered their advance, was descried far forward on the battle field, close to the Gothic waggons, but separated from the main body of the army by an intervening sea of furious barbarians, amid which it stood a brave but broken bulwark. At length, after hours of slaughter and after some hopeless charges over the heaps of slain, in which the Romans tried to get at the enemy with their swords and to avenge the destruction which they could not avert, the ranks of the infantry gave way and they fled in confusion from the field.

Where in the meanwhile was Valens? When the day was irretrievably lost, finding himself surrounded on all sides by scenes of horror, he

rode, leaping with difficulty over heaps of slain to where two legions of his guard[1] still held their ground against the surging torrent of the barbarians. Trajan, who was with them, shouted out, 'All hope is gone unless a detachment of soldiers can be got together to protect the Emperor's person.' At these words a certain Count Victor[2] rode off to collect some of the Batavian cohort, whose duty it was to act as a reserve to the Imperial Guard. But when he reached their station he found not a man there, and evidently deeming further efforts to save his master's life hopeless, he and Richomer and Saturninus hurried from the field.

378.

Death of Valens.

Trajan fell where he was fighting, and round him presumably the two still unbroken legions, while the miserable Valens wandered on between heaps of slain horses and over roads made nearly impassable by his dead and dying subjects. Night came on, a moonless night, and when the dreadful day dawned the Emperor was not to be found. Some said that they had seen him at twilight flying from the field sore wounded by an arrow among the crowd of common soldiers, and that he had suddenly fallen, faint from the loss of blood. Others told a more circumstantial tale. According to them, after he had received his wound, a small

[1] The Lancearii and Mattiarii, both of which bodies of troops, named from the weapons which they employed, are mentioned in the *Notitia Orientis* (cap. iv) among the six *Legiones Palatinae*. The *Batavi Seniores* head the list of the eighteen *Auxilia Palatina*.

[2] Not the Master of the Infantry mentioned p. 120.

BOOK I. CH. 1. 378.

company of eunuchs and soldiers of the body-guard who still surrounded him, bore him off to some miserable out-house of timber, which they saw nigh at hand. There while they were trying to assuage his pain a company of Goths came by, ignorant whom they were pursuing, and demanded admission. As the door was kept tightly barred against them, and they were assailed by a shower of arrows from the roof, the barbarians, impatient at being so long hindered from their work of depredation, piled straw and logs against the cottage and set it on fire. One young guardsman alone escaped from the conflagration to tell the Goths what they had done, and of how great a prize they had defrauded themselves by their cruel impatience.

This last version of the story, though only half credited by Ammianus, is the one which obtained most currency with posterity. The ecclesiastical historians, in whose eyes the heresy of Valens was his greatest crime, were never tired of remarking that he who by seducing the Gothic nation into Arianism had caused so many of their number to burn eternally in hell, was himself, according to the righteous retribution of God, burned on earth by the hands of those same barbarians.

Upon the field of Hadrianople fully two-thirds of the Roman army were proved to have perished. Among them were thirty-seven officers of high rank, besides Trajan and Sebastian. 'Though the Romans,' says Ammianus, 'have often had experi-

xxxi. 13. 19.

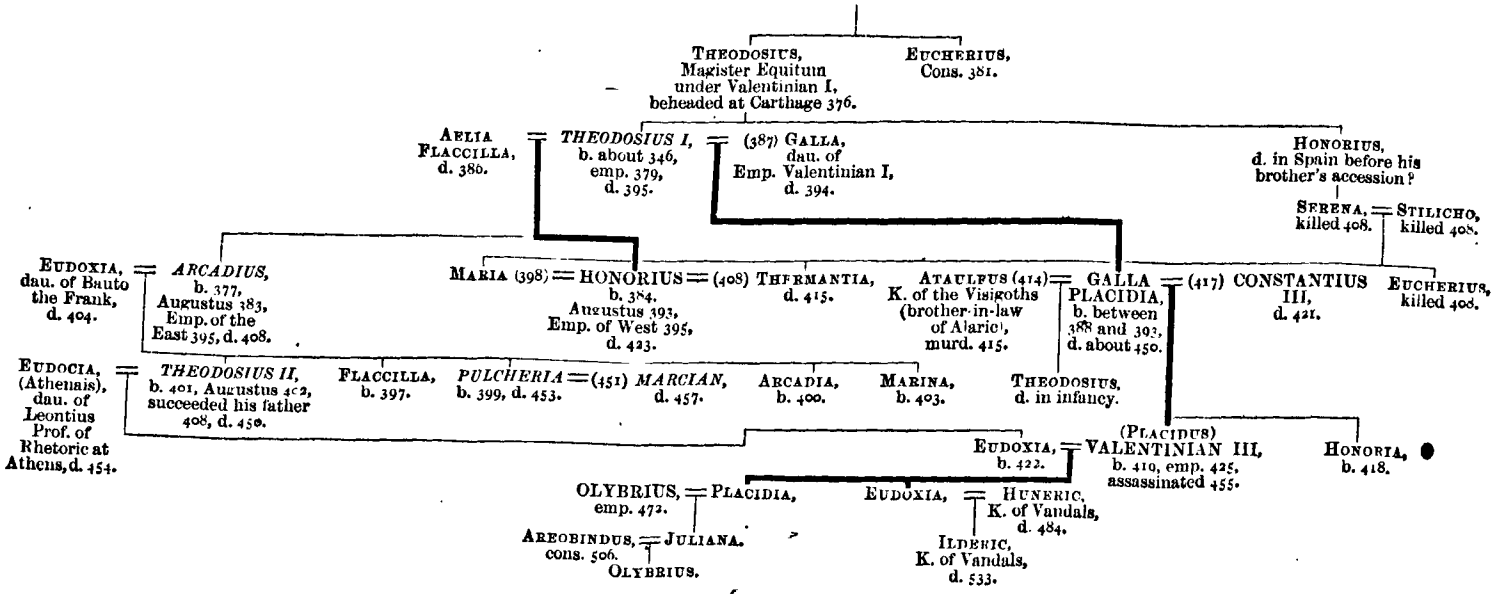
ence of the fickleness of Fortune, their annals contain no record of so destructive a defeat since the battle of Cannae.' And we, after the lapse of fifteen centuries, can perceive that while the terrible disaster of Cannae was reparable, the consequences of the battle of Hadrianople could never be repaired.

378.

FAMILY OF THEODOSIUS.

(From the table in Clinton's Fasti Romani.)

[Emperors of the East are printed in *Italic* capitals.]


THEODOSIUS, Magister Equitum under Valentinian I, beheaded at Carthage 376.
EUCHERIUS, Cons. 381.
AELIA FLACCILLA, d. 380.
THEODOSIUS I, b. about 346, emp. 379, d. 395.
(387) GALLA, dau. of Emp. Valentinian I, d. 394.
HONORIUS, d. in Spain before his brother's accession?
SERENA, killed 408.
STILICHO, killed 408.
EUDOXIA, dau. of Bauto the Frank, d. 404.
ARCADIUS, b. 377, Augustus 383, Emp. of the East 395, d. 408.
MARIA (398)
HONORIUS b. 384, Augustus 393, Emp. of West 395, d. 423.
(408) THERMANTIA, d. 415.
ATAULFUS (414) K. of the Visigoths (brother-in-law of Alaric), murd. 415.
GALLA PLACIDIA, b. between 388 and 393, d. about 450.
(417) CONSTANTIUS III, d. 421.
EUCHERIUS, killed 408.
EUDOCIA, (Athenais), dau. of Leontius Prof. of Rhetoric at Athens, d. 454.
THEODOSIUS II, b. 401, Augustus 402, succeeded his father 408, d. 450.
FLACCILLA, b. 397.
PULCHERIA b. 399, d. 453.
(451) MARCIAN, d. 457.
ARCADIA, b. 400.
MARINA, b. 403.
THEODOSIUS, d. in infancy.
EUDOXIA, b. 422.
(PLACIDUS) VALENTINIAN III, b. 419, emp. 425, assassinated 455.
HONORIA, b. 418.
OLYBRIUS, emp. 472.
PLACIDIA,
EUDOXIA,
HUNERIC, K. of Vandals, d. 484.
ILDERIC, K. of Vandals, d. 533.
AREOBINDUS, cons. 506.
JULIANA.
OLYBRIUS.

THEODOSIUS. I.

FLACCILLA.

EUGENIUS.

HONORIUS.

ARCADIUS.

HONORIUS.
(RONIC)

PLACIDIA.

IOHANNES.

VALENTINIAN. III.

THEODOSIUS. II.

PULCHERIA.

For the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, Oxford.

EMPERORS OF THE FOURTH AND FIFTH CENTURIES.

THEODOSIUS I.–THEODOSIUS II.

CHAPTER II.

THEODOSIUS.

Authorities.

Sources:—

AMMIANUS serves us for five months after the battle of Hadrianople. Then, with the accession of Theodosius, we unfortunately lose his guidance.

Our chief *heathen* authority for the reign of Theodosius is ZOSIMUS (described at the beginning of the previous chapter), who is more than usually confused and inconsecutive in his account of the events of this reign. We possess, however, a few interesting fragments of the writer upon whose history that of Zosimus was probably in great part founded,

EUNAPIUS, like Zosimus, a heathen, and very bitter against both Constantine and Theodosius.

He was born at Sardis, 347, and went to Athens to study in the year 362. The Hierophant who there initiated him into the Eleusinian mysteries, informed him confidentially that the complete overthrow of the old religion and the ruin of Greece were near at hand. His object in writing was to continue the work of Dexippus. He wrote accordingly a history in fourteen books, embracing the period from the death of Claudius Gothicus, 270, to the banishment of St. Chrysostom, 404. He himself gives us some interesting details concerning the motives which urged him to authorship. 'Now,' he says, at the commencement of his second book, 'having reached the period of Julian, my story has brought me to that which was ever my chief aim in writing. Now shall I be concerned with the actions of one whom I regard with somewhat of a lover's enthusiasm. Not, by Jove, that I ever saw him or received any benefit at his hands, for I who write these lines was but a boy when he reigned. But a

BOOK I. CH 2.

wonderful and irresistible incentive to love was the universal feeling of admiration which he excited, and the untarnished brilliance of his glory. For how could I be silent, when none around me were silent, about the actions of Julian. How refrain from speaking when even men unskilled in speech loved to linger over the sweet and golden theme of his praises?' And then Eunapius goes on to describe how his associates, chief among them a Professor of Medicine named Oribasius, who had himself been a faithful friend and counsellor of Julian, seeing his literary skill, urged him to compose the history of the Emperor's exploits, saying that it would be stark impiety if he refrained from doing so.

We owe to Eunapius, scanty as are the fragments of his work that have been preserved (only 77 pages, all told, in the Bonn edition of the Byzantine historians), many interesting sketches of men and manners, and some curious anecdotes of classical times; as, for instance, that Philip of Macedon once having slipped and fallen on the arena, when he saw the measure of his body in the dust, said, half laughing at himself, 'How little ground is covered by a man who hankers after the whole world.' Again, that Marius said of Sulla, 'He is a lion and a fox joined together, but I fear the fox most.' And again (more relevant to our present subject and an interesting evidence of the statesmanlike intuition of Eunapius's hero), that Julian said, when the war with Persia was coming to a head, and no one else dreamed of trouble from any other quarter, '*The Goths are quiet just now, but perhaps they will not always be quiet.*' A few of the most striking features in the ordinary description of the assemblage of the fugitive Goths on the Danubian frontier of the Empire are also borrowed from Eunapius.

Excerpt 19, pp. 69-71.

In one passage the quiet page of the decorous Bonn edition of the Byzantine historians seems suddenly to flame into passion, and we hear the shrill theological wrath of the unknown scribe who has been dead for a thousand years. Eunapius, in his account of the feelings of the army after the death of Julian, says that the common soldiers knew right well that they should never again find such a

general, not even if a god took shape and came to lead them. 'A man who, by his own inherent nobility of nature and by something akin to God within him, arrested the till then irresistible downward tendency of the State. A man who, emerging from such waves of adversity, looked upon the sky and saw its hidden loveliness. A man who, while still clothed with a body, communed with the disembodied gods: who accepted sovereignty not because he loved it, but because he saw men in need of a ruler: who made himself beloved by his soldiers, not because he cared for popular applause, but because he knew that by doing so he should promote the welfare of all.'—

Then, in a parenthesis, with a shriek that is all but audible, bursts in the outraged scribe: 'Dost thou dare to insult us with such nonsense, thunder-maddened and fatuous chatterer? "Disembodied gods!" Whence stole you those words but from the Christian mysteries? Was Ganymede caught aloft by the eagle at the bidding of a disembodied god? Is Juno sister and wife of such an one? Were they disembodied gods for whom Hebe poured the nectar, and who in their drunkenness bandied their unseemly jests over the fall of Troy? It was not in order to reform the life of men that Julian chose empire, for he reformed nothing. He acted at first from base vanity and ingratitude to Constantius his benefactor, and then he was driven on by the demons to whom he offered sacrifice, that he might meet with the fitting reward of his folly and his crime.'

Against this angry interpolation, yet another amanuensis has written his note in the margin, 'Some hermit from the top of his pillar scoldeth Eunapius' (*στηλιτευτικὸς κατὰ Εὐναπίου*).

Partly confirming and partly modifying the heathen estimates of the character of Theodosius, we have pretty copious notes of his reign in *The Ecclesiastical Historians*:—

Socrates scholasticus (about 379–450).

His history covers the period from 307 to 439.

Sozomenus (contemporary with Socrates).

His history covers the period from 323 to 425.

THEODORET (about 393–457).
His history covers the period from 320 to 429.

PHILOSTORGIUS, born about 364, died after 425.
His history covers the period from 300 to 425.

These historians are too well known to need any special description. It is sufficient to observe that for the period for which we shall require their aid they may be considered as practically contemporary authorities. Though writing histories of the Church they are not all Churchmen. Socrates and Sozomen were barristers at Constantinople. We do not appear to be informed as to the occupation of Philostorgius, but he was a bitter Arian, and loses no opportunity of decrying the orthodox champions. Theodoret was a Syrian bishop.

There are no doubt degrees of merit in these four histories; but they are all of them disappointing works to a modern student, dwelling at tedious length on mere theological squabbles, and giving little insight, comparatively, into the inner life of men or the causes of the transcendently important events in civil history which were proceeding in their day.

Another favourable, perhaps Christian, authority for the life of Theodosius is PACATUS (Latinus Pacatus Drepanius), a native of Bordeaux, who pronounced a panegyric on the Emperor at Rome, 389, after his victory over Maximus. The praise is of the fulsome and tasteless kind usual in these official panegyrics, and where the oration deals with *qualities* it can hardly be considered as furnishing any trustworthy materials for history. *Actions* (the chief of these being Theodosius's suppression of the tyranny of Maximus) may perhaps be more safely described from this source, as complete falsification of these would have been more difficult.

For a complete picture of the life and times of Theodosius the voluminous works of CHRYSOSTOM and AMBROSE among the Christians, and the orations and letters of LIBANIUS, SYMMACHUS, and THEMISTIUS among the heathens, would require to be studied. As he was only for a short time Emperor of the West, the slight sketch here offered is perhaps

sufficient for the object of the present work. The order of subject rather than that of date having been followed in this chapter, it may be a convenience to the reader to refer to the subjoined *Chronological Table of the events in the life of Theodosius.*

A. D.		Anno Aetatis.
346.	Theodosius born.	
367.	Served in Britain under his father . . .	21
374.	Fought in Moesia against Quadi and Marcomanni	28
376.	Execution of Theodosius, senior . . .	30
379.	*Proclaimed Emperor* at Sirmium, Jan. 16 .	33
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THE course of events in the provinces south of the Danube during the year 378 was an illustra-

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tion of the fact, abundantly proved by many other passages in the history of the world, that a barbarous race fighting against a civilised one may win victories, but scarcely ever knows how to improve them. Such a calamity as that of Hadrianople, had the king of Persia been the antagonist, must surely have involved the ruin at any rate of the Eastern half of the Roman Empire. In the hands of the Goths its *direct* results were ridiculously small—a little more ravaging and slaughtering, two or three years of desultory war, and then a treaty by which the barbarians bound themselves to be the humble servants of the Emperor.

The Goths march on Hadrianople.

With the dawn which followed the terrible night of the 9th of August, the victors, excited and greedy of spoil, marched in compact order to Hadrianople, where, as they knew from the reports of deserters, were to be found the insignia of the imperial dignity and a great accumulation of treasure. At first it seemed not impossible that they might carry the place by a *coup de main*. Fugitives from the beaten army, soldiers and camp-followers, were still swarming around the gates and blocking up the road, by their disorderly eagerness preventing themselves from obtaining an entrance. With these men the Gothic squadrons kept up a fierce fight till about three in the afternoon. Then three hundred of the Roman infantry—possibly themselves enlisted from among the Teutonic subjects of the Empire—went over in a body to the barbarians. With incredible folly as well as cruelty the Goths

refused to accept their surrender, and killed the greater part of them, thereby closing the door on all propositions of a similar kind during the remainder of the war. Meanwhile the defenders of the city had succeeded in firmly closing the gates, had stationed powerful catapults and balistae on the walls, and finding themselves well supplied with all things necessary for a long defence, except a good stock of water, as the first day wore away to its close leaving the city still no nearer to its capture, their spirits began to rise, and the hope that all might yet be retrieved grew brighter. 378.

But fail to take it.

Contrary to the advice of Fridigern, whose authority, though he bore the name of king, was evidently not absolute over followers hungering for booty, the Goths determined to continue the siege, but, dismayed by the sight of so many of their bravest warriors slain or disabled, they determined to employ stratagem. Not all, apparently, of the deserters of the previous day had been slain by the Gothic sword. Some of the late Emperor's own guard of honour, conspicuous by their white tunics, as English guardsmen by their bear-skin caps, and known throughout the Empire as *candidati*, had been admitted to surrender by the barbarians, and were now to be employed in the fresh attempt upon Hadrianople. They agreed to feign flight from their new friends and to set the city secretly on fire. In the bewilderment and confusion of the fire it was hoped that the walls would be stripped of their defenders, and that the Goths might rush

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in to an easy victory. The Candidati appear to have been true in their treachery. They stood in the fosse before the walls and stretched out suppliant hands entreating for admission. A suspicious diversity, however, in their statements respecting the plans of the Goths, caused them to be kept close prisoners, and when torture was applied they confessed the scheme in which they had made themselves accomplices.

The Gothic stratagem having thus miscarried, there was nothing for it but to try another open assault. Again the bravest and noblest of the barbarians pressed on at the head of their people, each one hoping that his should be the fortunate hand which should grasp the treasure of Valens. Again the engines on the walls played with fearful havoc upon the dense masses of the besiegers. The cylinders and capitals of stately columns came crashing down upon their heads. One gigantic engine, called the Wild Ass, hurled a mass of stone so vast that though it chanced to fall harmlessly upon a space of ground which was clear of the hostile ranks, all who fought by that part of the wall were demoralised by fear of what the next bray from the Wild Ass might signify. At length, after a long weary day of unsuccessful battle, when the assault of the besiegers had degenerated into a series of ill-organised rushes against the walls, brave but utterly hopeless, their trumpets were sadly sounded for retreat, and every survivor in the host said, 'Would that we had followed the counsel of Fridi-

gern.' They drew off their forces. Hadrianople was saved, and its defenders, a larger host than was needed for its protection, withdrew by devious ways, some to Philippopolis and some to Sardica. They still hoped to find Valens somewhere hidden in the ravaged country, and they probably bore with them his treasure and his crown. 378.

The Goths repulsed from before Constantinople.

The Goths meanwhile, with many of their new allies, the Huns and the Alani, in their ranks, after an unsuccessful attempt upon Perinthus by the Sea of Marmora, marched upon Constantinople. Destitute as they were of all naval resources, it must surely have been but a forlorn hope for men who had failed in the moment of victory to take the inland city of Hadrianople, to attempt the strongly fortified peninsula of Byzantium. At any rate their attack was repulsed, and that partly by a race whom after ages would have wondered to behold among the defenders of *Christian* Constantinople. A band of Saracens, the wild and wandering inhabitants of Arabia, as yet unorganised and unreclaimed by the fervent faith of Mohammed, 'a nation,' as Ammianus says[1], 'whom it is never desirable to have either for friends or enemies,' had been brought to the capital among the auxiliary troops of Valens[2], and upon them now fell the chief labour of its defence. With barbarian confidence and impetuosity they issued forth from the gates and fell upon the squadrons of the Goths. At first the event of the battle seemed doubtful,

[1] xiv. 4. 1.

[2] Eunapius, p. 52 (ed. Bonn).

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but at length the Teutonic host became demoralised and retired in disorder. According to our

378. Roman historian's account[1], the determining cause of their defeat was the horror inspired by the ghastly proceedings of one of the Saracen warriors. Completely naked except for a girdle round his loins, with that long floating black hair which Europe afterwards knew so well, uttering a hoarse and melancholy howl, he sprang with drawn dagger upon the Gothic hosts, and having stabbed his man proceeded to suck the life-blood from the neck of his slaughtered foe. The Northern barbarians, easily accessible to shadowy and superstitious terrors, and arguing perhaps that they had to do with demons rather than with men, began to waver in their ranks, and withdrew from the field. Who that witnessed that confused jostle between the Northern and Southern barbarisms could have imagined the part that each was destined to play in the middle ages beside the Mediterranean shores; that they would meet again three centuries later upon the Andalusian plain; that from these would spring the stately Khalifats of Cordova and Bagdad; from those the chivalry of Castille?

The Gothic army, with heavy losses and somewhat impaired hope, retired from Constantinople. Since they could take no important city it was clear that they could not yet conquer, if they wished to conquer, the Empire of Rome. They could ravage it, and this they did effectually, wan-

[1] Ammianus, xxxi. 16. 7.

dering almost at pleasure over the countries that we now call Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia, and up to the very spurs of the Julian Alps on the north-eastern confines of Italy. Incapable of resistance except behind walls, the Romans took a cruel and cowardly revenge. It will be remembered that when the Goths were ferried across the Danube they had been compelled to surrender all the youthful sons of their chief men as hostages for their good behaviour. These lads had been dispersed through all the cities of the East, where their rich attire and the stately forms which seemed to tell of the temperate northern climates in which they had their birth, excited the admiration and fear of the populations among whom they were placed[1]. Three years had now passed since the fatal treaty, and these youths were rapidly maturing into men. The brave deeds, the victories and defeats of their fathers on the Thracian battle-fields, had reached their ears. Clustering together in the unfriendly streets they muttered to one another—so at least the Romans thought—in their barbaric tongue, counsels of revenge for their slain kinsmen. Julius, the Master of the Soldiery, to whom tidings were brought of this real or supposed movement among the hostages, determined to strike the first blow. Having obtained full powers from the Senate at Constantinople, and communicated his plans under pledges of inviolable secrecy to the commandants

379.

Murder of the hostages.

[1] Eunapius, p. 50: *παῖδες δε αὐτῶν πρός τε τὴν εὐκρασίαν τῶν ἀέρων ἀνέδραμον καὶ παρὰ τὴν ἡλικίαν ἤβησαν.*

BOOK I. CH. 2. 379. of the garrisons, he caused a report to be circulated through the provinces that all the hostages who should present themselves at the chief cities on a given day should receive rich gifts and an allotment of lands from the bounty of the Emperor. Laying aside all thoughts of vengeance, if they had ever entertained them, the Gothic lads trooped in, each one, to the capital of his province. When they were thus assembled, unarmed and unsuspecting, in the Thracian and Asiatic market-places, the soldiery at a given signal mounted the roofs of the surrounding houses, and hurled stones and darts upon them till the last of the yellow-haired striplings was laid low. A brave deed truly, and one worthy of the Roman legions in those days, and of the Master of the Soldiery—bearing alas, the great name of Julius—who commanded them! It is with sorrow that we observe that Ammianus Marcellinus, who closes his history with this event, speaks with approbation of the 'prudent counsel of the Master, the accomplishment whereof without tumult or delay saved the Eastern provinces from a great danger.'

That dastardly crime, however, was not committed with the sanction of the new Emperor of the East, whose permission Julius expressly forbore to seek[1]. To him, to the well-known figure of the Emperor *Theodosius*, it is now time to turn. He inherited from his father a name ennobled by great services to the state, and shaded by the re-

[1] Zosimus, iv. 26.

membrance of a cruel wrong. Of all the generals who served the house of Valentinian none had earned a higher or purer fame than Theodosius the Spaniard. The details of his earlier career are not preserved, but we know that from 367 to 370 he commanded the legions in Britain, first 'delivering from predatory bands the neighbourhood of the city Augusta, which the ancients used to call Lundinium[1],' and then marching into Caledonia to repel an invasion of the Picts, the Scots, and the 'very warlike nation of the Atacotti.' Apparently he had also Saxon marauders to deal with. In the words of Claudian, the court poet of the Theodosian family,

Services of the elder Theodosius.

> 'What did the stars avail, the seas unknown,
> The frost eternal of that frigid zone?
> The Saxons' lifestream steeped the Orcadian plain,
> Thulë with blood of Picts grew warm again,
> And icy Erin[2] mourned her Scotsmen slain.'

From Britain, Theodosius was ordered to Germany, where he did good service against the Alemanni, and from thence to Mauretania, where the half-civilised Moorish population, never very loyal to Rome, and now maddened by the misrule of the governor Romanus, had risen in revolt, and robed a pastoral chieftain, Firmus, with the imperial purple.

From 372 to 374 Theodosius was engaged in suppressing this rebellion, a difficult task, which

[1] Ammianus, xxvii. 8. 7, and xxviii. 3. 1.

[2] 'Glacialis Ierne.' Claudian de IV Cons. Honorii, 30–34.

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376.

he accomplished with complete success. Honour and repose might have seemed to be awaiting the general—now probably between sixty and seventy years of age—who had rendered these services to his country. But an unexpected change in his fortunes was at hand. In the year 376, a few months probably after the sudden death of the Emperor Valentinian, a scaffold was erected at Carthage, and Theodosius was ordered to ascend it. 'He asked,' we are told [1], 'that he might first be baptized for the remission of his sins, and having obtained the sacrament of Christ, which he had desired, after a glorious life in this world, being also secure of the life eternal, he willingly offered his neck to the executioner.' History asks in vain for the motive of such well-nigh unexampled ingratitude. The only one that is assigned is 'creeping envy' of the fame of the old general. Possibly too his adhesion to the orthodox creed may have rendered him obnoxious to Justina, widow of Valentinian, who governed Africa as well as Italy in the name of her infant son, and whom we know to have been a bitter Arian. But it is probable that the hand which prepared, and the voice which counselled the stroke, were the hand and the voice of Valens, the most powerful member for the time of the Imperial partnership. Those four ominous letters Θ E O Δ began the name of Theodosius as surely as that of Theodorus, and it seems therefore allowable to suppose that the incantation scene

How repaid.

[1] Orosius, vii. 33.

at Antioch four years previously—the laurel tripod, the person in linen mantle and with linen socks, who shook the curtain and made the ring dance up and down among the twenty-four letters of the alphabet—were links in the chain of causation which led the blameless veteran to his doom.

Retirement of the younger Theodosius.

As has been mentioned, the execution of the elder Theodosius occurred in the year 376. The son and namesake of the murdered general, who had already done good service to the state in Britain and on the Danube, when he filled the high office of 'Duke of Moesia,' now retired into private life, probably in his native Spain. His retirement lasted less than three years. Then Gratian, finding himself, at the age of twenty, left by the death of his uncle Valens, the oldest of the Emperors, with only his impetuous and unwise step-mother Justina, nominally assisting in the administration of the Empire, looked around him for help, and wisely determined by the same act to associate with himself a colleague of riper experience than his own, and to repair, as far as it could be repaired, the cruel injustice which had been committed by the house of Valentinian. He summoned Theodosius from Spain, and on the 19th of January, 379, proclaimed him Augustus at Sirmium on the Save. The new Emperor was in the thirty-third year of his age.

His accession Jan. 19, 379.

Conciliatory policy towards the Goths.

The course which Gratian and Theodosius pursued towards the Goths in the first three years of their joint reign appears to have been in the highest degree wise and statesmanlike. To undo the

379-382.

fatal policy of Valens was impossible. The Gothic nation were now within the borders of the Empire; to destroy and to expel them were both impossible. On the other hand there was no need to hazard the fortunes of the Empire upon the cast of a single battle, and the Goths themselves had learned that 'there must be peace between them and stone walls.' What war there was must be of the Fabian kind, harassing them, cooping them up in the mountains, falling upon them in small detachments, wearing them out by hardship and famine. But it was better that there should be peace between the Empire and her new visitors, peace on terms not dissimilar to those which Fridigern had offered, perhaps insincerely, before the battle of Hadrianople, but which his people, tired of those winters in the snowy Balkans, might now be ready to accept; namely, a settlement south of the Danube such as they had previously possessed in Dacia, only that the barbarians should be more blended with the Roman inhabitants, and should more distinctly hold their lands on condition of military service in the armies of the Empire, should become, in the political language of the day, *foederati*.

Campaigns of Theodosius and Gratian.

The history of the warlike operations against the Goths, now that we have lost the careful guidance of Ammianus, is obscure and uninteresting. Theodosius, who was undoubtedly an able soldier and a born ruler of men, succeeded promptly in infusing a better spirit, one of obedience and disciplined courage into the demoralised army of the

East. The barbarians soon perceived the change, and anticipated defeat. The death of their hero-king Fridigern, which seems to have happened about this time, may have still farther discouraged them. In the second year of his reign, however, a long and mysterious illness prostrated Theodosius in his palace at Thessalonica, a place which he had skilfully selected as the head-quarters of his operations against the Gothic marauders. Notwithstanding this misfortune, his young colleague, Gratian, successfully prosecuted *his* portion of the campaign in Pannonia (Lower Austria and Western Hungary), and before the end of the year (380) he appears to have received the submission of a large number of the Visigoths on terms which Theodosius willingly ratified upon his recovery [1].

380-1.

Athanaric driven into exile,

But a more important event in the history of the reconciliation of the two races was the submission of the stern old anti-Roman chief, Athanaric, which occurred in the year 381. Five years before, when his kinsmen were praying for admission into the Empire, he too appeared with his warriors and his waggons on the Wallachian shore of the Danube. When he heard that his old enemy Fridigern was admitted, but that the Ostrogoths under Alatheus and Saphrax were excluded, the proud and sensitive chief, mindful of his own past discourtesy to Rome, would not run the risk of a similar rebuff, but retired into the recesses of Dacia,

[1] This is the possibly inaccurate account of the matter given by Jornandes, De Reb. Get. cap. xxvii.

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and there, probably in the country which we now call Transylvania, from behind the mountain-wall of the Carpathians, bade defiance to his enemies the Huns. An unexpected enemy roused up the old lion from his lair. The Ostrogothic chiefs, Alatheus and Saphrax[1], retreating before the now better-disciplined army of Theodosius, re-crossed the Danube, and avenging perhaps some old grudge of pre-Hunnish days, expelled Athanaric from his kingdom.

and courteously received by Theodosius.

He fled into the territory of Theodosius, who received him courteously, loaded him with presents, and escorted him into Constantinople. Let Jornandes describe for us the effect produced by the sight of New Rome upon the man who had been all his life the ideal Rome-hater[2]. 'As he entered the royal city he said, wondering, "Lo now I behold what I have so often heard with unbelief, the splendour of this great city." Then turning his eyes this way and that way, and beholding the glorious situation of the city, the array of ships, the lofty walls, the multitudes of various nations all formed into one well-ordered army (like a fountain springing forth through many holes, yet collected again into one stream), he exclaimed, "A God upon earth, doubtless, is this Emperor, and whoever lifts a hand against him is guilty of his own blood."'

[1] Again we have only the doubtful authority of Jornandes (De Reb. Get. xxviii) for an event in itself somewhat improbable.

[2] De Reb. Get. xxviii.

The Emperor continued to honour him with many honours, and when after a few months residence at Constantinople he died, Theodosius made for him a funeral of extraordinary magnificence, and himself rode before the bier as they carried the corpse of the old Gothic chieftain to his grave.

382. Funeral of Athanaric.

This gorgeous funeral deeply impressed the child-like minds of the Goths, and smoothed the way for the renewal (382) of the old league of Aurelian and Constantine with their nation. Many thousands of the followers of Athanaric entered the army of Theodosius under the title of *Foederati*, and did good service in the civil wars which occupied the last half of his reign.

League between the Goths and Rome.

For civil war, through no fault, it may be, of the new Emperor, broke out in the Empire, and, destroying the last remains of the dynasty of Valentinian, left Theodosius sole ruler of the Roman world. First, Gratian, whose manhood scarcely fulfilled the promise of his prime, lost the love of his soldiers. At a time when the defence of the tottering Empire would have wellnigh over-taxed the industry of Marcus Aurelius, he imitated rather the frivolity—certainly not the cruelty—of Commodus. His vast game preserves (*vivaria*), rather than the camp or the judgment-hall, were the almost constant resort of the young Augustus[1]. Night and day his thoughts were engrossed with splendid shots, made or to be made, and his suc-

Civil war. Character of Gratian.

[1] Historia Miscella, p. 86 (apud Muratori, vol. i); Ammianus, xxxi. 10. 18–19.

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cess herein seemed to him sometimes to be the result of divine assistance. The statesmen in his councils may have mourned over this degeneration of an able commander into a skilful marksman; but a more powerful cause of unpopularity with the rank and file of his army existed in the favour with which he viewed the barbarians, formerly his enemies, now his allies. Doubtless he saw that both in stature, in valour, and in loyalty, the Teutonic antagonists of Rome were superior to her effete offspring; and surrounding himself with a guard selected from the nation of the Alani, whose prowess he had tested as an enemy in his Pannonian campaign of 380, he bestowed on them rich presents, entrusted to them confidential commands, and even condescended to imitate the barbarous magnificence of their attire.

383.

383. Rebellion of Maximus.

The flame of discontent went smouldering through the army of Gaul, and at length reached that of Britain, high-spirited and exacting beyond most of the other legionaries. Their discontent was fanned by Maximus, a fellow-countryman of Theodosius, variously represented to us as the comrade[1] or the butler[2] of that Emperor, but undoubtedly at this time a trusted and capable soldier. By the adroit use of hints, which were perhaps not quite without foundation, that Theo-

[1] Θεοδοσίῳ τῷ βασιλεῖ . . . συστρατευσάμενος. (Zosimus, iv. 35.)

[2] 'Ille quondam domus tuæ (Theodosii) negligentissimus vernula, mensularumque servilium statarius lixa.' (Pacatus, Paneg. xxxi.)

dosius had not forgiven the house of Valentinian for his father's death, and would behold its downfall with pleasure, he persuaded the soldiers to invest him with the Imperial purple. He landed in Gaul; a pretence of skirmishing between his troops and those of his rival occupied five days. Then Gratian's unpopularity with his army began to show itself. First, the Moorish cavalry deserted to the usurper. Gradually, bit by bit, the rest of the army followed their example. Seeing that the game was hopeless, he took flight, accompanied by three hundred horsemen, but was pursued, and killed at the bridge of Belgrade. According to another account his death was brought about by a heartless stratagem, and happened in Gaul. He had reached Lyons, so it is said, in the course of his flight, when he perceived a litter approaching, borne apparently by unarmed domestics along the banks of the Rhone. Misled by false reports, and too hastily concluding that it contained his newly-wedded wife, he hastened to meet her. No bride, however, issued from its enclosure, but Andragathius, an officer of Maximus's army, who drew his sword and slew the dethroned Emperor[1].

383.

Death of Gratian.

Such was the end of the cultured and gracious Gratian, a victim to sportsmanship, and also in part to his uncompromising Christianity. For

His refusal to compromise with heathenism.

[1] The Belgrade story rests on the authority of Zosimus (iv. 35); the story of the Empress's litter on that of the Historia Miscella (p. 85, apud Muratori, vol. i). Prosper, who is perhaps our best authority, also places the assassination at Lyons.

BOOK I. CH. 2. 383. whereas the Emperors of the family of Constantine, though presiding in councils and settling disputed points of doctrine, had yet on some occasions 'bowed themselves in the house of Rimmon,' and had humoured the fanatical heathenism of Old Rome by accepting some of the titles, and perhaps even performing some of the sacrifices, which marked the semi-religious character of the heathen Emperors, the young Gratian had steadfastly refused to don the robes of the *Pontifex Maximus*, and towards the close of his reign obliterated the initials P. M. from his coins. And men afterwards remembered that when the long train of priests had gone forth to offer him the robe of his sacred office, and he had rejected it with scorn, saying that it was unlawful for a Christian to wear that garment, the most venerable of their number had uttered these words, 'If the Emperor does not choose to be hailed as Pontifex, there will nevertheless soon be a *Pontifex, Maximus*[1].

Zosimus iv. 36.

[1] This priestly pun or prophecy had a meaning which reached further on into the future than the author himself knew. It was true indeed that if the Emperor refused the mysterious title of Greatest Pontifex, with its accumulated sanctity of ages, that title would not be lost. Another race of men, another dynasty, one of priests, even now emerging from persecution through popularity into power were ready to assume the dropped dignity. Theodosius apparently never called himself Pontifex Maximus, but in the year 417 (if the letter be authentic) Zosimus (the pope, not the historian) already speaks of himself quite naturally as *Summus Pontifex*. (Epistolae Romanorum Pontificum, pp. 937, 971; ed. Constant. Paris, 1721.) When the change from *Summus* back to the more familiar *Maximus* was made does not seem to be clearly ascertained.

Maximus refused to surrender even the body of the murdered Gratian to his relatives. Yet he was satisfied, for a time, with the possession of the three Western provinces, Britain, Gaul, and Spain, which had fallen to the share of his victim. Valentinian II still ruled in Italy and Africa; and Theodosius in the East. The enemies of the latter accused him of cowardice and ingratitude for not avenging the death of his benefactor: his encomiasts praised the moderation which was satisfied with the dominion of half the Roman world and shrank from shedding the blood of his fellow-citizens.

383-7. Maximus rules in 'the Gauls;'

Of the five years' reign of Maximus in the West we possess no account, except that contained in the Panegyric of Pacatus. This oration, pronounced not many months after his death in the presence of his destroyer, is of course one long diatribe against the fallen tyrant. 'We, in Gaul,' he says, 'first felt the onset of that raging beast. We glutted his cruelty with the blood of our innocents, his avarice by the sacrifice of our all. . . . . We saw our consulars stripped of their robes of office, our old men compelled to survive children and property and all that makes life desirable. In the midst of our miseries we were forced to wear smiling faces, for some hideous informer was ever at our side. You would hear them saying, "Why is that man so sad-seeming? Is it because he is reduced to poverty from wealth? He ought to be thankful that he is allowed to live. What

383-388. His tyranny and avarice.

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does that fellow wear mourning for? I suppose he is grieving for his brother. But he has a son left." And so we did not dare to mourn our murdered relatives for the sake of the survivors. . . . We saw that tyrant clad in purple stand, himself, at the balances, gaping greedily at the spoil of provinces which was weighed out before him. There was gold forced from the hands of matrons, there were the trinkets of childhood, there was plate still tarnished with the blood of its last possessor. All was weighed, counted, carted away into the monster's home. That home seemed to us not the palace of an Emperor, but a robber's cave.' And so on through many loud paragraphs.

It is difficult to deal with such rhetoric as this, so evidently instinct with the very bitterness of hate. But probably the fact is that Maximus was neither better nor worse than the majority of those who have been before described as the Barrack-Emperors; like them making the goodwill of the soldiery the sheet-anchor of his policy, like them willing to sacrifice law and justice and the happiness of all other classes of his subjects, not precisely to his own avarice, but to the daily and terrible necessity of feeding and pampering the 'Frankenstein' monster, an army whom he himself had taught to mutiny.

For four years there was peace, an 'armed peace,' perhaps, between Maximus and his colleagues.

387. Then from the Cottian Alps, which separate Dauphiné from Piedmont, he descended into the valley

of the Po, with the avowed intention of adding to his Empire the countries of Italy and Africa, which Justina still ruled in the name of Valentinian II. She fled with headlong haste, taking with her the Emperor, a lad of eighteen, and her three daughters. Crossing the Adriatic, she met Theodosius at his favourite resting-place, Thessalonica. She adjured him to restore the brother of his friend to his inheritance, and to take vengeance, tardy though it might be, on that friend's murderer. The beauty of Galla, the fairest of the daughters of Justina, enforced her mother's pleadings. Theodosius, who the year before had lost his first wife (Aelia Flaccilla), married the suppliant princess, and marched next year to avenge the dethronement of her brother. If he had long hesitated about taking up arms, his movements now that war was declared were sufficiently rapid. By forced marches he brought his troops to Siscia, now the Croatian town of Siszek, on the Save. The dusty, panting soldiers, pushed their steeds into the river, swam across, and successfully charged the enemy. In another battle, where the hostile army was commanded by Marcellinus, brother of the usurper, the fiery valour of the Goths, tempered and directed by the Theodosian discipline, again triumphed. Aemona (Laybach) opened her gates with rejoicing, and welcomed the liberating host to her streets hung with tapestry and bright with flowers. With an army swollen by numerous desertions from the demoralised ranks of his rival, Theodosius pressed on, over

387. Maximus dethrones Valentinian II, whose quarrel is taken up by Theodosius.

388.

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the spurs of the Julian Alps, to Aquileia, then the great arsenal and port of north-eastern Italy, where Maximus, whose soldierly qualities seem to have been melted out of him by five years of reigning, cowered behind the walls, awaiting his approach. Aquileia had the reputation of being a virgin fortress, the Metz of Italy, but the forces of the usurper were now too few to form a sufficient garrison. A small body of Moorish soldiers, belonging perhaps to the same legion which had first revolted to him in Gaul, still remained faithful, yet Maximus did not rely too confidently even on their unbribed fidelity. When the troops of Theodosius, with brisk impetuous onset, streamed over the loosely-guarded walls, they found the usurper sitting on his throne, distributing money to his soldiers. They tore off with violent gestures his purple robe, they knocked the diadem from his head, they made him doff his purple sandals, and then, with hands tied behind him like a slave, they dragged the trembling tyrant before his judges. At the third milestone from Aquileia, Theodosius and the young lad his brother-in-law had erected their tribunal. 'Is it true,' said the Emperor of the East, 'that it was with my consent that Gratian was murdered, and that you usurped the crown?' 'It is not true,' Maximus is said to have faltered out, 'but without that pretext I could never have persuaded the soldiers to join in the rebellion.' Theodosius looked upon the poor trembling wretch, once his comrade, with eyes in which

there was some gleam of pity. But if he had any thoughts of clemency, they were not shared by his army, who, perhaps for their own safety, thought it necessary to destroy the man whose fallen majesty they had derided. Countless eager hands dragged him off to the place of punishment, where he was put to death by the common executioner. His son Victor, whom he had associated with him as Caesar, and who was still in Gaul, soon after shared the same fate. Andragathius, the occupant of the litter and the actual murderer of Gratian, was in command of the naval force which had been destined to intercept the Emperor's passage by sea to Italy. Hearing that his master's cause was lost, he leaped into the Adriatic, 'preferring to trust himself to it, rather than to his enemies.'

Theodosius restored his young brother-in-law to the throne, and for four years the Empire was again at rest from civil war.

Second civil war.

Then came the revolution which, in the scarcely exaggerated language of Claudian,

> 'Placed the Barbarian's lackey on the throne[1].'

Arbogast puts Valentinian II to death.

The silent, undermining change which was proceeding through the whole of the latter part of the fourth century, substituting in the Roman armies themselves strenuous war-loving barbarians for the nerveless Romans and provincials, is illustrated by the names of some of the generals of this period. Arintheus and Bauto, Richomer,

[1] Claudian, De III Cons. Honorii, 66; De IV Cons. Honorii, 74.

Merobaudes, Stilicho, Sarus, Gainas, are the uncouth Teutonic names which obtrude themselves into high military commands, sometimes even into the Consular Fasti. Of these was Arbogast, the Frank, a bold, outspoken, rugged warrior, very popular with his troops, who liked his free-handed ways, and who saw that, unlike many of the Roman officers, he despised both gain and danger. He had served Gratian faithfully, and had well succoured Theodosius in his campaign against Maximus; but, according to one account, he had, upon the death of his fellow-countryman Bauto, installed himself in the vacant post of general-in-chief without waiting for the Imperial appointment, and Valentinian had been fain to acquiesce in his irregular exaltation. Presuming on his services and his popularity in the camp, he became every day more violent in his demeanour to his young sovereign Valentinian II, now in the twenty-first year of his age. At length the latter could bear with him no longer, and seeing him one day approach his throne, he turned toward him with flushed and angry face, and gave him a letter of dismissal from his command. Arbogast tore the letter into fragments, and trampled them under foot. '*Thou*,' said he, 'dost *thou* dare to do this? thou neither gavest me my office, nor shalt thou avail to rend it from me.' And with that he began openly to discuss throughout the court and camp (then tarrying at Vienne by the Rhone) the dethronement and death of Valentinian.

Scarcely yet was the time come for a man of full barbarian blood to seat himself on the throne of the Caesars. Eugenius, a man of some talents and respectable character, who had risen from the occupation of a schoolmaster and teacher of rhetoric to a second-rate place in the civil service of the Emperors[1], had attached himself to the fortunes of Arbogast, and was now selected by him as a suitable block upon which to hang the Imperial purple. Valentinian, while joining in athletic sports with some of the common soldiers, was, with some little semblance of a possible accident, slain by order of Arbogast, whose 'client' Eugenius was proclaimed Emperor in his stead.

392. Arbogast places Eugenius on the throne.

There was a circumstance connected with this usurpation which calls for especial notice. Arbogast belonged to the still heathen nation of the Franks. Eugenius, the professor of rhetoric and belles lettres, had probably always sympathised in secret with the votaries of the old faith, and now that he stood at the summit of the world he avowed himself without disguise a worshipper of the Olympian Gods. There was still a considerable party, especially in Old Rome, who were not prepared to break with all the religious traditions of the past, and who chafed against the restrictive legislation of the later Christian Emperors. These men, doubt-

Death-struggle of heathenism.

[1] He is called Ἀντιγραφεύς, which is thought to mean that he was one of the four *Magistri Scriniorum* (which we may perhaps translate Clerks of the Closet): only a 'spectabilis' therefore, not an 'illustris.'

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less, together with the still unconverted barbarians in the auxiliary troops, formed the kernel of the party of Eugenius and Arbogast. It was the last recrudescence of Paganism, a generation later than that which had occurred in the days of Julian: and like that it was headed by a votary of the old classical literature.

Theodosius, again a widower, prepares to avenge his brother-in-law.

The death of Valentinian II occurred in the year 392. Again, as in the case of Maximus, there was an inexplicable delay in the proceedings of Theodosius, to whom, while the revolution was still imminent, his young brother-in-law had sent urgent entreaties for help. The Empress Galla ceased not to plead for vengeance on the murderers, and Theodosius at length decided on war. On the eve of his departure from Constantinople the Empress died in child-birth leaving him one infant daughter, who bore the name *Galla Placidia*. 'Giving,' as the Greek historian[1] says, 'in Homeric fashion, one day to mourning and the next to war,' he started in 394 on his Western campaign, having first offered up his devotions in the church which he had himself erected at Constantinople in honour of John the Baptist, and placed himself and his army under the especial protection of that saint[2]. He moved his troops along the highway that connected Sirmium and Aquileia, the two great cities which, separated by a distance of 300 Roman miles, are pretty nearly represented by the modern towns of Belgrade and Trieste. By this road the Alps

[1] Zosimus iv. 57.

[2] Sozomen vii. 24.

may be said to be turned rather than crossed. At one point indeed, between Laybach and Gorizia, a shoulder of the Julian Alps has to be surmounted, but as the highest point of the pass is less than 2000 feet above the level of the sea, it must not be associated in our minds with those ideas of Alpine hardship which suggest themselves in connection with the St. Bernard, the Splugen, or even the Brenner. On the summit of the pass there grew, at the time of the Roman road-makers, a pear-tree, conspicuous, we must suppose, from afar by its cloud of white blossoms. This tree gave to the neighbouring station the name of *Ad Pirum*, and the memory of it has now for many centuries been preserved, in another tongue, by the appellation of the *Birnbaumer Wald*, given to the whole of the high plateau which the road once traversed. Standing on the crest of this pass, in the place where probably 2000 years ago the pear-tree was blooming, the spectator beholds spread out before him a landscape with some very distinctive features, which the imagination can easily convert into a battle-field. To his right, all along the northern horizon, soars the bare and lofty ridge of the Tarnovaner Wald, about 4000 feet high. None but a very adventurous or a badly beaten army would seek a passage there. Opposite to the south and west runs a range of gently swelling hills, somewhat resembling our own Sussex downs, the last outliers in this direction of the Julian Alps. On the left hand, to the south-east,

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Battle-field of the Frigidus.

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394. the Birnbaumer Wald rises towards the abrupt cliff of the Nanos Berg, a mountain as high as the Tarnovaner Wald, which, conspicuous from afar, seems by its singular shape to proclaim itself to travellers, both from Italy and from Austria, as the end of the Alps. Set in this framework of hills lies a fruitful and well-cultured valley, 'The Paradise of Carniola[1],' deriving its name from its river, which, burrowing its way between hay-fields and orchards, seems disinclined to claim the visitor's notice, though entitled to it for more reasons than one. For this river, the Wipbach of our own day, the Frigidus Fluvius of the age of Theodosius, has not only historic fame, but is a phenomenon full of interest to the physical geographer. Close to the little town of Wipbach it bursts forth from the foot of the cliffs of the Birnbaumer Wald; no little rivulet such as one spring might nourish, but 'a full-fed river,' as deep and strong as the Aar at Thun, or the Reuss at Lucerne, like also to both those streams in the colour of its pale-blue waters, and, even in the hottest days of summer, unconquerably cool[2]. Many a Roman legionary, marching along the great high road from Aquileia to Sirmium, has had reason to bless the refreshing waters of the mountain-born Frigidus. We know somewhat more than the philosophers of the camp could tell him

[1] Schaubach's die Deutschen Alpen, v. 368.

[2] The Wipbach has seven large sources, besides numberless small ones, all at the foot of the same cliffs. The largest and most picturesque of the sources is behind the palace and in the garden of Count Lantieri.

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of the causes of this welcome phenomenon. The fact is that in the Wipbach Thal we are in the heart of one of those limestone regions where Nature so often amuses us with her wild vagaries. Only half a day's march distant lies the entrance to those vast chambers of imagery, the caverns of Adelsberg. The river Poik, which rushes roaring through those caverns for two or three miles, emerges thence into the open country, disappears, reappears, again disappears, again reappears, and thus bears three different names in the course of its short history. A little further from Wipbach lies that other wonder of Carniola, the Zirknitzer See, where fishing in spring, harvesting in summer, and skating in winter, all take place over the same ground. The chilly Wipbach bursting suddenly forth from its seven sources in the Birnbaumer Wald is, it will be seen, but one of a whole family of similar marvels.

Position of the armies.

Leaving the blue waters of the Frigidus we remount the hills, and stand with Theodosius by the pear-tree on the crest of the pass. By his unexpected energy he has gained the heights, before the enemy could anticipate him, but that is all. Far away below him stretch the tents of the army of Eugenius; they line the sides of the river and fill all the valley. True to his constant policy, Theodosius has surrounded himself with a strong band of barbarian auxiliaries, and the commanders of these skin-clothed Teutons are some of the most influential men in his army. There is Gainas the

BOOK I. CH. 2. 394. Goth, the same man who, six years hence, being general-in-chief of all the forces of the Eastern Empire, will rebel against Arcadius, son of Theodosius, and will all but succeed in capturing Constantinople. Gainas is an Arian Christian, as are most of his countrymen by this time; but by his side, with perhaps equal dignity, rides the Alan Saul, a heathen yet, notwithstanding his Biblical name. There too is the Catholic Bacurius, general of the household troops, who fought under Valens at Hadrianople, a man of Armenian origin, who is (according to Zosimus, iv. 57) 'destitute of all evil inclinations and perfectly versed in the art of war.' There also, carefully noticing the lie of these mountain passes, and veiling his eagerness for the first sight of Italy, is a young Visigothic chieftain named Alaric.

Theodosius gave the order to descend into the valley and join battle. Owing to the roughness of the ground over which they were moving, the baggage-train broke down. A long and vexatious halt ensued. Theodosius, to whose mind the religious aspect of this war was ever present, and whose enthusiasm was at least as strongly stirred as was that of Constantine at the battle of the Milvian Bridge, rode forward to the head of his column, and in words borrowed from the old Hebrew Prophet, exclaimed, 'Where is the Lord God of Theodosius?' The troops caught the fervour of his spirit, the obstacle was quickly surmounted, and the army descended to the conflict.

394. First day's battle, Sept. 5.

The weight of that day's battle fell upon the Teutonic auxiliaries of the Emperor, and they were not successful. Bacurius, the brave and loyal-hearted Armenian, fell; 10,000 of the barbarians perished, and the remnant, with their leaders, retired, but not in disorder, from the battle-field. When night fell, Theodosius was not indeed absolutely routed, but his position had become one of extreme peril. Eugenius, considering the victory as good as won, passed the night in feasting and in distributing largesse to the officers and soldiers who had most distinguished themselves in the encounter. Theodosius was advised by his generals to retreat during the night, and adjourn the campaign till next spring. But the soldier could not bear to retire before his Grammarian rival, and the Christian refused to allow the standard of the Cross to confess itself vanquished by the image of Hercules. He found a solitary place in a hill behind his army, and there he spent the night in earnest prayer to the Lord of the Universe. When the dawn was creeping over the Birnbaumer Wald he fell asleep. In his vision two men mounted on white steeds and clothed in white raiment appeared to him. They were not the great twin brethren who stood by Aulus on the margin of the Lake Regillus; they were the Apostles St. John and St. Philip, and they bade Theodosius be of good courage since they were sent to fight for him in the coming day. The Emperor awoke and resumed his devotions yet more

The Emperor's vision.

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earnestly. While he was thus engaged a centurion came to inform him of a remarkable dream which had occurred to one of the soldiers in his company. The dream of the soldier was the very same as that of the Augustus, and the marvellous coincidence of course gladdened all hearts.

Second day's battle, Sept. 6.

Yet when in the early dawn the Emperor began again to move his troops down towards the scene of yesterday's encounter, he saw a sight which boded little good. Far back amid the recesses of the mountains were soldiers of the enemy, in ambush though imperfectly concealed, and threatening his line of retreat. The peril seemed more urgent than ever, but he contrived to call a parley with the officers of these troops, invisible probably to Eugenius, though seen by his antagonist, and he found them willing, almost eager, to enter his service if they could be assured of pay and promotion. The contract (not one of which either party had reason to be proud) was soon concluded, and Theodosius recorded on his tablets the high military offices which he bound himself to bestow on Count Arbitrio, the leader of the ambuscade, and on his staff. Strengthened by this reinforcement he made the sign of the cross, which was the concerted signal of battle, and his soldiers clashed against the foe, who in the security of victory were perhaps hardly ready for the onset. Yet the second day's battle was obstinately fought, and was at length decided by an event which may well have seemed miraculous to minds already raised to fever-heat by this

terribly even contest between the new faith and the old. In the very crisis of the battle a mighty wind arose from the north, that is to say from behind the troops of Theodosius, who were standing on the slopes of the Tarnovaner Wald. The impetuous gusts blew the dust into the faces of the Eugenians, and not only thus destroyed their aim, but even carried back their own weapons upon themselves and made it impossible to wound one of their adversaries with dart or with *pilum*. The modern traveller, without considering himself bound to acknowledge a miraculous interposition, has no difficulty in admitting the general truth of this narrative, which is strongly vouched for by contemporary authors. All over the *Karst* (as the high plateau behind Trieste is called) the ravages of the Bora, or north-east wind have long been notorious[1]. Heavily-laden waggons have been overturned by its fury, and where no shelter is afforded from its blasts houses are not built, and trees will not grow. From the fruitful and well-clothed aspect of the Wipbach Thal it might be supposed that it was sheltered by its mountain bulwarks from this terrible visitation. But it is not so. All the way up from the village of Heidenschafft to the crest of the pass which bounds the Wipbach Thal, the Bora rages. Not many years ago the commander of a

[1] Is the fury of the Bora owing to the abrupt termination here of the great Alpine wall, or to some conflict between the climate of the Adriatic shores and that of the valleys of the affluents of the Danube?

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squadron of Austrian cavalry was riding with his men past the very village which probably marks the site of the battle. An old man well versed in the signs of the weather warned him not to proceed, because he saw that the Bora was about to blow. 'No, indeed,' laughed the captain, 'What would people say if soldiers on horseback stopped because of the wind?' He continued his march, the predicted storm arose, and he lost eight men and three horses, swept by its fury into the waters of the Wipbach[1]. The same cause which in our lifetime struck those eight men off the muster-rolls of the imperial-royal army, decided the battle of the Frigidus near fifteen centuries ago, and gave the whole Roman world to the family of Theodosius and the dominion of the Catholic faith.

Claudian's story of the battle.

The poet Claudian, describing the events of this memorable day, with all the audacity of a courtier makes them redound to the glory of *his* patron Honorius, son of Theodosius, a boy in the eleventh year of his age, who was a thousand miles away from the fighting, but to whose *auspices*, as he was Consul for the year, his father's victory might, by a determined flatterer, be ascribed.

De III Consulatu Honorii, 93–101.

'Down from the mountain, summoned by thy name
Upon your foes the chilling north wind came;
Back to the sender's heart his javelin hurled,
And from his powerless grasp the spear-staff whirled.

[1] It was interesting to hear this story (unsolicited by any question on my part, but which at once recalled Claudian's well-known lines) from the mouth of 'Michele il Tedesco' the vetturino who drove me from Gorizia to Adelsberg (1878).

Oh greatly loved of heaven! from forth his caves
Aeolus sends his armëd Storms, thy slaves.
Aether itself obeys thy sovereign will,
And conscript Winds move to thy bugles shrill.
The Alpine snows grew ruddy: the Cold Stream
Now, with changed waters, glided dank with steam,
And, but that every wave was swoln with gore,
Had fainted 'neath the ghastly load she bore.'

Death of Eugenius.

Eugenius, who seems not to have been in the thick of the fight, and who still deemed himself secure of victory, saw some of his soldiers running swiftly towards him. 'Are you bringing me Theodosius in bonds,' he shouted, 'according to my orders?' 'By no means,' they answered; 'he is conqueror, and we are pardoned on condition of carrying you to him.' They then loaded him with chains and bore him into the presence of Theodosius, who upbraided him with the murder of Valentinian, and, almost as if it were an equal crime, with setting up the statue of Hercules for worship. Eugenius grovelled at the feet of his rival, begging for life, but his entreaties were cut short by a soldier who severed his head from his body with a sword. This ghastly proof of failure carried round the camp upon a pole determined the last waverers to throw themselves on the mercy of Theodosius, who was now, at any rate, the only legitimate Roman Emperor. This mercy was easily extended to them, policy as well as religion making it incumbent on the Emperor to convert his late foes as speedily as possible into loyal soldiers. The barbarian

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394. Death of Arbogast:

Arbogast, of whose generalship on the second day of the battle we hear nothing, fled to the steepest and most rugged part of the mountains (perhaps the Nanos Berg), and after wandering about for two days, finding every gorge which led down into the plain carefully watched, fell upon his sword, like King Saul among the mountains of Gilboa, and so perished. Thus fell the last of the antagonists of Theodosius[1].

Overthrow of the idols.

When the battle was ended, one of the earliest acts of the Emperor was to overturn the statues of Jupiter with which the idolatrous usurper had garnished and, as he seems to have hoped, guarded

[1] The question of the exact site of the battle of Frigidus should be determined after a careful examination of the topography, such as no historian seems yet to have thought it worth while to institute. The slight consideration which I have been able to give to the subject on the spot leads me to believe that the battle was fought near Heidenschafft; the forces of Theodosius being, as I have said, on the lower slopes of the Tarnovaner Wald, and those of Eugenius in the valley and upon the range of lower hills opposite. There are three names of towns or villages in the valley, all of which might possibly be connected with the battle. *Battuglia*, about an hour below Heidenschafft, might be a corruption of Battaglia. The town of *Heiligenkreuz*, conspicuous on its pedestal of rock jutting out into the valley, may perhaps have derived its name originally from some erection by the Emperor in honour of the Holy Cross, which was his battle-signal, and allusions to which were so constantly on his lips during those two critical days. And is it too much to suggest that *Heidenschafft* itself may, either as a corruption of *Heidenschlacht* or in some other way, be connected with 'the overthrow of the Heathens'? Three languages, Italian, German, and Slovenic, are jammed up against one another in this corner of Austria, and probably no one of them is spoken with accuracy.

the Alpine passes. The hand of each statue of the god grasped, and was in act to hurl, a golden thunderbolt. When the statues were overthrown Theodosius distributed these golden bolts among his outriders. 'By such lightnings,' said the laughing soldiers, 'may we often be struck!' And the stately Emperor, according to St. Augustine[1], unbent from his usual high demeanour and 'permitted the merriment of the soldiers.'

At the Frigidus the East of Europe conquered the West.

These two victories of the Emperor, over Maximus and over Eugenius, important as they were, might, in circumstances which we can easily imagine, have had a far more important bearing on the history of Europe. Hitherto the West had been almost universally successful in its conflicts with the East. The Romans against Greece and Asia, Constantine against Licinius, Julian against Constantius, had all conquered with their backs to the setting sun. Now, nearly for the first time, Byzantium had vanquished Italy[2]. Analysing the reasons for this success, we perceive that it was in fact the hardy Goths of the Danube who had won victories for Theodosius over Maximus and his Britons, over Arbogast and his Franks. Still the fact remains, whatever its cause, and had princes like Theodosius sat for a century longer upon the Eastern throne, it might have been fruitful of other facts, and might permanently have shifted the political centre of gravity of Europe.

[1] De Civitate Dei, v. 26.

[2] The exception is the conflict between Constantius and Magnentius, 351.

The following anecdotes,—the first two of them at least hardly deserve any more dignified name,—which have been preserved for us in the pages of the credulous and unhistorical Zosimus, seem worth transcribing for the illustrations which they afford of the temper of the times, and the relations of Romans and Barbarians to one another at the close of the fourth century.

Valour of Gerontius. Zosimus iv. 40.

1. 'At the Scythian town of Tomi [Ovid's place of banishment, now Kustendje in Bulgaria, about sixty miles south of the Sulina mouth of the Danube], some Roman troops were stationed under the command of Gerontius, a man of great strength of body and skill in war. Outside the town was a detachment of barbarian auxiliaries, the very flower of their nation in courage and manly beauty. These men saw that Theodosius provided them with richer equipments and larger pay than he gave to the Roman soldiers inside the town, yet they repaid the favour not with gratitude to the Emperor, but with arrogance towards Gerontius and unconcealed contempt for his men. Gerontius could not but see this, and suspected moreover that they intended to seize the town and throw everything into confusion. He consulted with those of his officers on whose judgment he placed most reliance, how to check this increasing wantonness and insolence of the barbarians. But when he found them all hanging back through cowardice, and dreading the slightest movement among the barbarians, then he donned his armour, bid open the gates of the city, and with

certain of his guards—a number that you could very soon have counted—rode forth and set himself against all that multitude of barbarians. His own soldiers meanwhile were either asleep, or palsied with fear, or else running up to the battlements of the city to see what was about to happen. The barbarians sent up a great shout of laughter at the madness of Gerontius, and despatched some of their bravest against him, thinking to kill him out of hand. But he closed with the first who came, clutched hold of his shield, and fought on bravely till one of his guards with a sword lopped off the barbarian's shoulder (he could do no more, the two men's bodies were so closely intertwined) and dragged him down from off his horse. Then the barbarians began to be struck with awe at the splendid bravery of their foe, while Gerontius dashed forwards to fresh encounters; and at the same time the men who were looking on from the walls of the city, seeing the mighty deeds wrought by their commander, were stung with remembrance of the once great name of Rome, and rushing forth from the gates slew many of the enemy, who were already panic-stricken and beginning to quit their ranks. The other barbarians took refuge in a building held sacred by the Christians and regarded as conferring immunity on fugitives. Gerontius, then, having by his magnificent courage freed Scythia[1] from the dangers impending over

[1] The Roman province of Scythia, corresponding to the modern Dobrudscha.

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it, and obtained a complete mastery over the barbarians, naturally expected some recompense from his sovereign. But Theodosius being on the contrary deeply irritated by the slaugher of the barbarian warriors, whom he so highly prized [these events occurred during the usurpation of Maximus, and the slaughtered Goths were probably some of the men on whose help Theodosius relied for the impending civil war], peremptorily summoned Gerontius before him and required him to give a reason for his late conduct. The general pleaded the intended insurrection of the barbarians and their various acts of pillage and murder; but to all this the Emperor gave no heed, insisting that his true motives had been envy of the rich gifts bestowed on the barbarians, and a desire to have them put out of the way in order that his own robberies from them might be concealed. He alluded especially to some golden collars which had been given them by way of ornament. Gerontius proved that these, after the slaughter of the owners, had all been sent into the public treasury; yet, even so, he with difficulty escaped from the dangers which encompassed him, after spending all his property in bribes to the eunuchs about the court. And such were the worthy wages that he received for his zeal on behalf of Rome.'

Its reward.

2. In the next incident Theodosius himself is the chief actor, and even his severe critic, Zosimus, here bears testimony to his courage. The romantic and

probably coloured story sounds more like a page out of the *Mort d'Arthur* than an extract from a staid Byzantine historian.

Zosimus iv. 48.

'After the defeat of Maximus, in the year 388, Theodosius on his return to Thessalonica found Macedonia and Thessaly in a dismal state of confusion, all the marauders who had been unable to stand before his army having taken advantage of his absence to issue forth from their hiding-places in the marshes and ravage these two provinces. At the news of the Emperor's victory and return they slunk back into their dens by day, but constantly made nightly sallies to their old plundering-places. Fighting with such enemies as these was like warring on ghosts rather than on men. At length the Emperor resolved to disguise himself, and, taking with him five horsemen, each of whom held three or four horses with a loose bridle, to visit the quarters of the foe. The reserve horses were to be ridden in turns so as to give them a better chance of lasting, in the rough country through which the Emperor's journey lay. At length in the course of their wanderings they came to an inn kept by an old woman of whom the Emperor asked food and shelter. She received them courteously, gave them wine and other necessaries, and allowed them to spend the night under her roof. The Emperor when he lay down to rest espied a man who did not speak a single word, and seemed to wish to avoid observation. Calling the old woman to him, he asked who that man was

and whence he came. "I cannot tell," she answered, "but this I know, that ever since we heard of the return of Theodosius with his army, that man has lodged here, paying for his food regularly each day. All day he is absent from the house, wandering about where he likes; when night comes on he returns apparently from some hard work, takes his food and lies down in that fashion which you now observe." The Emperor determined to test the old woman's story; so he laid hold of the man and bade him say who he was. As he refused to answer, the horsemen examined him by scourging. He still continued stubborn, whereupon the Emperor said, "Hack him with your swords, men. He may as well know that I am the Emperor Theodosius himself." Then the man confessed that he was a spy of the barbarians who were hiding in the marshes, and that it was his business to tell them when and where they might come out, and what people or places it was safe for them to attack. Having immediately cut off his head the Emperor galloped to his army which was encamped at no great distance, led them to the place where he now knew that the barbarians were abiding, fell upon them all with the edge of the sword, dragged forth some from their hiding-places in the marshes, killed others as they were in the water, and in short made that night a great slaughter of the barbarians.'

3. The third anecdote takes us to the later years of the reign of Theodosius, and again illustrates

the precarious tenure by which Rome held the services of her Gothic auxiliaries.

Dissensions among the Goths.

'[1] When the news came of the probability of a second civil war [on the murder of Valentinian II and the usurpation of Eugenius], there arose a difference of opinion among the chief of the barbarian tribes whom Theodosius had at the commencement of his reign admitted to his friendship and brotherhood in arms, whom he had honoured with many gifts, and for whom he had provided a daily banquet in common in his palace. For some of the chiefs loudly asserted that it would be better to despise the oaths which they swore when they gave themselves up to the Roman power, and others insisted that they must on no account depart from their plighted faith[2]. The leader of the party who wished to trample on their oath of allegiance was Eriulph (or Priulph), while Fravitta (or Fraustius)[3] headed the loyal party. Long was this internal dissension concealed, but one day at

A national party headed by Eriulph.

A Romanizing party by Fravitta.

[1] Zosimus, iv. 56; founded apparently on Eunapius (pp. 52–54, ed. Bonn), but modified from his version.

[2] According to Eunapius, one party exhorted that they should rest content with their present prosperity, the result of their league with the Romans, while the other insisted that they should revert to that attitude of eternal and unresting hostility to Rome, and determination to conquer her territory, to which they had bound themselves by solemn oaths while still in their own land.

[3] Probably Fra-veitands 'the Avenger.' Eunapius tells us that he was a man who truly held the Homeric sentiment—

'My soul abhors him as the gates of hell,
Who dares think one thing and another tell,'

that he married a Roman wife and became just like a Roman.

the royal table after long potations they were so carried away with wrath that they openly manifested their discordant sentiments. The Emperor understanding what they were talking about, broke up the party but on their way home from the palace the quarrel became so exasperated that Fravitta drew his sword and dealt Eriulph a mortal blow. Then the soldiers of the murdered man were about to rush upon Fravitta and kill him, but the imperial guards interposed and prevented the dispute from going any further.'

In the midst of the conflicting accounts which have come down to us of the character of Theodosius, one fact can be clearly discerned, that he was bent upon reversing the fatal policy of Valens, and while he dealt severely with those barbarians whose only thought was plunder, he was determined to enlist all that was noblest and in the best sense of the word most Teutonic among them in the service of Rome. Engaged in this enterprise one may liken him to a far-seeing statesman, who seeing an irresistible tide of democracy setting in and threatening to overwhelm the state, goes boldly forth to meet it, with liberal hand extends the privileges of citizenship to the worthiest of those who have been hitherto outside the pale, and from the enemies of the constitution turns them into its staunch defenders. Or he is like the theologian who, instead of attempting an useless defence of positions which have long since become untenable, questions the questioning spirit itself to discover

how much of truth it too may possess, and seeks to turn even the turbulent armies of doubt into champions of the eternal and essential verities of the faith.

Such, viewed on its intellectual side, was the policy of Theodosius towards the barbarians; and though it was a policy which led to complete and utter failure, it is not therefore to be condemned as necessarily unsound, for had his own life been prolonged to the ordinary period, or had his sons possessed half his own courage and capacity, it is likely enough that his policy would have proved not a failure, but a success.

Defects of Theodosius's philo-Teutonic policy.

But probably another and less noble motive conduced to the very same course of action. His soldier's eye may have been pleased with the well-proportioned frames and noble stature of those children of the North. His pride as a sovereign may have been gratified by enlisting those fair-haired majestic Amali and Balti among his household guards, instead of the little, dark-featured, supple inhabitants of the lands bordering on the Mediterranean; and he may have indulged this fancy to the full, without considering the deep wound which he thus inflicted on what yet remained of Roman dignity by assigning these offices to foreigners, nor the heavy demands which he was obliged to make on an exhausted exchequer in order to provide the double pay, the daily banquets, the golden collars for his Gothic favourites.

For Theodosius, whatever his other merits might be, does not shine as a financial administrator. The economical maxims of Valentinian and Valens, which had resulted in a considerable reduction of taxation, at least in the Eastern Empire, were all forgotten, magnificence and luxury were again the order of the day, and heavier taxes were laid upon a people impoverished by barbarian invasion.

Extravagance of his government.

Insurrection at Antioch.

One of the two great outbursts of popular fury which mark this reign, the insurrection at Antioch, was caused by financial misgovernment. In the year 387 the Emperor determined to commemorate the expiration of eight years of his own government and four of the conjoint rule of himself and his young son Arcadius, by the celebration of the Quinquennalia. This festival, instituted in imitation of the Greek Olympiads, was supposed to recur every fifth year, that is, after the expiration of four entire years. It consisted in games, chariot-races, musical contests, but above all—in the present state of the Empire—it was an occasion for increased largesse to the soldiery. Letters accordingly were written by the Emperor, commanding the provinces to furnish extraordinary contributions for these Quinquennalia. When these letters reached Antioch, the inhabitants, already sinking under the weight of the ordinary taxation, rose with an universal howl of execration against these new extra taxes, imposed for no necessity of the defence of the Empire, but merely to gratify the pride and feed the luxurious appe-

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tites of the Spaniard and his mercenaries. The statues of Theodosius himself, of his father, his sons, and his wife Flaccilla, were thrown down with every mark of rage and contempt, and the city declared itself in revolt. Only for a few days, however: the soft Syrians had no plan of defence, no settled purpose of rebellion against the Roman government, and soon began to feel 'that they had no cause whereby they might give an account of this day's uproar.' The Emperor sent two generals with orders to punish the rebellious city: but two deputations, one civil and one ecclesiastical, set forth to mollify his just resentment, and after fifty or sixty days of agonising suspense the inhabitants of Antioch received the glad tidings of the free and full pardon granted by Theodosius.

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Three years later occurred the celebrated sedition of Thessalonica, an event which, by the ruthless punishment with which it was visited, left a far more fearful stain on the character of Theodosius than the sedition of Antioch, and seemed to show the evil influence which even three years of absolute dominion could exert on a nature not originally cruel.

Sedition of Thessalonica.

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The cause of this sedition is so connected with the unnatural vices of the Græco-Roman populations of that period, that a modern historian prefers to leave it undescribed. At the second act of the drama we find the populace, mad with the frenzy of the arena, fiercely shouting for the libera-

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tion of a favourite charioteer whom Butheric (evidently a Teutonic name), commander of the forces in Illyria, had committed to prison. When cries and menaces did not avail to shake the Goth's stern purpose of punishment, they rose in armed rebellion, slew Butheric and some of the other Imperial officers, and dragged their bodies in triumph through the city. The rage of Theodosius when he heard of this insult to his authority was indescribable, and hurried him into a revenge the stupidity of which was equal to its wickedness. Without any attempt at a judicial enquiry to ascertain who were the authors of the rebellion, he sent his soldiers (many of them probably the countrymen of the murdered Butheric) to the city, with orders to bring back a certain number of heads. One historian[1] places the number at 7000; another[2], probably exaggerating, fixes it at 15,000. But whatever may have been the number ordered, the peculiar atrocity of the mandate, its perfect indifference to the guilt or innocence of the victims, is admitted by all. There is something Oriental rather than Roman in this absolute contempt for even the semblance of justice, and it may be doubted if any, even among the most brutal of the wearers of the purple is stained with a more utterly unkingly crime than this. Moreover, as Gibbon has well observed, Thessalonica had been one of the favourite abodes of the Emperor, and the enormity of his guilt seems intensified by the fact that he

Punished by an indiscriminate massacre.

[1] Theodoret, v. 17. [2] Theophanes, p. 62. (Paris ed. 1655.)

must have known by heart the look of the place which his soldiers were to fill with ghastly corpses, and that the citizens who, innocent of any crime, were to fall beneath the sword of his satellites, were men with many of whose faces he must have been familiar, men with whom perchance he had himself exchanged a friendly *Salve* on his way to the bath or the circus. Thessalonica was the scene of his dangerous illness, of his slow convalescence, of the baptism which was meant to mark his rising up to a purer and holier life. Strange that no softening remembrances came across his mind to prevent his indiscriminate slaughter of her sons. Yet scenes of which the following is a type must have been common during the massacre. A certain merchant (possibly one of these acquaintances of the Imperial murderer) had the misery of finding that his two sons were selected as victims. He entreated to be allowed to substitute himself for one of them; his tears, his gold, were almost effectual in obtaining this melancholy favour from the soldiery. But then the question arose, 'Which was to be the rescued one?' He looked from one face to another, both so dear, in an agony of indecision; and while he hesitated the brutal soldiers shouted out 'There is no time to lose, the number must be completed,' and slew *both* the young men before his eyes. Such was the crime of the massacre at Thessalonica, a crime which may have been atoned for in the sight of Heaven by the sincerity of the

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Sozomen, vii. 25.

subsequent repentance of the Emperor, but which in the judgment of history must stamp with indelible reprobation, not his character only but the constitution of the state under which such deeds were possible.

Theodosius as a nursing father of the Church.

Theodosius, the able general and the passionate tyrant, is also conspicuous in history as an ecclesiastical umpire and legislator. To his achievements in that capacity—however harsh the transition—we must now pass. For he, if any man, might boast of complete success in deciding by imperial edict the difficult questions which had arisen concerning the mysteries of the Divine nature and in completing the alliance between Christianity (such as Christianity then was) and the Roman Empire.

To him the Church owes the Second General Council (that of Constantinople, 381) which finally established the word Homo-ousion in the creed and secured the triumph of the Athanasian doctrine.

To him also she is indebted for the inauguration of a system of firm, even pressure—unlike the fitful, unstatesmanlike persecutions of a Constantius or a Valens—by which both Heresy and Heathenism were ultimately extinguished. He showed the way to persecute successfully, and his sons and descendants, while lamentably failing to repel the inroads of the barbarians, exhibited great assiduity and energy, if not great originality, in the repeated edicts which they issued against the heretics.

To him also, at least as much as to Constantine,

must be attributed the permanent alliance between the Church and the State.

The following decrees will sufficiently illustrate the attitude now assumed by the Head of the civil government of Rome towards religious error, and herein we begin to discern two powers, still undeveloped and still in friendly union, the future working of which will not be always so harmonious.

380. An Edict of Theodosius, concerning the Catholic Faith, to the people of the city of Constantinople. 'We wish that all the nations who are subject to the rule of Our Clemency shall adhere to that religion which the divine Apostle Peter handed to the Romans (as is sufficiently shown by its existence among them to this day), and which it is obvious that Pope (Pontifex) Damasus follows, as well as Peter, Bishop of Alexandria, a man of apostolical holiness: so that according to the apostolical discipline and the evangelical doctrine we believe the One Godhead of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, with equal majesty, in the Holy Trinity. We order those who follow this law to assume the name of Catholic Christians: we pronounce all others to be mad and foolish, and we order that they shall bear the ignominious name of heretics, and shall not presume to bestow on their conventicles the title of churches: these are to be visited first by the divine vengeance, and secondarily by the stroke of our own authority, which we have received in accordance with the will of Heaven.'

380. (De Fide Catholicâ.) Codex Theodosianus, lib. xvi, tit. i. 2.

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381. (De Haereticis.) Codex Theodosianus, lib. xvi, tit. v 6.

381. 'Let there be no place left to the heretics for celebrating the mysteries of their faith, no opportunity for their exhibiting their stupid obstinacy. Let all know that even any decree which this kind of men may in past times have obtained in their favour by fraud has now no validity. Let popular crowds be kept away from the assemblies, now pronounced unlawful, of all heretics. . . . He is to be accounted an assertor of the Nicene faith, and a true holder of the Catholic religion, who confesses Almighty God, and Christ the Son of God, one in name (with the Father), God of God, Light of Light; who does not by denying his existence insult the Holy Spirit from whom we receive all that we hope for as coming forth to us from the Great Parent of all; whose unstained faith holds fast that undivided substance of the incorruptible Trinity which the orthodox Greeks assert under the name of Ousia [the Homo-ousion]. These doctrines are abundantly proved to us, these are to be reverenced. Let all who do not accept these principles cease from those hypocritical wiles by which they claim for themselves the name—a name really alien from them—of the true religion: and their crimes being made manifest, let them receive a mark of opprobrium and be kept utterly away from even the thresholds of the churches, since we shall allow no heretics to hold their unlawful assemblies within the towns. If they attempt any outbreak, we order that their rage shall be quelled, and they shall be cast forth outside the walls of the cities,

so that the Catholic Churches the whole world over may be restored to the orthodox prelates who hold the Nicene faith.'

386. [1] 'On the day of the Sun, which our ancestors properly called the Lord's Day, let all the business of the courts, the markets, the public assemblies cease; and let none seek to obtain payment of any debt, whether public or private, nor let there be any recognition of law-suits before the umpires, whether legally appointed or voluntarily chosen. And let any one who shall swerve from his instinctive, obedience to this precept of our holy religion, be adjudged not only a man to be branded with infamy, but also guilty of sacrilege.' 384. (De Feriis.) Cod. Theod. lib. ii, tit. viii. 18.

392. 'Let no one in any station of life, high or low, in any city or other place, offer up an innocent victim to senseless idols, nor by a more secret sacrifice seek to propitiate the Lares by fire, the Genius with wine, the Penates with sweet incense, nor for such a purpose let any one kindle lights, throw frankincense on the fire, or hang up garlands. But if any one shall dare to kill and sacrifice a victim, or to derive auguries from the inspection of its steaming entrails, he shall be held guilty of treason, it shall be lawful for any one to inform against him, and he shall receive proper sentence, even though he may not have been plotting anything against the safety of the Emperor. For it is a sufficient crime on his part that he is desirous to violate the laws of Nature herself, to pry into forbidden 392. (De Sacrificiis.) Cod. Theod. lib. xvi, tit. x. 12.

[1] Not in Ritter's edition.

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mysteries, to practise unlawful arts, to enquire into the end of another man's prosperity, to look with hope upon another's death.

'But if any man shall offer incense to perishable images, the work of men's hands, and shall present to others the ridiculous spectacle of a man fearing what he himself has fashioned, whether he hangs the tree with garlands, or piles his altar of turf in their honour, since religion is grossly insulted even by these more slender forms of devotion, he shall be condemned to lose that house or that property in which he shall be proved to have practised heathen superstition. For we decree that all places belonging to the idolater from which the smoke of his incense hath ascended shall be impounded for the benefit of our exchequer. But if the rite have been practised in public temples or sanctuaries, or in some place belonging to another man, without the knowledge of its lord, the sacrificer shall pay twenty-five pounds weight of gold [about £1000] by way of fine. If the property-owner have connived at the idolatrous rite he shall be punished by the loss of his land. The Judges are to see to the immediate enforcement of this law under pain of a fine of thirty pounds weight of gold.'

One exception, a somewhat remarkable one, breaks the dull monotony of repressive and intolerant edicts. It is addressed to the Counts and Generals throughout the East.

393. (De Judaeis.) Cod. Theod. lib. xvi, tit. viii. 9.

'It is quite clear that the Jewish sect is not prohibited by any law; and we are sorely dis-

pleased that in some places their meetings should have been forbidden. Your Sublime Greatness therefore, on the receipt of this letter, will with fitting severity repress the too great zeal of those who, in the name of the Christian religion, presume on unlawful deeds and endeavour to destroy and plunder the Synagogues of the Jews.'

Relations of the Spritual and Temporal Power.

Thus did the reign and legislation of Theodosius mark out the lines of the future relationship between Pope and Emperor. It is singular to reflect that he too in his own person anticipated the humiliation of the Caesar before the successor of the Apostles which was so often enacted in the Middle Ages, and which was most vividly exemplified seven centuries after this time at Canossa. But the spiritual victor of this Emperor was no Pope, but Ambrose, Bishop of Milan; and the cause of the sovereign's degradation was no violation of ecclesiastical claims, but that great crime against humanity itself, the massacre of Thessalonica, which Ambrose denounced with holy fearlessness, like another Nathan in the presence of David, and for which he demanded the outward manifestation of the Emperor's repentance.

St. Ambrose.

The previous life of Ambrose, well known to every reader of Church History, need be but slightly referred to. He was elected, while still an unbaptized catechumen and governor of the province, to the post of Bishop of Milan, having entered the church with his troops to quell the fury of the partisans of the two rival candidates. While he

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soothed the people with his wise words, a little child, so the story runs, suddenly called out 'Ambrose is Bishop,' the words were caught up and carried round the church by the rapturous acclamation of the whole multitude

'Who found an omen in an infant's cry.'

Then came his long struggle with Justina, the Empress-mother, his occupation of the church of Milan, which was barricaded like a fortress, to keep out her Arian adherents, the vigils of the priest-sentinels, night and day, upon its towers, and the composition of the Ambrosian chant to cheer their wakefulness[1]; his final deliverance through the intervention of Theodosius, his baptism of St. Augustine, and lastly, his marvellous alleged discovery of the remains of the two young soldier-martyrs, Gervasius and Protasius, in obedience to the dictates of a heavenly vision. These were the chief events in the life of Ambrose before his rebuke of Theodosius.

Theodoret, v. 18. Theodosius rebuked by Ambrose for the massacre,

It was in the spring of the year 390, shortly after the massacre, that Theodosius presented himself in the church of Milan, intending there to take his customary part in the worship of the congregation. He was met, however, on the threshold by the Bishop, who in temperate but weighty words forbade him to enter. 'The magnitude of his

[1] 'Deus creator omnium
Polique rector vestiens
Diem decoro lumine
Noctem sopore gratia.'

Empire, and the intoxicating influence of absolute power, might have prevented him from discerning as yet the enormity of his crime: but robed as he was in the imperial purple, he was still but a man whose body would crumble into dust, whose spirit would return to God who gave it. What account would he then be able to give of this dreadful massacre of his subjects? His subjects truly, but also his fellow-servants, men whose souls were as precious in God's sight as his own. How could one whose hands were still soiled with that innocent blood acceptably join in the worship of Almighty God. Let him depart, and in seclusion from the rest of the faithful, let him practise penitence and prayer till the time should come when he might fitly be absolved from his great transgression.'

and placed under an interdict.

Theodosius, 'who was well instructed in Scripture, and who well knew the respective limits of the ecclesiastical and temporal power,' received this rebuke with patience, obeyed the interdict, and returned sadly to the imperial palace. More than eight months after he made another attempt to obtain reconciliation with the Church; but with a strange want of tact, or of remembrance, he permitted the office of mediator to be assumed by Rufinus. Rufinus, a native of an obscure town in Gascony, had made his way to the court of Byzantium, and there, with nothing to recommend him either as statesman or as general, had clambered up by dint of flattery, intrigue, and calumny of his

Rufinus mediates without success.

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competitors into the place of Praetorian Prefect, the highest position under the Emperor. His rapacity had made him the wealthiest and the most hated of all the ministers of Theodosius, and, scenting no doubt some plunder in the crime, he had, at least according to the belief of the people, been the chief instigator of the Thessalonian massacre. Such was the man whose fussy obsequiousness proposed to the depressed Emperor an attempt to procure a removal of the interdict, and actually prompted him to offer his own good offices in the negotiation. No wonder that Ambrose turned sharply round upon Rufinus and told him that he was more shameless than a dog to come to him, he of all men, on such an errand. Rufinus cringed, but hinted that the Emperor would insist on coming to the church. Ambrose replied, 'He shall slay me first. If he will change his emperorship into tyrantship, I cannot hinder him, but with my consent he comes not within these walls.'

Theodosius repents,

Hearing of the ill-success of his messenger, the Emperor resolved to drink the cup of humiliation to the dregs, and went not to the church, but to the house of Ambrose, exclaiming, 'I will go and receive the censure which I deserve.' Ambrose again remonstrated with him for his tyranny: 'I repent of it,' said Theodosius. 'Repentance should be openly manifested, and should be accompanied by some precaution against the repetition of the offence.' 'What precaution can I take? Show me the remedy and I will adopt it.' 'Since passion

was the cause of thy fall, O Emperor, prepare a law which shall henceforth interpose an interval of thirty days between the signing of any capital sentence or decree of proscription and its execution. In these thirty days, if passion not justice dictated the decree, there will be a chance for reason to be heard, and the decree to be modified or revoked.' 390.

Theodosius gladly accepted this wise and statesmanlike suggestion of the late Governor, and now Bishop of Milan, and having signed the new law was released from the interdict and permitted to enter the church. Prostrate on the floor he repeated the words of the 119th Psalm, 'My soul cleaveth unto the dust, quicken thou me according to Thy word,' and by sighs and tears, by smiting upon his forehead, and tearing his hair, he manifested to the assembled multitude the agony of his remorse. and is absolved.

After the service was ended, the weeping penitent laid his gift upon the table, and then remained within the altar railings waiting to receive the bread and wine. Ambrose sent him a message by a deacon commanding him to withdraw from that sacred enclosure which was reserved for priests only: 'The Emperor must worship with the rest of the laity outside the rails. The purple robe makes emperors only, not priests.' Theodosius humbly obeyed the mandate, merely observing that he had not intentionally erred, but had followed the usage of Constantinople which gave that place to the Emperor. (Already then, even before the separa-

390. tion of the two Empires, the Italian priest held his head higher in the presence of Caesar than the Byzantine.) On his return to Constantinople he refused to occupy his old place of honour by the altar, saying to the wondering Bishop, 'With difficulty have I learned the difference between an emperor and a priest. It is hard for a ruler to meet with one willing to tell him the truth. Ambrose is the only man whom I consider worthy of the name of Bishop.'

Landmarks in ecclesiastical history.

Two other great names in ecclesiastical history, Jerome and Augustine, belong to this period. As a note of time it may be worth while to observe that the eventful year 395, which ended the life of Theodosius, was that in which Augustine, now forty-one, was consecrated Bishop of Hippo, and that Jerome, who was then more than fifty, had been for nine years dwelling in seclusion at Bethlehem, and had completed half of his twenty years labour at the Latin translation of the Scriptures. Thus three out of the four greatest Latin fathers, namely Ambrose, Augustine, Jerome, saw the beginning of the downfall of the Empire, while the fourth, Gregory (540-604), following them after an interval of two centuries, saw its ruin completed by the invasion of the Lombards.

One name, not ecclesiastical nor even Christian, but that of a Pagan poet, must also be mentioned here. The year 395 was the commencement of the literary career of Claudian, the last of the Roman poets, to whose panegyrics on Theodosius

allusion has already been made. An Egyptian by birth, to whom Greek may have been and Latin must have been a foreign tongue, he nevertheless succeeded in imbuing himself with the spirit and reproducing the form of classical poetry. Undisturbed by the memories of the Isis, Osiris, and Serapis of his childish worship, and equally disdainful of the saints and angels, the virgins and martyrs of the now dominant Christian faith, he calmly imports the stage machinery of Olympus from the pages of Homer and Virgil, and applies it without a moment's hesitation to the events of his own day, to the defeat of Maximus and the elevation of Rufinus. He attaches himself always to some powerful patron, whose exploits are all but superhuman and whose character is stainless, while the patron's enemies are painted in tints of unredeemed blackness. This utter want of atmosphere in his colouring wearies the eye, and the perpetual rhetoric of his verse palls upon the ear; but with all his faults it is to him that we must look to make the dry bones of epitomists and church historians live again before us, and though his thought may often be poor, his expression is surely not always unworthy of his great master, Virgil. In this power over words he may perhaps be fitly compared to our own Byron, whose apostrophe to Rome

'O Rome, my country, city of my soul!'

seems to remind one of the untranslateable grandeur of Claudian's epithet,

'Urbs aequaeva polo.'

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395. Poem on the consulate of Probinus and Olybrius.

The first poem of Claudian fits into the events after the battle of the Frigidus. The defeat of Arbogast and Eugenius occurred in the autumn of 394. The commencement of the following year was to be marked by a pleasing circumstance hitherto unknown in the Roman annals, the possession of the consular authority by two brothers. Probinus and Olybrius, two men still in the first dawn of adolescence, were the sons of Probus, a Roman noble who had filled some of the highest offices in the state under Gratian and Valentinian II. Claudian is the professed panegyrist of his sons, and the unbiassed voice of history does not altogether accord with his account of the generosity with which Probus employed his vast riches.

Consulat. Probini et Olybrii, lines 42-44.

'Not on his wealth was seen the cavern's stain:
The darkness hid it not: for heaven's rain
Falls not so freely on the thirsting sward
As upon countless crowds his wealth was poured.'

It was deemed a fitting reward for the virtues or the success of Probus that the consulship for this year should be bestowed on his two sons. Claudian pictures the Goddess Rome flying northwards to obtain this boon of Theodosius immediately after his victory over Eugenius. She alights among the winding passes of the Alps—those passes impenetrable to all but Theodosius.

Lines 112-123.

'Hard by, the victor on the turf reclined.
The joy of ended battle filled his mind,
The glad earth crowned with flowers her master's rest,
And the grass grew, rejoicing to be pressed.
Against a tree he leaned; his helm beneath

Shone his calm brows, but still his panting breath
Came thick and fast, and still the hot sweat poured
Down those vast limbs. He lay like battle's Lord, 395.
Great Mars, when, the Gelonian hosts o'erthrown,
He upon Gothic Haemus lays him down.
Bellona bears his arms; Bellona leads
Forth from the yoke his dusty, smoking steeds.
Trembles his weary arm. The quivering gleam
Of his vast spear falls far o'er Hebrus' stream.'

Of course the Imperial City's petition is granted. Proba, the venerable mother of the designated consuls, prepares for their use the gold-enwoven *trabeae* (the consular vestments), 'and shining garments of the tissue which the Chinese shave off from the soft [mulberry] foliage, gathering leafy fleeces from the wool-bearing forest.' Jupiter thunders his approval, and old father Tiber, startled by the sound, leaves his mossy bed and lays him down on the island opposite to the Aventine to watch, delighted, the loving brothers escorted by the Senate to the Forum, and the double set of fasces borne forth from the same door.

'O Time, well-marked by brother-memories dear
And brother-chiefs, O happy, happy year. Lines 266-
Let Phoebus now his fourfold toil bestow, 279.
Send forth thy Winter first, not white with snow,
Nor numb with cold, nor vexed by tempests wild,
But tempered by the South-wind's whispers mild.
Then let sweet Zephyr bring the Spring serene
And gild with crocuses thy meadows green.
Let Summer deck thee with her cereal crown,
And Autumn with full clusters weigh thee down.
To thee alone is given the boast sublime,
Peerless in all the chronicles of Time,
That brothers were thy rulers: all our land

Shall speak thy praise, the Hours with loving hand
Shall write in changing flowers thy honoured name,
And the dim Centuries rehearse thy fame.'

395.

Death of Theodosius.

The year 395 (or, as it was styled in the Fasti, 1148 from the foundation of the city) was certainly an eventful one, though not exactly in the way or for the reasons here assigned by Claudian. It brought with it the death of Theodosius; and the death of Theodosius was the beginning of the end of the Roman Empire. After the defeat of Eugenius (in September 394) the Emperor did not return to Constantinople, but went to Milan, then the favourite residence of the Western Caesars. He was still in the prime of life, and might naturally look forward to a long and prosperous reign. But his constitution seems to have been undermined—by luxury says the ever hostile Zosimus, by military fatigues and the cares of Empire is the charitable hope of history. Feeling that his end could not be far distant he sent for his little son Honorius, who came to him from Constantinople under the guardianship of his cousin Serena, wife of Stilicho. To him he bequeathed the Empire of the West; to his elder son Arcadius, who had been for twelve years his colleague, the Empire of the East, assigning Stilicho to the former and Rufinus to the latter as chief administrators of their kingdoms. Having made these dispositions, and received the blessing of Ambrose, he expired in February 395, it is to be feared without having read any of the

complimentary things which young Claudian had written of him in his Panegyric on Probinus and Olybrius.

So ended the career of Theodosius, generally styled the Great. Did he deserve that title, which he probably received at first from the Catholic party for the services, undoubtedly eminent, which he rendered to their cause? In comparison with the infinite littleness of every Roman Emperor during the succeeding century, he is rightly named; but how as to his own essential greatness? There is a certain magnificence and stateliness about him which would seem to justify posterity in naming him 'the Grand,' but of greatness his prematurely interrupted life makes it difficult to judge. Had his conciliatory policy towards the barbarians saved the Empire (and who can say what thirty years more of that policy under a wise and firm ruler might have effected?) he had been greater than Africanus, greater than Caesar. As it is, his life lies like a ruined sea-wall amidst the fierce barbarian tide, and the ravaged lands beyond it seem to say, but perhaps untruly, 'Thou couldest never have been a barrier to defend us.'

To me, earnestly striving to form an impartial estimate of his character, he seems to have been a true Spaniard both in his virtues and his faults. The comparison may seem fanciful, as many other elements have since combined to form the Spanish character; but let it be taken for what it is worth. The hero of those strange encounters with the

Barbarians of the Marshes, recalls the figure of his countryman *El Cid Campeador;* the author of the Edict concerning the Catholic faith reminds us of the title of 'His Most Catholic Majesty'; his steady perseverance in the suppression of Heresy is worthy of Philip II; his magnificence suggests the Escorial, his ferocity the bull-fight; his procrastination in his dealings with Maximus and Arbogast, the phrase 'hasta la mañana[1];' his mismanagement of the finances, the wrongs of the Spanish bondholder.

Here is one estimate of the character of Theodosius. Those who desire a more favourable picture may find it often repeated in the pages of the courtly Claudian. His apotheosis of the Emperor is painted with such strength of colour that the very extravagance of the flattery makes it almost sublime. He represents the dying Theodosius adjuring Stilicho, by the ties of gratitude and kindred, to be a faithful guardian to his sons. Then—

'He ceased, nor longer on the earth might stay,
But through the clouds he clove his radiant way.
He enters Luna's sphere; he leaves behind
Arcadian Mercury's threshold. Soon the wind—
The gentle wind of Venus—fans his face,
And thence he seeks the Sun's bright dwelling-place[2].
The sullen flame of Mars and placid Jove
He passes next, and now stands high above,

[1] 'Till to-morrow.'

[2] Of course, as the astronomy is Ptolemaic, the Sun takes the place between Venus and Mars which Copernicus has taught us to assign to the Earth.

Where, at the summit of the spheres is spread
The zone made hard by Saturn's chilly tread.
The frame of Heaven is loosed, the gleaming gates
Stand open; for *this* guest Boötes waits
Within his northern home; and southward far
Hunter Orion greets the Stranger Star.
Each courts his friendship; each alternate prays
That in *his* sky the new-lit fire may blaze.
Oh! Glory once of Earth, and now of Air,
Wearied, thou still dost to thy home repair.
For Spain first bore thee on her noble breast,
And in Spain's ocean dost thou sink to rest.
At thy proud rising, O exultant sire,
Thou seest Arcadius: when thy coursers tire,
The loved Honorius stays thy westering fire,
And wheresoe'er through heaven thine orbit runs
Thou seest the world-wide kingdom of thy sons;
Thy sons, whose wise serenity of soul
And patient cares the conquered tribes control.'

The Roman Empire certainly held out splendid possibilities to ambition. Since its fall never has a mere Spanish gentleman of respectable birth and talents been turned into a star.

CHAPTER III.

INTERNAL ORGANISATION OF THE EMPIRE.

Authorities.

Sources:—

The CODEX THEODOSIANUS, to which occasional reference is made in these volumes, is too well known to require detailed description. Published in the year 438 by order of Theodosius II, the grandson of Theodosius the Great, and codifying the legislation of 127 years (312–438), it is the great quarry from which enquirers into the social and political condition of Rome under the Christian Emperors will always draw their materials. I quote from Ritter's edition with Gothofred's notes, Leipzig, 1736–1743.

The NOTITIA DIGNITATUM, notwithstanding the use made of it by Gibbon and Guizot, is still scarcely as common a book in the library of the historical student as it deserves to be. Its full title is 'Notitia dignitatum omnium, tam civilium quam militarium in partibus Orientis et Occidentis.' There can be little doubt that it was compiled in the first years of the fifth century, probably about the time of Alaric's first invasion of Italy. It is a complete Official Directory and Army List of the whole Roman Empire, and is of incalculable value for the decision of all sorts of questions, antiquarian and historical. For instance, the whole theory of the identification of the existing ruins with the former stations along the line of Hadrian's British Wall depends entirely on the mention in the Notitia of the names of the cohorts posted at those stations.

The Notitia devotes forty-five chapters to the Eastern and forty-five to the Western Empire. The different classes of civil and military officers are enumerated according to their rank. Nearly every chapter begins thus—'Sub dispositione viri illustris [or spectabilis]' and then follow the names of

his subordinates. At the end of the chapter is a description of his 'officium,' that is, of the various classes of persons who form his official retinue, notaries, secretaries, registrars, and the like.

Most of the chapters are headed with curious pictures of the 'Insignia' of the person whose office they describe: shields of the legions for a general officer, a carriage and four horses for the highly honoured Praefectus Praetorio, maidens with melancholy countenances bearing the produce of their respective lands to signify the different countries under the Prefect's rule, fortresses for the general on a hostile frontier, purses bursting with gold for the minister of finance, and so forth. These pictures can be clearly traced up to a MS. (now lost) of the eleventh century, and there does not seem any good reason to doubt that they are substantially accurate copies of those which adorned the Notitia when its leaves were turned over by Arcadius and Honorius.

This is not the place to enlarge upon the almost romantic literary history of the MSS. of the Notitia. It is curious to read in the dissertations of the chief German editor (Böcking), that one MS., the best, 'is an exile in the bookcases of England' (in Anglicis pluteis exsulat), and to hear him lamenting 'In what corner of that great chaos of MSS. and books called England this codex may now be lying I cannot conjecture.' All the time it was satisfactorily housed and duly catalogued in the Bodleian Library. It is one of the 'Canonici' collection, and its reference in the catalogue is Canon. Misc. 378.

The best text of the Notitia is now that of O. Seeck (Berlin, 1876), who has caused the above MS. to be properly collated. The fullest, and indeed the only satisfactory notes are contained in the edition of Böcking (2 vols., Bonn, 1839–1853).

Guides:—

Bethmann-Hollweg's Gerichtsverfassung und Prozess des sinkenden Römischen Reichs (Bonn, 1834).

Articles in Pauly's Real-Encyclopaedie (Stuttgardt, 1842, &c.), 'Praefectus Praetorio,' 'Quaestor,' &c.

BOOK I. CH. 3.

THE death of Theodosius was the prelude to momentous changes in the whole Roman world. Before proceeding to describe them, it will be convenient to give some faint outline of the internal organisation of the Empire during the fourth century. Fragmentary and imperfect the sketch must necessarily be. Materials for it are scanty, and for some unknown reason the attention of scholars has been little turned to the history of Roman administration between Constantine and Justinian. Even the patient German has scarcely yet fully applied the microscope of his historical research to the institutions of the sinking Empire. But the attempt must be made, though the result may be a confession of ignorance on many points rather than a series of defined and well-rounded statements such as readers naturally prefer.

Difficulty of the subject.

The Emperor, that still majestic figure who stood at the head of the Roman state, how shall we think of him? The old idea that he was merely the most influential of Roman citizens, that idea which Augustus and even Tiberius strove to preserve, must be considered as quite obsolete since the changes introduced by Diocletian and Constantine. All the Greek half of the Empire calls him without compunction ΒΑΣΙΛΕΥΣ (King), and no Roman, though he may not use the actual word REX in speaking of him, can still cheat himself with the thought that the Imperator is one whit less of an absolute sovereign than Tullus or Tarquin. Few things impress one with a more vivid conception of his power

Undisguised Absolutism of the later Emperors.

than the matter-of-fact way in which a historian like Zosimus speaks of the imperial dignity as 'the Lordship of the Universe' (ἡ τῶν ὅλων ἀρχή). In the Directory of the Empire, the Chamberlain, the Almoner, the Marshal, are described as having charge of 'the Sacred Cubicle,' 'the Sacred Charities,' and 'the Sacred Palace[1].' The characters which the imperial hand deigns to trace in purple ink upon the parchment scroll are 'the Sacred Letters.' When the august scribe wishes to describe his own personality he speaks with charming modesty of 'Our Clemency' or 'My Eternity[2].'

Apotheosis of the Emperors, how regarded by themselves.

If it were possible to penetrate into the secret thoughts of those long-vanished wearers of the purple, one would eagerly desire to know under what aspect the imperial deification presented itself to their minds. Many a one had watched the failing intellect and the increasing bodily infirmities of the preceding Emperor. In some instances a timely dose of poison, or a judicious arrangement of the bedclothes over his mouth, had hastened his departure from a world in which his presence was no longer convenient, yet in the very first proclamation of the new ruler to the soldiery he would speak of his predecessor as 'God Augustus,' or 'God Tiberius,' 'God Claudius,' or 'God Commodus,' and the court poets would, as we have seen, describe in unfaltering phrase his translation to the spheres.

[1] Praepositus Sacri Cubiculi, Comes Sacrarum Largitionum, Castrensis Sacri Palatii.

[2] Codex Theodosianus, lib. xiv, tit. 17, 14; lib. xii, tit. 1, 160.

BOOK I. CH. 3.

by Vespasian,

by Caligula,

The homely common sense of Vespasian seems to have perceived the humour of the thing. At the first onset of his disease he said, 'If I am not mistaken I am in the way to become a god[1].' But Caligula accepted his divinity much more seriously. He averred that the goddess Luna visited him nightly in bodily shape, and he called upon his courtier Vitellius (the same who was aftewards Emperor) to vouch for the fact. Vitellius, with his eyes bent towards the ground, with folded hands, in a thin and trembling voice, replied, 'My lord, you gods alone are privileged to look upon the faces of your fellow-deities.' And Caligula evidently received the answer as a matter of course, and not a smile probably crossed the faces of the bystanders—for to smile at Caligula's godhead would have been to die[2].

by Theosius.

But it may be said that no fair argument can be drawn from the case of a confessed madman like Caligula. Let us hear then how Theodosius, the statesman, the Christian, the sound theologian, permitted himself to be addressed in the Panegyric of Pacatus. The latter is praising him[3] for the accuracy with which he always discharges his promises of future favour to his courtiers. 'Do you think, O Emperor, that I wish to praise only your generosity? No, I marvel also at your memory. For which of the great men of old, Hortensius, Lucullus, or Caesar, had so ready a power of recollection as *that*

[1] Suetonius, Vita Vespasiani. [2] Dion, lib. lix, c. 27.
[3] Sect. 18.

sacred mind of yours, which gives up everything that has been entrusted to it at the very place and time which you have ordered beforehand. Is it that you remind yourself? or, as the Fates are said to assist with their tablets *that God who is the partner in your majesty*, so does some divine power serve your bidding, which writes down and in due time suggests to your memory the promises which you have made?' Such a sentence, gravely premeditated and uttered without reproof in the presence of Theodosius, is surely not less extraordinary than the impromptu answer of Vitellius.

Mode of election of the Emperor.

How was this omnipotent Emperor, this God upon earth, selected from the crowd of ordinary mortals around him? Hereditary descent was not the title, though we have already met with many instances in which it asserted itself. The Empire never, at any rate during the period with which we are concerned, lost its strictly elective character. Who then were the electors? Imagine the endless discussions on this point which would take place in any modern European state, the elaborate machinery by which in Venice, in Germany, in the United States, even in Poland, the election of the Chief of the Executive has been accomplished. Of all this there is not a trace in the Roman Empire. In old days, when the Republic was still standing, the army, after an especially brilliant victory, gathered around the praetor or proconsul who commanded them, and with shouts of triumph, while they clashed their spears upon their shields, saluted

him *Imperator*. That tumultuary proceeding seems to have been the type of every election of a Roman Emperor. The successor might have been absolutely fixed upon beforehand, as in the case of Tiberius; he might follow in the strict line of hereditary descent as Titus followed Vespasian and Domitian Titus; the choice might even have been, as in the case of the Emperor Tacitus, formally conceded by the soldiery to the senate; but in any case the presentation of the new sovereign to the legions, and their acclamation welcoming him as Imperator, seems to have been the decisive moment of the commencement of his reign.

This fact explains the anxiety of every Emperor who had a son to have him associated with himself in his own lifetime. By presenting that son to the legions, as Valentinian presented Gratian at Amiens to the army of Gaul, this delicate and critical event of the Acclamation was accomplished, while he still had all his father's influence at his back, and being an Augustus already, his reign *might*, if all went well and no rival claimant to the favour of the legions arose, be quietly prolonged without any solution of continuity at his father's death.

In a great number of cases such an attempt to settle the succession beforehand, whether in favour of a real or an adopted son, was successful. In many, as we all know, it failed, some other legions, often in a distant part of the Empire, having, when the news of the death of the old Emperor arrived, acclaimed their favourite officer as Imperator, arrayed

him with the purple, and eventually carried him, shoulder-high, into the chambers of the Palatine. This, it may be said, was mutiny and insurrection, but when one considers the essentially unconstitutional and tumultuary character of the election of every Emperor, one is almost ready to say that in this case at least success was the only test of legality. The lawful Imperator was the man who either succeeded to the throne without opposition, or who made good his pretensions by the sword. The usurper was a general who having been 'acclaimed' by the troops was afterwards defeated in battle.

Parallel between the Imperial Acclamation and the Papal Adoration.

A parallel might possibly be drawn between the election of a Roman Emperor and that of his yet mightier successor the Roman Pontiff. It is well known to how fluctuating and ill-defined an electorate the choice of a new bishop of Rome was entrusted until, in the eleventh century, it was transferred to the College of Cardinals. And although the lengthy deliberations of the old men who are now immured in the Vatican during a Papal Interregnum might seem as little as possible to resemble the cheers uttered by the rough voices of the Roman legionaries, there is still among their traditions the possibility of electing a Pope by 'adoration,' a rapid and summary process, with no set speeches or counting of votes, which may possibly have been suggested by the remembrance of the equally impulsive movement whereby, in theory at least, the Roman army chose its Emperor.

The Roman nobility official not hereditary.

The brothers, sisters, and children of the Emperor, bore the title of *Nobilissimus*, and naturally took precedence of the rest of the brilliant official hierarchy which surrounded his throne. Of the members of this hierarchy it is usual to speak as Nobles, and there does not seem any reason for departing from the customary practice if it is clearly understood by the reader that hereditary dignity, or in the strict sense of the term 'noble blood,' did not form part of the idea of an aristocracy in Imperial Rome. Office ennobled the actual holder. No doubt the son of a Prefect had a greater chance of attaining to office than the son of a shopkeeper. In right of this chance he enjoyed a certain social pre-eminence, but he had no claim by inheritance to a seat in the Senate, or to any other share in the government of the State. In thinking of the aristocracy of the Empire we must entirely unfeudalise our minds. The Mandarins of China or the Pachas of Turkey furnish probably safer analogies than any which could be drawn from our own hereditary House of Peers.

Of the many grades into which this official hierarchy was divided, three only need here attract our attention:

1. The Illustres.
2. The Spectabiles.
3. The Clarissimi [1].

[1] The fourth and fifth classes were named Perfectissimi and Egregii respectively.

Our own titles of distinction are for the most part so interwoven with ideas drawn from hereditary descent that it is impossible to find any precise equivalents to these designations. 'His Grace the Duke,' 'The Most Noble the Marquis,' are out of court at once. But as extremely rough approximations to the true idea, the reader may perhaps be safe in accepting the following equations:

Illustris = The Right Honourable.
Spectabilis = The Honourable.
Clarissimus = The Worshipful.

If we describe the functions of the different classes we shall get a little nearer to a true analogy, but parliamentary institutions and local self-government will still prevent that analogy from being exact. With these limitations we may say that

The Cabinet ministers . . . = the Illustres.
Heads of Department, Lords Lieutenant of Counties, Generals and Admirals = the Spectabiles.
The Governors of our smaller Colonies, Colonels and Captains in the Navy = the Clarissimi.

The Illustres, who alone need be described with any detail, were twenty-eight in number, thirteen for the West and fifteen for the East, and may be thus classified. For the sake of clearness we will confine our attention to the thirteen Cabinet Ministers of the West. The only difference worth noticing is that there were five Magistri Militum for the East as compared to three in the West.

BOOK I. CH. 3.	CIVIL ADMINISTRATION, FINANCE AND JUSTICE.	ARMY.	HOUSEHOLD.
	Praefectus Praetorio Italiae.	Magister Peditum in Praesenti.	Praepositus Sacri Cubiculi.
	Praefectus Praetorio Galliarum.	Magister Equitum in Praesenti.	Comes Rerum Privatarum.
	Praefectus Urbis Romae.	Magister Equitum per Gallias.	Comes Domesticorum Equitum.
	Magister Officiorum.		Comes Domesticorum Peditum.
	Quaestor.		
	Comes Sacrarum Largitionum.		

Praetorian Prefect.

1. In each of the four great compartments into which Diocletian had divided the Roman world, the *Praefectus Praetorio* was the greatest man after the Emperor. To him the great majority of the laws were addressed, and he was charged to see to their execution. He held in his hand the whole network of provincial administration, and was the ultimate referee, under the Emperor, in all cases of dispute between province and province, or municipality and municipality. In all the processes of civil and criminal law his was (still under the Emperor) the final court of appeal. The idea of his office seems to have been that as the Emperor was the head, so he was the hand to execute what the head had decreed. What Joseph was to Pharaoh when the Lord of Egypt said to him 'Only in the throne will I be greater than thou[1]'; what the Grand Vizier is now to the Sultan of the Ottomans, that, substantially, the Praetorian Prefect was to the

[1] Gen. xli. 40.

Augustus. The nearest approach which, under our own political system, we can make to a counterpart of his office, is to call him a Prime Minister *plus* a Supreme Court of Appeal.

The history of his title is a curious one. In the very early days of Rome, before even Consuls had a being, the two chief magistrates of the Republic bore the title of Praetors. Some remembrance of this fact lingering in the speech of the people gave always to the term Praetorium (the Praetor's house) a peculiar majesty, and caused it to be used as the equivalent of palace. So in the well-known passages of the New Testament, the palace of Pilate the Governor at Jerusalem, of Herod the King at Caesarea, of Nero the Emperor at Rome, are all called the Praetorium[1]. From the palace the troops who surrounded the person of the Emperor took their well-known name 'the Praetorian Guard.' Under Augustus the cohorts composing this force, and amounting apparently to 9,000 or 10,000 men, were scattered over various positions in the city of Rome. In the reign of Tiberius, on pretence of keeping them under stricter discipline, they were collected into one camp on the north-east of the city. The author of this change was the notorious Sejanus, our first and most conspicuous example of a Prefect of the Praetorians[2] who made himself all-

[1] Τὸ Πραιτώριον: Mark xv. 16; Acts xxiii. 35; Philippians i. 13.

[2] By usage, if not of strict right, this sense, as well as that of Prefect of the Palace, seems to inhere in the title Praefectus Praetorio.

powerful in the state. The fall of Sejanus did not bring with it any great diminution of the power of the new functionary. As the Praetorians were the frequent, almost the recognised, creators of a new Emperor, it was natural that their commanding officer should be a leading personage in the state, as natural (if another English analogy may be allowed) as that the Leader of the House of Commons should be the First Minister of the Crown. Still it is strange to find the Praetorian Prefect becoming more and more the ultimate judge of appeal in all civil and criminal cases, and his office held in the golden age of the Empire, the second century, by the most eminent lawyers of the day.

His office made by Constantine a purely civil one.

This part of his functions survived. When Constantine at length abated the long-standing nuisance of the Praetorian Guards—setting an example which was unconsciously followed by another ruler of Constantinople, Sultan Mahmoud, in his suppression of the Janissaries—he preserved the Praetorian Prefect, and, as we have already seen, gave him a position of pre-eminent dignity in the civil and judicial administration of the Empire. But of military functions he was now entirely deprived, and thus this officer who had risen into importance in the state solely as the most conspicuous Guardsman about the court was now permitted to do almost anything that he pleased in the Empire so long as he in no way touched soldiering.

This strong line of demarcation drawn between

civil and military functions was one of the most important features of the change in the government introduced by Diocletian and Constantine. It was alien to the spirit of the old Roman Republic, whose generals were all judges and revenue-officers as well as soldiers; but it consolidated for a time the fabric even of the Western Empire, and it created that wonderful bureaucratic machine which, more than any other single cause, prolonged for ten centuries the existence of the Empire of Byzantium.

Its duration.

On the important question how long the Praefectus Praetorio continued in office there is an inexplicable silence among most ancient and modern authorities; but the following statement made by a learned and laborious German legist[1] may probably be relied upon with safety. 'With reference to the tenure of office [of all the imperial functionaries] Augustus's plan of continuing them in power for an indefinite series of years had [in the fourth century] been abandoned, and a return had been made to the fundamental principle of the Republic that all offices were *annual* in their duration; an arrangement by which the cause of good administration was not benefited, but which served to break the power of the provincial governors. The prolongation of the term of office depended entirely on the favour of the Emperor. *Only the Praetorian Prefects were nominated for an indefinite*

[1] Bethmann-Hollweg, i. p. 57.

time, albeit they seldom maintained themselves in power longer than one year.'

Prefect of the City.

2. *Praefectus Urbis.* The Prefects of the two great capitals of the Empire seem to have been theoretically the equals in rank of the Praetorian Prefects, and though their power extended over a more circumstantial area, the splendour of their office was quite as great. When the Prefect of Rome drove through the streets of the city he was drawn by four horses richly adorned with silver trappings and harnessed to the stately *carpentum*. This degree of state was apparently permitted to no other official save only to the Praetorian Prefects. He convened the Senate, spoke first in that august assembly and acted as the channel of communication between it and the Emperor. The police of Rome, the anxious task of the gratuitous distribution of corn among the poorer inhabitants, the aqueducts, the baths, the objects of art in the streets and squares of the city, were all under his general supervision, though each department had a subordinate Prefect, a Count or a Curator as its own especial head. The Prefect of Rome had also civil and criminal jurisdiction extending, in the time of Augustus, over the city itself and an area of a hundred miles radius round it, and at a later period over a much wider territory. As the especial champion of the privileges of the Senate he was the judge in all cases where the life or property of a senator was at stake. All lawsuits also and prosecutions arising out of the relation of master and

slave, patron and freedman, father and son, and thus involving that peculiar sentiment which the Romans called *pietas* (dutiful affection), came by a curious prerogative before the Praefectus Urbis. At a later period of this history we shall make acquaintance with a man[1] holding this exalted position, and shall learn from his private correspondence some of its glories and anxieties.

Master of the Offices.

3. *Magister Officiorum.* Thus far we have been concerned with the government of separate portions of the Empire, for both the Praetorian Prefect and the Praefectus Urbis were somewhat like what we should call Lords Lieutenant. Now we come to the central authority, the staff officers, so to speak, of the civil administration. The chief of these was the *Master of the Offices*[2]. He was supreme in the audience-chamber of the sovereign. All despatches from subordinate governors passed through his hands, all embassies from foreign powers were introduced by him. The secretaries of the Imperial cabinet[3], the guards in immediate attendance on the Imperial person, were amenable to his authority. The elaborate and expensive service of the public posts, and, by a less intelligible combination of duties, the great armour manufactories and arsenals of the Empire, were under his over-

[1] Apollinaris Sidonius. See Book III.

[2] It is amusing to see the name of this Roman officer written in Greek characters: ἡγεμόνα τῶν ἐν τῇ αυλῇ τάξεον . . . μάγιστρον τοῦτον ὀρφικίων καλοῦσι Ῥωμαῖοι (Zosimus, ii. 25).

[3] The 'agentes in rebus.'

sight[1]. He was thus a great officer of the household, but he was also chief of the Imperial *bureau*, and it is easy to see how enormous an influence he could exercise, especially under an indolent sovereign, over the conduct both of foreign and domestic affairs. Our constitutional system offers no precise analogy to his position, but if we imagine the offices of the various principal Secretaries of State again held, as in the days of the Tudors, by one man, and that man also discharging the important though little noticed duties of Private Secretary to the Queen, we shall not perhaps be very far from an adequate idea of the functions of the Illustrious Master of the Offices.

Quaestor.

4. The *Quaestor* had the care of preparing the Imperial speeches, and was responsible for the language of the laws. He would probably be generally a professed rhetorican, or at any rate a man of some note in the world of letters. His office is not unlike that of the Chancellor of a mediaeval monarch.

Count of the Sacred Largesses.

5. *Comes Sacrarum Largitionum.* The Count who had charge of the Sacred (i.e. Imperial) Bounty, should have been by his title simply the Grand Almoner of the Empire, and thus would seem to require a place among the officers of the household. In practice however the minister who

[1] These manufactories in Italy were as follows:—(1) of arrows at Concordia (between Venice and Udine); (2, 3) of shields at Verona and Cremona; (4) of breast-plates at Mantua; (5) of bows at Ticinum (Pavia); (6) of broadswords at Lucca.

took charge of the Imperial largesses had to find ways and means for every other form of Imperial expenditure; and now that the Emperor had become the State, and the Privy Purse (Fiscus) had practically become synonymous with the National Treasury (Aerarium)[1], the House Steward of the Sovereign was the Finance Minister of the State. The Count of the Sacred Largesses was therefore in fact the Chancellor of Exchequer of the Empire. To him all the collectors of taxes in the smaller divisions of the realm (comites largitionum per omnes diœceses) were subordinate. The mines, the mints, the linen factories, the purple dye-houses, were under his control. And as some part of the Imperial revenue was drawn from duties on the transport of goods by sea, the Count of the Sacred Largesses was supposed to have a general superintendence of private commerce—though more, it must be feared, with a view to fleece than to foster it.

Masters of Horse and Foot.

6, 7, 8. *Magister Peditum in Praesenti* (or *Praesentalis*); *Magister Equitum* ditto; *Magister Equitum per Gallias.* When Constantine de-

[1] In the earlier periods of the Empire this distinction between the Fiscus and the Aerarium, as is well known, had been diligently maintained. Augustus, in the Monumentum Ancyranum, takes credit to himself for having four times assisted the public treasury out of his own property (the Aerarium out of the Fiscus) by contributions amounting in all to 105,000,000 sesterces, or nearly one million sterling. But at that time the Emperor was still in theory little more than a private individual benevolently assisting in the administration of the state. By the third century, at any rate, this distinction between his purse and the state-purse, the Fiscus and the Aerarium, seems to have vanished.

prived the Praetorian Prefect of his military command, and made of him the first civil minister of the state, he lodged the leadership of the troops in the hands of a new officer to whom he gave the title of Master. Still bent on prosecuting to the utmost his policy of division of powers, he gave to one officer the command of the infantry—always far the most important portion of a Roman army—with the title of *Magister Peditum*; to another the command of the cavalry with the title *Magister Equitum*. It is possible that in these arrangements there was a retrospective glance to the earliest days of the Republic, when the appointment of a Dictator, that absolute lord of the legions was always accompanied by the appointment of a Master of the Horse. But whatever the constitutional warrant for the practice, it seems difficult to suppose that such a division in the supreme command could have worked successfully. And in fact we often find, in the period that we are now considering, the two offices united under the title *Magister utriusque Militiae* (Master of both kinds of soldiery.)

Under the sons of Constantine the number of these commanders-in-chief was increased, and under Theodosius it was increased again, partly in order to meet the stress of barbarian warfare on the frontiers, partly in order that the pride or jealousy of each Emperor might be flattered or soothed by having his own Magister in attendance at his court. But in the East and West the Master of the Foot

or Horse, who commanded the troops nearest to the Imperial residence, was called 'the Master *in the Presence*' (in Praesenti or Praesentalis); thus with bated breath, in Latin which would have been unintelligible to Cicero, were courtiers beginning to talk of that portion of the atmosphere which was made sacred by the presence of the Imperial Majesty. In addition, at the time when the Notitia was compiled, Gaul, the Orient, Thrace, and Illyricum had each its Magister of one or both divisions of the army.

The division of the civil and military offices unfavourably criticised by Zosimus.

It will be well here to put on record the unfavourable opinion of the historian Zosimus with reference to the institution of these offices. The view generally adopted, and that which has been submitted to the reader, is that the separation between the civil and the military functions was a wise measure. Zosimus, however, is of a different opinion, and he holds that Constantine, who first instituted the offices of Magister Equitum and Magister Peditum, and Theodosius, who so largely increased the number of these officers, both did ill service to the state. The charge against the second Emperor seems more reasonable than that brought against the first; but here are the words of the indictment:—'Having thus divided the rule of the Prefect [into the four Prefectures], Constantine studied how to lessen his power in other ways. For whereas the soldiers were under the orders not only of centurions and tribunes[1], but also of the

Zosimus, ii. 33.

[1] χιλιάρχοι.

BOOK I. CH. 3.

so-called *duces*, who exercised the office of general in each district, Constantine appointed *Magistri*[1], one of the cavalry, and another of the infantry, to whom he transferred the duty of stationing the troops and the punishment of military offences, and at the same time he deprived the Prefects of this prerogative. A measure this which was equally pernicious in peace and war, as I will proceed to show. So long as the Prefects were collecting the revenues from all quarters by means of their subordinates, and defraying out of them the expenses of the army, while they also had the power of punishing the men as they thought fit for all offences against discipline, so long the soldiers, remembering that he who supplied them with their rations was also the man who would come down upon them if they offended, did not dare to transgress, lest they should find their supplies stopped and themselves promptly chastised. But now that one man is responsible for the commissariat and another man is their professional superior, they act in all things according to their own will and pleasure, to say nothing of the fact that the greater part of the money allotted to the provisioning of the troops goes into the pockets of the general and his staff.'

Zosimus, iv. 27.

'Meanwhile the Emperor Theodosius, who was residing at Thessalonica, showed much affability to all with whom he came in contact, but his luxury and neglect of state affairs soon became proverbial.

[1] στρατηλάται.

He threw all the previously existing offices into confusion, and made the commanders of the army more numerous than before. For whereas there was before one Master of the Horse and one of the Foot, now he distributed these offices among more than five persons. Thereby he increased the public burdens (for each of these five or more commanders-in-chief had the same allowances as one of the two had before), and he handed over his soldiers to the avarice of this increased number of generals. For as each of these new Magistri thought himself bound to make as much out of his office as a Magister had made before when there were only two of them, there was no way to do it but by jobbing the food supplied to the soldiers. And not only so, but he created Lieutenants of Cavalry and Captains and Brigadiers[1] in such numbers that he left two or three times the number that he found, while the privates, of all the money that was assigned to them, out of the public chest, received nothing.'

Superintendent of the Sacred Bed-chamber.

9. *Praepositus Sacri Cubiculi.* We now come to a branch of administration which, as statesmanship declined, became surrounded with more and more awful importance, the Imperial, or in the language of the day the Sacred, Household. The fortunate eunuch who attained to the dignity of Superintendent of the Sacred Bed-chamber, took rank in the year 384 immediately after the other Illustres[2].

[1] ἱλάρχας καὶ λοχαγοὺς καὶ ταξιάρχους.

[2] Cod. Theod. lib. vii, tit. 8, § 3.

But a solemn edict[1], issued in 422 by the grandson and namesake of the great Theodosius, ordained that 'when the nobles of the Empire shall be admitted to adore our Serenity, the Superintendent of the Sacred Bed-chamber shall be entitled to the same rank with the Praetorian and Urban Prefects and the Masters of the Army'; in front, that is to say, of the humbler departments of Law and Finance, represented by the Master of the Offices, the Quaestor, and the Count of the Sacred Largesses. The wardrobe of the sovereign, the gold plate, the arrangement of the Imperial meal, the spreading of the sacred couch, the government of the corps of brilliantly attired pages, the posting of the thirty *silentiarii* who, in helmet and cuirass, standing before the second veil, guarded the slumbers of the sovereign, these were the momentous responsibilities which required the undivided attention of a Cabinet Minister of the Roman Empire.

Count of the Private Domains.

10. The *Comes Rerum Privatarum*, whom we may compare to our Commissioners of Woods and Forests, held an office which must sometimes have been not easily distinguishable from that of the Count of Sacred Largesses. Only, while the latter officer handled the whole revenue raised by taxation, the former was especially charged with the administration of the Imperial Domain. In the language of our law he dealt with realty rather than personalty. The vast estates belonging to the Emperor, concentrated in the city, or scattered

[1] Cod. Theod. lib. vi, tit. 8, § 1.

over all the provinces of the West [1], were administered under his direction. He had to see that they were let to suitable tenants, to guard against the usurpation of 'squatters [2],' to keep a watch upon the Superintendents of the Imperial Stables, the Sheepmasters, the Foresters. A corps of porters, who were perhaps originally organised in order to convey to the palace the various delicacies grown on the domains of the Emperor, were also placed under his control. And lastly, as one of his chief subordinates was styled Count of the *Private* Largesses [3], he must have had charge of outgoings as well as incomings, and must have fulfilled some of the duties which now devolve on the Keeper of the Privy Purse.

Counts of the Domestics.

11, 12. *Comes Domesticorum Equitum*; *Comes Domesticorum Peditum.* These officers (who are sometimes called 'Counts of the Domestics') commanded the various divisions of the household troops, known by the names of Domestici and Protectores, and thus together replaced the Praetorian Prefect of the earlier days of the Empire.

[1] The Notitia Occidentis, cap. xi, has a long string of such private Imperial possessions; the Notitia Orientis, in the corresponding chapter, does not mention any. It would be interesting to know the reason of this difference.

[2] See the 'Formula Comitivae Privatarum,' quoted from Cassiodorus by Böcking (Notit. Orientis, p. 259).

[3] 'Sub dispositione viri illustris Comitis Rerum Privatarum, Comes Largitionum Privatarum (Notitia Occidentis, cap. xi). This officer is not named in the corresponding passage of the Notit. Orientis.

The Notitia fails to inform us what number of troops were subject to their orders. Theoretically their duties would not greatly differ from those of a Colonel in the Guards. Practically the Count of the Domestics often intervened with a most decisive voice in the deliberations respecting the choice of a candidate when a vacancy occurred upon the Imperial throne [1].

The Illustrious Ministers, whose offices have now been described, formed the nucleus of the *Consistorium*, the council with which the Emperor was accustomed, but of course in no way bound, to consult upon all great matters of state. Such a Consistory was probably held at Antioch when Valens was deliberating concerning the admission of the Visigoths into the Empire.

It will not be needful to describe the functions of the Spectabiles and the Clarissimi with any minuteness of detail. For the most part their offices were mere copies of the offices of the Illustres on a smaller and provincial scale. In order however to make clear the gradations of the Imperial hierarchy, a few words must be given to the new territorial divisions introduced by Diocletian. In the first ages of the Empire, the provinces were the only subordinate division known. Now the size of these

[1] There is some apparent conflict of jurisdiction in the Notitia between the Comites Domesticorum and the Magister Officiorum. The latter has under his control seven 'Schools' of Shield-bearers, Archers, 'Gentiles' or barbarians, &c., who apparently formed part of the household troops.

was greatly reduced (as an unfriendly critic[1] says, 'the provinces were cut up into bits'), and two divisions, the Prefecture and the Diocese, were introduced above them.

Prefectures.

Of the Prefectures, as has already been explained, there were four, each, let us say, about as large as the European Empire of Charles the Fifth.

Dioceses.

Of the Dioceses there were thirteen. We must empty our minds of all ecclesiastical associations connected with this word, associations which would pin us down to far too small an area. For practical purposes it will be sufficient to consider an Imperial Diocese as the equivalent of a country.

Provinces.

The Provinces, 116 in number, were, as a rule, somewhat larger than a French province of average size. Many of the frontier lines still survive, especially in ecclesiastical geography. Where the lines are not the same, how infinitely various have been the causes of change. The course of trade, the conflict of creeds, war and love, crusades and tournaments, and the whole romance of the Middle Ages, might all be illustrated by the lecturer who should take for his text the map of Europe as divided by Constantine and as it was marked out at the time of the Reformation.

[1] Lactantius, De Mortibus Persecutorum, cap. 7. 'Et ut omnia terrore complerentur, *provinciae quoque in frusta concisae*, multi praesides et plura officia singulis regionibus, ac pene jam civitatibus incubare, item Rationales multi, et Magistri, et Vicarii praefectorum, quibus omnibus civiles actus admodum rari, sed condemnationes tantum et proscriptiones frequentes, &c.

A glance at the following table will bring the chief divisions of the Empire in the fourth century clearly before the mind of the reader:

PREFECTURE.	DIOCESE.	NO. OF PROVINCES.	MODERN EQUIVALENT OF DIOCESE.
I. Italiae	1. Italia	17	Italy, Tyrol, Grisons, South Bavaria.
	2. Illyricum	6	Austria between the Danube and Adriatic, Bosnia.
	3. Africa	7	Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli.
II. Galliae	4. Hispaniae	7	Spain and Morocco.
	5. Septem Provinciae	17	France, with the Rhine boundary.
	6. Britanniae	5	England and Wales, Scotland south of Frith of Forth.
III. Illyricum	7. Macedonia	6	Macedon, Epirus, Greece.
	8. Dacia	5	Servia and Western Bulgaria.
IV. Oriens	9. Oriens	15	Syria, Palestine, and Cilicia.
	10. Aegyptus	5	Egypt.
	11. Asiana	10	South-Western half of Asia Minor.
	12. Pontica	10	North-Eastern half of Asia Minor.
	13. Thracia	6	Eastern Bulgaria and Roumelia.
		116	

The separation between the civil and military functions was carried down through all the divisions

and subdivisions of the Empire, and the following may be taken as the type of the gradations of rank thus produced :

Typical arrangement of offices.

	CIVIL OFFICERS.	MILITARY OFFICERS.
Prefecture	Illustris PRAEFECTUS PRAETORIO	Illustris MAGISTER MILITUM.
Diocese	Spectabilis VICARIUS	Spectabilis COMES.
Province	Clarissimus *Consularis*, or *Corrector* or Perfectissimus Praeses	Spectabilis DUX.

(The Illustres are marked by large capitals, the Spectabiles by small capitals, the Clarissimi by Italic, and the Perfectissimi by Roman type.)

The subordination of the military offices was not quite so regular as that of the civil. Some of the provinces of the interior scarcely required an army at all, while on an exposed frontier two or three large armies might be assembled. But the general idea of the subordination of offices is that shown above. To make this point quite clear let us examine the arrangement of Imperial functionaries in the two 'dioceses' with which we have most concern, Britain and Italy.

Illustrated by the Diocese of Britain.

That part of our own island which was subject to the Romans (the *Dioecesis Britanniarum*) was divided into five provinces :

1. Britannia Prima = the country south of the Thames and Bristol Channel.
2. Britannia Secunda = Wales.
3. Flavia Caesariensis = the Midland and Eastern Counties.

4. Maxima Caesariensis = the country between Humber and Tyne.
5. Valentia = the country between Tyne and Frith of Forth.

Civil Administrators.

The first two provinces were governed by (perfectissimi) Praesides, the last three by (clarissimi) Consulares. This slight difference in dignity is perhaps due to the fact that (at any rate) Nos. 4 and 5 were more exposed to hostile invasion. The civil authority may have been therefore pitched a note higher in order to accord with the prominence of the military officers.

Military.

The chief military leaders were—

1. The Count of Britain (Comes Britanniae).
2. The Count of the Saxon shore (Comes Litoris Saxonici per Britanniam), who from his nine strong castles dotted along the coast, from Yarmouth to Shoreham, was bound to watch the ever-recurring Saxon pirates.
3. The Duke of the Britains, whose headquarters were probably at York, and who had under his control the Sixth Legion stationed in that city, and various detachments of auxiliary troops posted along the line of the wall in Northumberland ('per lineam Valli'), and in the stations upon the great Roman roads through Yorkshire, Lancashire and Cumberland.

It is not expressly stated that these last two officers were subject to the control of the first, the

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Edw.d Weller

Count of Britain, but we may reasonably infer that they were so from the fact that all the details of the troops subject to them are given with great minuteness, while of him it is only said, 'Under the control of the Spectabilis the Count of Britain is *the Province of Britain.*'

In civil matters there can be no doubt that the Vicarius was supreme, and he probably administered his diocese from 'the city of Augusta, which the ancients called Lundinium[1].'

Financial.

In financial matters we find an *Accountant for the receipts of Britain* (Rationalis Summarum Britanniarum), and a Superintendent of the Treasury at Augusta (Praepositus thesaurorum Augustensium), who appear to owe no obedience to the Vicarius, but are directly subordinate to the Count of the Sacred Largesses (at Rome or Ravenna). Similarly the Accountant of the Emperor's private estate in Britain (Rationalis rei privatae per Britannias) reports himself immediately to the Illustrious the Comes Rerum Privatarum.

Administration of Italy.

This illustration, drawn from the Roman government of our own island in the fourth century, may help us to understand the similar details which are given of the civil and military administration of Italy. The system is here, however, somewhat complicated by the extraordinary powers vested, as we have before seen, in the Prefect of the city. Though the geographical limits of his power are not expressly indicated in the Notitia, we find that

Praefectus urbis.

[1] Ammianus, xxviii. 3. 1.

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his subordinate Vicarius, who is not likely to have had a wider jurisdiction than himself, controlled the

Vicarius urbis.

administration of seven provinces in Italy, besides the three islands of Sicily, Sardinia, and Corsica. These seven provinces in fact made up the whole of Italy south of Ancona on the east coast, and Spezia on the west; and thus, little beside the valley of the Po and the countries at the foot of the Alps was left to the somewhat hardly-treated official who bore the high-sounding title of Spectabilis

Vicarius Italiae.

Vicarius Italiae[1]. To indemnify him,—but in those days of trouble with the heaving nations of Germany the charge must have brought more toil than profit,—he superintended the government of the Raetias, provinces which reached from the Alps to the Danube, and of which Coire and Augsburg were the respective capitals[2].

Military commands in Italy.

Of high military officers in Italy we read very little in the Notitia, doubtless because the great masters of the horse and foot 'in Praesenti' overshadowed all other commanding officers in the near neighbourhood of the court. There is a Count of

[1] The ten provinces subject to the Vicarius Urbis Romae were (1) Campania, (2) Tuscia et Umbria, (3) Picenum Suberbicarium, (4) Sicily,—each under the administration of a *Clarissimus Consularis*; (5) Apulia et Calabria, (6) Bruttii et Lucania,—under a *Clarissimus Corrector*; (7) Samnium, (8) Sardinia, (9) Corsica, (10) Valeria,—under a *Perfectissimus Praeses*.

[2] The provinces subject to the Vicarius Italiae were apparently (1) Venetia et Istria, (2) Aemilia, (3) Liguria, (4) Flaminia et Picenum Annonicarium, (5) Alpes Cottiae, (6) Raetia Prima, (7) Raetia Secunda. But his page in the Notitia is lost, and a good deal has to be left to conjecture.

Italy whose duty it was to look after the defence of the country close round the bases of the Alps ('Tractus Italiae circa Alpes'), and whose charge is illustrated in the effigy at the head of the chapter by two turreted fortresses climbing at an impossible angle up two dolomitic-like mountain peaks.

The Dux Raetiae also is mentioned, who with twenty-one detachments of auxiliary troops—among them a cohort of Britons stationed near to Ratisbon—held the posts on the Danube and by Lake Constance and in the fastnesses of the Tyrol. Of other military leaders in the diocese of Italy we have no express mention. They doubtless all formed part of the machine of the legions, and were all under the immediate orders of the Masters of the Soldiery.

Titles and ideas of Roman Imperialism perpetuated in modern Europe.

Reviewing now this great civil and military hierarchy, which was invented by Diocletian, perfected by Constantine, and still majestic under Theodosius, we see at once how many titles, and through them how many ideas, modern European civilisation has borrowed from that subtly elaborated world of graduated splendour. The Duke and the Count of modern Europe—what are they but the Generals and Companions (Duces and Comites) of a Roman province? Why or when they changed places, the Duke climbing up into such unquestioned pre-eminence over his former superior the Count, I know not, nor yet by what process it was discovered that the latter was the precise equivalent of the Scandinavian *Jarl*. The Prefects of France are a closer

reproduction both of the name and of the centralised authority of the Praefecti Praetorio of the Empire. Even the lowest official who has been here named, the Corrector of a province, survives to this day in the Spanish *Corregidor*. In ecclesiastical affairs the same descent exhibits itself. The Pope, who took his own title of Pontifex Maximus from Caesar, and named his legates after Caesar's lieutenants, now sits surrounded by his purple-robed councillors to hold what he calls, after Constantine, his Consistory. Diocese and Vicar are words which have also survived in the service of the Church, both, it may be said, with lessened dignity; yet not altogether so, for if the Vicarius of Britain or Africa was greater than the modern Vicar of an English parish, he was less than the mighty spiritual ruler who, claiming the whole world as his Diocese, asserts his right to rule therein as 'The Vicar of Christ'[1].

Thus do the strata of modern society bear witness to the primary imperial rock from which they sprang. On the other hand, it is curious to observe how few of the titles of old republican Rome survived into these latter days of the Empire. Tribunes indeed we do find in the Notitia, but they are chiefly military officers. Of Quaestors, Aediles, Praetors, the offices which in old days formed the

[1] The ceremony of kissing the Pope's toe is probably also derived from the Emperors' Court. Dion says of Caligula 'He kissed very few [of his courtiers]. For to the greater number even of the Senators he only stretched out a hand or a foot for them to kiss,' lib. lix, c. 27.

successive steps on the ladder of promotion to the highest dignities of the state, we find traces indeed, but of the faintest possible kind, in the Notitia. The Consulate indeed still retained much of its ancient splendour. The Emperor was generally invested with it several times during his reign. Claudian's enthusiastic congratulations show how it was prized by the sons of Probus. Pacatus speaks of it as the highest honour which Theodosius was able to bestow upon his friends[1]. Sidonius, eighty years later, says that he and his brother-in-law, who were by birth sons of Prefects, have attained the honour of the Patriciate, and he hopes that their sons may crown the edifice by the Consulate. But though the office of Consul retained its social pre-eminence it had no practical power. Not once does the name occur in the Notitia, not the meanest functionary is mentioned as being 'under his control.' The Vicar reflected the Prefect and the Prefect the Emperor. Power earned by the suffrages of the people was nowhere; power delegated by the Divine Emperor was irresistible and all-prevailing.

[1] Paneg. xvi.

CHAPTER IV.

HONORIUS, STILICHO, ALARIC.

Authorities.

Sources:—

CLAUDIAN, the circumstances of whose life are sufficiently narrated in the text. It may be convenient to have the following table of his historical poems to refer to.

DATE.	SUBJECT.
395.	Consulship of Probinus and Olybrius.
396.	Against Rufinus. (Two books.)
	Third Consulship of Honorius.
398.	Fourth Consulship of Honorius.
	Poems on the Marriage of Honorius and Maria.
	On the War with Gildo.
399.	Consulship of Fl. Mallius Theodorus.
	Against Eutropius. (Two books).
400.	First Consulship of Stilicho. (Three books.)
	(The so-called Poem on the Second Consulship of Stilicho is the third of these.)
402 or 403.	On the Gothic War (De Bello Getico).
404.	On the Sixth Consulship of Honorius.
406 (?).	Praise of Serena.

It can hardly be necessary to warn the reader that everything which Claudian advances by way of praise of Stilicho, or depreciation of his enemies, is to be received with the utmost caution. One reason for preserving the metrical form in quoting from Claudian's poems has been to keep the unhistorical character of this source prominently in view. It is impossible not to use an author who supplies us with almost all the life and colour which historical portraiture requires, but he must be used with continual distrust when the characters of his patrons or their enemies

are at stake. Also, a history which has to depend so largely on poetical materials, is almost of necessity incomplete, as if one should attempt to write the history of the early part of Charles II's reign from Dryden's Annus Mirabilis, or that of the Peninsular War from a series of University Prize Poems.

Zosimus (previously described) and

Orosius are the chief authorities upon the side unfavourable to the character of Stilicho.

Paulus Orosius, a native of Tarragona in Spain, and a friend of Augustine, wrote his Seven Books of 'Histories' about the year 417, while he was still a young man ('religiosus juvenis'), at the request of the Bishop of Hippo. They were to form a history of the world from the Deluge down to his own time (the last entry relates to the year 417), and the object of the book was to show that bloodshed, oppression, and misery, had ever been the staple of human history, and that 'Christian times' were unjustly blamed for the woes which the barbarians were then inflicting on the Empire. It is a necessary feature in a work undertaken with this view that it should deal rather with universal than contemporary history, and in fact only the last half of the seventh book is devoted to the events of the fourth and early part of the fifth centuries. That portion of the book which might have been of some value as a contemporary authority is thus reduced within somewhat narrow limits, and unfortunately, the deficiency in quantity is not atoned for by excellence in quality. Vague, passionate, and declamatory, Orosius represents only the narrow prejudices of an orthodox provincial of the Empire in his judgments concerning the men and the events of that mighty crisis. Neither barbarians nor unsound Christians have any chance of fair treatment at his hands, and under both categories Stilicho is odious to him. To accept Orosius's picture of the great Vandal as an accurate likeness would be to allow Louis Veuillot to sketch the portrait of Leon Gambetta. Yet even Orosius is not without his use as furnishing a corrective to the extravagant and indiscriminate flattery of Claudian.

Guides:—

Amédée Thierry's Trois Ministres des fils de Theodose —Rufin, Eutrope, Stilicon (Paris, 1865), has been accepted here, as well as in France, as a standard book on the history of this period. The style and arrangement are admirable, but there is a want of accuracy in the details, and a not sufficiently close adherence to the authorities. When, for instance, M. Thierry developes (p. 326) from one slight and vague hint in a poem of Claudian's a long story about the attempts to force Placidia to marry Eucherius, son of Stilicho, and her obstinate struggle to preserve her freedom, he is writing not a history but a romance; and this is the more to be regretted because a novelistic incident like this, so confidently stated by a historian of eminence, is eagerly caught up by his successors and soon becomes part of the Textus Receptus of History.

E. Von Wietersheim's Geschichte der Völker-Wanderung (Leipzig, 4 vols. 1859-64), though not going into so much detail as to this special period, is a book of much more enduring value than Thierry's. The contrasted sketches of Roman and barbaric life during the first four centuries of the Christian era are drawn with great freedom and power. In the fourth volume this author traverses the same ground which is covered by Pallmann in the first volume of his book bearing the same title. Pallmann has the advantage in minute accuracy and analytical study of the authorities, but there is much greater freshness of touch and breadth of view in Von Wietersheim's work. In fact both the two books bear the impress of the previous training of the authors as stated in their prefaces. Pallmann's work breathes of the academic library, Von Wietersheim's of the official bureau. The one is a student's book, and the other a politician's.

THE result of the events recorded in the last chapter but one was that in January 395, Honorius, a boy eleven years of age, began to rule over the Western half of the Roman Empire.

Britain, Gaul, Spain, the south-west corner of Germany, the western half of the province of Illyricum (comprising Austria west of the Danube, and Dalmatia), Italy, and the African shore of the Mediterranean as far east as Tripoli, were all included in the dominions of the young monarch. The whole of this territory, except the northern part of the British province, was still virtually untouched by barbarian invasion. It was the Eastern half of the Empire which had suffered the dangerous aneurism of the Gothic settlement south of the Danube, and which had seen the provinces of Thrace and Macedon, so near to its capital, harried by the yearly incursions of the barbarians: it was the East which, could a prophet have arisen to announce the impending ruin of one half of the Empire, would have seemed likely to fall the first sacrifice. But the marvellous foresight of Constantine, instructed by the difficulties of his own campaign against Licinius, had led him to root his dynasty in a stronghold which, for the space of nine centuries, was to defy external assault, and that city, the offspring of Imperial Christianity, cherished with grateful devotion the powers to which it owed its being. Old Rome, on the other hand, unfavourably situated for defence, and penetrated with memories of Republican freedom and Pagan art, visited only at distant intervals by the Emperors, was sinking into a state of sullen isolation, fearing the ruin of the state, yet almost prepared to view with indifference the ruin of the Caesar.

BOOK I. CH. 4.

Birth of Honorius.

What then was the character and appearance of the lad who from his palace at Milan issued his edicts to the Western world? Hear first the courtly Claudian:—

III Cons. Honorii, 10–23.

'Thee from the fair first dawning of thy life
A palace nurtured; in triumphal strife
A camp, bright with the flashing swords of men,
Nourished thine infancy; for even then
Thy lofty fortunes brooked no humble home,
But gave thee life with empire. Thou didst come,
Meet present from an Empress to her Lord,
And thee in purple swathed his realm adored.
Rome's victor eagles marked thy earliest day,
And in the midst of spears thy cradle lay.
When thou wast born, to Rhine's extremest floods
Germania trembled, the Caucasian woods
Shook with new terror. Meroë[1] no more
—Fearing thy power divine—her quiver bore,
But from her hair the useless arrows tore.
Crawling, o'er shields thou mad'st thy childish way,
And spoils of mighty princes were thy play.'

And again:—

IV Cons. Honorii, 127–158.

'Spain reared thy sire her golden streams beside,
But Bosporus recalls *thy* birth with pride.
From the Hesperian threshold rose thy line,
But bright Aurora was thy nurse divine.
For such a prize what eager strife is shown
Since, of two worlds, each claims thee for her own.
Thebes gloried in the might of Hercules
And joy of Bacchus, both her offspring these;
Delos stood still to mark Apollo's birth,
The tiny Thunderer crept o'er Cretan earth;
But more than Delos, more than Crete, must be
The land which fostered thy divinity.
No narrow shores could *our* new god receive,
Nor might rough Cynthian rocks thy members grieve.

[1] Ethiopia.

Thy mother lay on gold, with gems arrayed,
When upon Tyrian cushions thou wast laid.
A palace echoed to her labour's cry,
And oh! what tokens of thy fortunes high
Abounded then! what flight, what call of birds,
And from pale prophets what mysterious words!
Of thy great name the hornèd Ammon spoke,
Delphi for thee her age-long silence broke.
The Persian Magi sang of thee; thy power
Thrilled through the Etrurian Augur; in that hour
Babylon's sages gazing on the stars
Read with blank fear the triumph of thy wars.
And now once more the rocks of Cumae's cave
Rang with the shrieks the frenzied Sibyl gave.
No Corybantian priests thy birth-cry drowned
With cymbals' clash; an army stood around
In glittering steel; their standards waved above
Thine infant head, oh, more august than Jove!
Thou saw'st adoring legions round thee fall,
And thy shrill cries gave back the trumpet's call.
Empire and life were thine the selfsame day,
And in thy cradle did a consul play[1].
By thy new name the new-born year was known,
It gave thee being, 'twas given thee for thine own.
Quirinus' robe thy mother made thee wear,
And helped thee, crawling, to the curule chair.'

Porphyrogenitus, 'born in the Purple Chamber,' is the key-note of the poet's panegyric. This fortunate accident of birth amid the splendours of royalty was not shared by Arcadius, who came into the world while Theodosius was still in a private station.

The childhood of the 'New Divinity' is thus sketched:—

[1] There is a slight poetical licence here. Strictly, Honorius's consulship did not begin till he was fifteen months old, in 386.

BOOK I. CH. 4.

III Cons. Honorii, 23–38.

His childhood.

'First wast thou wont thy victor-sire to greet,
When he from Ister homeward turned his feet.
'Twas thou who first didst softly soothe the glance
Of that still war-o'ershadowed countenance.
Coaxing, thou pray'dst for trophies from the foe,
A belt Gelonian, or a Scythian bow,
A Dacian javelin, or a Suevic rein.
He on his shining shield, how oft again
Would raise thee smiling; to his panting breast
How oft thy eager little form was pressed.
Thou from the gleaming steel didst fear no harm,
But to the helmet's crest stretched forth thine arm.
And then thy sire would say with holy joy,
King of Olympus! grant that this my boy
Thus may return victorious from his foe,
From wasted Parthia, Babylon laid low.
Red be his sword like mine; like mine his breath
Come panting fast from the great game of Death.
Be war's delicious dust on every limb,
And let him bring me spoils as I to him.'

His real character. Crowned nothingness.

This pretty little picture, borrowed from the Iliad, in which Theodosius is equal to Hector, and Honorius is more than Astyanax (for Astyanax did fear 'the dazzling helm and nodding crest'), need not of course have had any existence in reality.

Let us now turn from poetry to fact, and see what mark the real Honorius made upon the men and things that surrounded him. None. It is impossible to imagine characters more utterly destitute of moral colour, of self-determining energy, than those of the two sons of Theodosius. In Arcadius we do at length discover traces of uxoriousness, a blemish in some rulers, but which becomes almost a merit in him when contrasted with the absolute vacancy, the inability to love, to

hate, to think, to execute, almost to be, which marks the impersonal personality of Honorius. After earnestly scrutinising his life to discover some traces of human emotion under the stolid mask of his countenance, we may perhaps pronounce with some confidence on the three following points.

1. He perceived, through life, the extreme importance of keeping the sacred person of the Emperor of the West out of the reach of danger.

2. He was, at any rate in youth, a sportsman.

3. In his later years he showed considerable interest in the rearing of poultry.

Claudian, de IV Cons. Honorii, 527–9. Procopius, de Bello Vandalico, i. 2.

We must not do him injustice. He was also religious, after the fashion of his time; and he found leisure in some of the direst emergencies of his country to put forth fresh edicts for the suppression of Heresy and Paganism.

It is natural to ask, Why this sudden decay of energy in the Theodosian line? Why in Arcadius and Honorius do we find no trace of the impetuous will of their father. If the coins of Theodosius, his wife, and sons, may be trusted to convey any likeness of the imperial lineaments[1], Flaccilla was the cause. As we so often notice in our daily life, the child that inherits the father's sex copies the mother's character; in feature as well as in mind Arcadius and Honorius are the true sons of the pious, timid, feeble Flaccilla. Instead of the fresh

[1] Portraiture on the coins of the Western Empire ceased undoubtedly during the fifth century, but the face of Honorius seems to be not merely conventional.

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vigorous face and well-defined nose of Theodosius, Honorius inherits the low brow, long feeble nose, and melancholy lymphatic beauty of his mother. Another reason for the extraordinary poverty, almost imbecility, of Honorius's character may be drawn from the unrestrained and increasing irascibility of Theodosius in later life, which, as we gather from a hint of Claudian's, was not always subdued in the presence of the Empress herself. The poet says (addressing Serena, niece and adopted daughter of the Emperor)—

Laus Serenae, 134–138.

'When harassed with the heavy cares of state,
Home he returned, moody and passionate;
When from their angry sire his children fled,
And e'en Flaccilla saw his scowl with dread,
Then thou alone could'st break his roaring rage,
Alone, with soothing speech, his wrath assuage.'

But let us pass on from Honorius to describe the character and fortunes of the real ruler of the Western world, Stilicho.

Stilicho's birth and parentage.

Stilicho was born probably between 350 and 360[1]. He was the son of a Vandal chief who had entered the service of the Emperor Valens,

[1] Claudian (in his poem on the First Consulship of Stilicho) speaks of him as still a young man when married to Serena (apparently about 385). He could not therefore be born earlier than 350. On the other hand, in the De Bello Getico, 459–460, Claudian speaks of his 'well-known white hair'—

'Emicuit Stilichonis apex et *cognita fulsit Canities.*'

He certainly therefore could not have been born later than 360, since this poem relates to the events of 402 or 403.

and had apparently commanded his squadrons of barbarian auxiliaries in a creditable manner. Had there been any worse stigma than the fact of his Vandal descent attaching to Stilicho's parentage, we should certainly have heard it from his captious critic Orosius; had he by either parent been linked to any noble Roman family, we should have had it impressed upon our recollection by his flatterer Claudian, who, however, if his father had been a great general, would certainly not have dropped the hint that 'even though he had wrought no illustrious deed, nor with faithful allegiance to Valens ever guided his chestnut-haired squadrons, it would have been enough for his fame that he was the begetter of Stilicho[1].'

His youth;

When the young Vandal, tall[2], and of stately presence, moved through the streets of Constantinople, the crowds on either hand deferentially made way for him. And yet he was still only a private soldier, but the instinct of the multitude foretold his future advancement. Nor was that advancement long in coming: scarcely had he attained manhood when the Emperor sent him on an embassy to the Persian court[3]. Arrived at Babylon (continues the flattering bard) his proud deportment struck awe into the hearts of the stern nobles of Parthia, while the quiver-bearing multitude

[1] In Prim. Cons. Stilich. i. 36–39. [2] Ib. 51–70.

[3] This embassy was probably in connection with the treaty between the two monarchies solemnly concluded at Constantinople in 384.

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throngèd eagerly to gaze on the illustrious stranger, and the Persian ladies, smitten by his goodly appearance, nourished in secret the hopeless flame of love. Hopeless,—for a higher alliance than that of any Persian dame was in store for him on his return to Constantinople. There, in the court of her uncle Theodosius, dwelt the learned and dignified Serena. She was the daughter of his brother, the elder Honorius, and was older than any of his own children. In the old days, when they were all dwelling together in Spain, and when Theodosius was still in a private station, he took a fancy to the little maiden, and often carried her back with him from her father's house to cheer his own still childless home. When the elder Honorius died, and Theodosius found himself at the summit of the world, he remembered his old favourite, and summoned her, with her sister Thermantia, to his court. Both were adopted by him as his daughters, but Serena retained the stronger influence over him, and, as we have already seen, ventured to approach and to soothe him in those angrier moments when his vapid Empress dared not face his wrath.

and marriage to Serena.

Such was the bride whom the Emperor (probably about the year 385) bestowed on the young warrior. Henceforward his promotion was certain. He rose to high rank in the army, being made Magister Utriusque Militiae some years before the death of Theodosius, he distinguished himself in many campaigns against the Visigoths, and finally, when his wife Serena had brought her little cousin Hono-

Made Master of the Soldiery;

rius to his dying father at Milan, Stilicho received from his sovereign, whom he had no doubt accompanied in his campaign against Arbogast, the guardianship of his son and the regency of the Western Empire.

and Regent of the West.

Of the great abilities of Stilicho as a general and a civil administrator there can be no doubt. As to the integrity of his character there is a conflict of testimony. We are met at the outset by the words of Zosimus, who couples Rufinus and him in the same condemnation, declaring that on the death of Theodosius everything was done in the Western and Eastern Empires according to the mere pleasure of these two men, that they took bribes without any pretence of concealment, that large possessions came to be accounted a calamity, since they marked out the owner for the calumnies and false accusations of delators in the minister's service, that through the perversion of justice all manner of wickedness increased in the cities, that ancient and substantial families were rapidly sunk into penury, while vast masses of wealth of all descriptions were being accumulated in the dwellings of Rufinus and Stilicho.

Difficulty of deciding as to Stilicho's integrity.

Hostile testimony of Zosimus, v. 1.

Claudian, in a fine torrent of angry verse, brings the very same idea of widespread corruption and robbery forcibly before us, but of course with him Rufinus is the only guilty one. Of Stilicho's moral character he draws a flattering picture. His clemency[1] is depicted in twenty-four lines, his truthful-

In Rufinum, i. 182-195.

His panegyric by Claudian.

[1] In Cons. Stilichonis, ii. 6-29.

ness[1] in twenty. His justice[2], patience, temperance, prudence, constancy, are more rapidly sketched; but great stress is laid on his utter freedom from avarice[3], the mother of all the vices, on his firmness in suppressing the too common practice of *delation* (false and frivolous accusations against the rich for the sake of hush-money), and on his bestowal of the offices of the state on merit alone, irrespective of all other considerations.

With this conflict of testimony before us, and feeling that the prejudices of Zosimus *may* make his testimony almost as valueless as the venal verses of Claudian, our best course will be to watch the life of the great Vandal for ourselves, and draw our own conclusion at its close.

Animosity between the Eastern and Western Empires.

One thing is certain, that the animosity existing between Stilicho and the successive ministers of the Eastern Emperor (an animosity which does not necessarily imply any fault on the part of the former) was one most potent cause of the downfall of the Western Empire. In part this was due to the peculiar position of military affairs at the time of the death of Theodosius. The army of the East, the backbone of which was the Gothic auxiliaries, had just conquered, at the river Frigidus, the army of the West, which similarly depended upon the Frankish and West German soldiery. The two hosts coalesced in devotion to Theodosius; they were perhaps ready to follow the standards of a rising general like Stilicho, but they were in no great

[1] In Cons. Stilichonis, ii. 30–49. [2] Ib. 100–110.
[3] Ib. 110–124.

haste to march off to wearisome sentinel duty on the frontiers of Persia or Scythia, nor was Stilicho anxious so to scatter them. Hence heart-burnings between him and the Eastern court, and complaints, perhaps well-founded, made by the latter, that he kept all the most able-bodied and warlike soldiers for himself and sent the cripples and good-for-nothing fellows to Constantinople. Whatever the original grievance, for a period of thirteen years (from 395–408) hearty co-operation between the courts of Rome and Constantinople was unknown, and intrigues which it is impossible now to unravel were being woven by the ministers of Arcadius against Honorius, perhaps by Stilicho against them. The Roman Empire was a house divided against itself, and it is therefore no marvel if it was brought to naught.

Zosimus, v. 4.

Alaric (the all-ruler) surnamed Baltha (the bold), was the Visigothic chieftain whose genius taught him the means of turning this estrangement between the two Empires to the best account. He was probably born about 360. His birth-place was the island Peuce, in the Delta of the Danube, apparently south of what is now termed the Sulina mouth of that river. We have already met with him crossing the Alps as a leader of auxiliaries in the army of Theodosius, when that Emperor marched to encounter Eugenius and Arbogast. With the accession of the two young Princes the spell of the Theodosian name over the barbarian mind was broken. The

Birth and early history of Alaric.

ill-timed parsimony of Rufinus, perhaps of Stilicho also, curtailed the largesses hitherto given to the Gothic troops[1], and thus yet further estranged them from the Empire. Then individual grievances were not wanting to their general. He was still only a leader of barbarian auxiliaries, bound to difficult and little-honoured labour on the wings of the imperial armies[2], though Theodosius had led him to believe that if the campaign against Eugenius prospered he would be promoted to high military office in the regular army, and thus earn the right to command Roman legionaries in the centre of the line of battle. And already perhaps in the very outset of his career he felt that mysterious, irresistible impulse, urging him onwards to Rome[3], which fourteen years after he spoke of to the Italian monk who had almost succeeded by his intercessions in inducing him to turn back from the yet uncaptured city.

But however varied the causes might be, the effect is clear. From the day that Ala-Reiks was accepted as leader of the Gothic people their policy changed, or rather they began to have a policy, which they had never had before. No longer now satisfied to serve as the mere auxiliary of Rome, Alaric adopted the maxim which he himself had probably heard from the lips of Priulf just before his murder by Fravitta, that the Goths had fought Rome's battles long enough, and that the time was

[1] Jornandes, De Rebus Geticis, cap. 29.

[2] Zosimus, v. 5.

[3] Sozomen, ix. 6.

now come for them to fight their own. No longer contented with harrying the ten times harried fields of Moesia and Thrace, he preferred to station himself in Illyricum, near the point probably where the rivers Drave and Save fall into the Danube.

Alaric in Illyricum a wedge between the two Empires.

A glance at the map will show how admirably the Gothic nation was now placed for making the utmost of the estrangement between the two Empires. Between those Julian Alps through whose passes he had followed Theodosius to victory, Alaric could descend upon Italy, or by the southern bank of the Danube he could march down to the old Moesian battlefields and threaten Constantinople. Hovering thus on the frontiers both of Honorius and Arcadius, he, in the words of Claudian,

'Sold his alternate oaths to either throne[1].'

In what sense was he a barbarian?

But that is, of course, the hostile version of his conduct. He doubtless fought craft with craft, but no well-established charge of perfidy is brought against him. And let not the vague and disparaging term 'barbarian' mislead us as to the degree of culture and refinement of character which were to be found in such a man as the Visigothic hero. We have not now before us a mere Tartar ruffian like Attila, Zengis, or Timour, still less a savage, however stately, like a chief

[1] 'Foedera fallax
Ludit, et alternae perjuria venditat aulae.'
De Bello Getico, 566–7.

of the Iroquois or Algonquins. Probably one of our own Plantagenet princes, Edward I or the Black Prince, would furnish us with a more apt resemblance.

Knowing the Roman court and army well, and despising them as heartily, educated in the Christian faith, proud of the willing allegiance of a nation of warriors, fated to destroy, yet not loving the work of mere destruction, Alaric, and the kings of the Visigoths who followed him, are in fact knights errant who rear the standard of chivalry—with its errors as well as its noble thoughts—in the level waste of the Orientalised despotism and effete civilisation of the Roman Empire.

Alaric made King of the Visigoths.

Such then was the chief whom the Visigothic warriors, in accordance with the usages of their forefathers, raised upon the buckler and held aloft in the sight of all men as their newly-chosen king. The actual date of this election is uncertain. It may have been (as Clinton, following Isidore, determines) in the year 382, while Alaric was still in the pay of Theodosius, or, as Aschbach more probably suggests, in 395, immediately after the death of that monarch, and consequent upon the change of policy adopted by the ministers of his sons; or it may have been, as Gibbon conjectures (not apparently on very good grounds), postponed as late as 400.

But the purpose of this election is not clouded by any doubt. As Jornandes says, 'the new king, taking counsel with his people, decided to carve

out for themselves new kingdoms rather than, through sloth, to continue the subjects of others.'

395. What consequences flowed from that kingship.

And little as they knew what they were doing, the flaxen-haired barbarians who in the Illyrian plains raised amid shouts of *Thiudans, Thiudans,* ('the king! the king!') the shield upon which Alaric stood erect, were in fact upheaving into reality the stately monarchy of Spain, with her Pelayos and San Fernandos, her Alonsos and Conquistadors, her Ferdinand and Isabella, with Columbus landing at Guanahani, and Vasco Nunez wading knee-deep into the new-found ocean of the Pacific to take possession of its waves and shores for Spain. All these sights, and, alas, also her Inquisition, her Autos-da-fe, her wrecked Armada, the impotence and bankruptcy of Iberia in these latter days, might have passed before the unsealed eyes of a seer, had there been such an one among those Gothic warriors, for all these things were to spring from that day's decision.

His expeditions into Greece.

Alaric struck first at the East. In one, or more probably two, expeditions (395 and 396) he pushed south from the old outworn battlefield of Moesia, penetrated Thessaly, passed the unguarded defile of Thermopylae, and, according to the heathen-enthusiast Zosimus, 'having gathered all his troops round the sacred city of Athens, he was about to proceed to the assault. When lo! he beheld Athene Promachus, just as she is represented in her statutes, clothed in full armour going round about the walls thereof, and Achilles standing upon the battlements,

v. 6.

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with that aspect of divine rage and thirst for battle which Homer ascribes to him when he heard of the death of Patroclus. Awe-struck at the sight Alaric desisted from his warlike enterprise, signalled for truce, and concluded a treaty with the Athenians. After which he entered the city in peaceful guise with a few of his followers, was hospitably entertained by the chief inhabitants, received presents from them, and departed, leaving both Athens and Attica untouched by the ravages of war.'

He did not turn homewards, however, but penetrated into Peloponnesus, where Corinth, Argos, and Sparta all fell before him.

The double game of Rufinus.

The precise details of these campaigns are difficult to recover, and happily lie beyond our horizon. What is important for us is their bearing on the relations between the two ministers Stilicho and Rufinus. The latter is accused, and with too great a concurrence of testimony to allow us to reject it as a mere fabrication of his enemies, of having actually invited Alaric to invade his master's dominions, or, at any rate, of having smoothed Alaric's passage into Greece in order to remove him from his too menacing neighbourhood to Constantinople. He was jealous of the overshadowing power of Stilicho, he was too conscious of his own intense unpopularity with all classes; even the dumb loyalty of his master was beginning to fail him. A scheme which he had planned for marrying Arcadius to his daughter had failed, and on the night of the wedding the chamberlain Eutropius had brought

with dance and song a fair young Frankish maiden to the Imperial palace instead of the daughter of Rufinus. The beautiful barbarian, who assumed the name of Eudoxia, was now putting forth all her arts to mould the plastic soul of her husband into hostility to his chief minister. Surrounded[1] by so many dangers Rufinus seems to have conceived the desperate idea of playing off one barbarian against another, of saving himself from the Vandal Stilicho by means of Alaric the Goth. To the grief and indignation of the Byzantines he even affected a certain barbaresque fashion in his own costume, changed the flowing toga, which became the Roman magistrate, for the tight leathern garments of the Teutons, and carried the large bow and displayed the heavy, perhaps silver-mounted, bridles which distinguished the auxiliaries from the legions.

Stilicho marches against Alaric, but is crippled by the recall of half his army.

Stilicho, who still commanded the greater part of the united force of both Empires, had come up with the Goth, and was on the point of giving battle, when letters arrived from Constantinople, subscribed by the hand of Arcadius, commanding him to desist from further prosecution of the war, to withdraw the legions of Honorius within the limits of the Western Empire, and to send the other

[1] This is the conventional view of the policy of Rufinus, founded on the statements of Claudian, Zosimus, and some of the chroniclers. Von Wietersheim, agreeing with Pallmann, pleads for a more indulgent estimate of his proceedings, in consideration of the difficulty into which the government at Constantinople was brought by the union of the Eastern and Western armies under Stilicho.

395. half of the army straight to Constantinople. This infatuated decree, which can only be explained by the supposition that Arcadius had really been persuaded of the disloyalty of Stilicho, and feared the rebel more than the barbarian, had been wrung from the Emperor by the cajolery and menaces of Rufinus.

Stilicho obeyed at once, notwithstanding the earnest dissuasions of the soldiers, with a promptness which must surely be allowed to count heavily in proof of his loyalty to the Theodosian line, and his reluctance to weaken the commonwealth by civil war. The army of the whole Roman Empire had appeared for the last time in one common camp[1], the Western portion set off for Italy, the Eastern for Constantinople. With deep resentment in their hearts the latter passed through Thessaly and Macedon, revolving silently a scheme of revenge which, if it passed from the domain of thought into that of uttered words, was faithfully kept from all outside, an army's secret[2].

Revenge of the army on Rufinus.

On their return to Constantinople, Rufinus, who deemed himself now secure from Stilicho's hatred, and who had extorted a promise from Arcadius that he should be associated with him in the sovereignty, caused coins to be struck with his effigy, and prepared a liberal donative for the troops in commemoration of his accession to the

[1] Possibly an exception should be made for the joint campaign of East and West against Carthage in 468.

[2] 'Et fuit arcanum populo.' Claudian, In. Ruf. ii. 290.

Empire. In a plain near the capital the greedy minister and the helpless sovereign proceeded to review the troops. Rufinus, who already practised the condescending suppleness of an imperial bow, addressed individual soldiers by name, informed them of the health of their wives and families, and appropriated to himself the cheers which were meant for the son of Theodosius. While this was going on, and while, on the high platform on which he and Arcadius stood, he could be seen plucking the Emperor by the mantle, beseeching, almost commanding him, to fulfil his promise, and at once declare him co-emperor, the army in the meantime was spreading out both its wings, not to protect but to destroy, and enclosed the imperial platform in a narrower and ever narrower circle. At length Rufinus raised his head, and saw everywhere around him the lowering faces of his foes. One moment of awakening he had from his fond dream of Empire, and then a soldier stepped forth from the ranks, and with the words, 'With this sword Stilicho strikes thee,' plunged the weapon into his heart.

Then as many as were able to do so clustered round the corpse, hacked it to pieces, carried off the limbs in triumph, sowed them over the fields as the Maenads sowed the fragments of the flesh of Pentheus, but fixed the head on a spear, where they made it practise its newly learned lesson of condescending salutation, and carried round through the city the dead hand and arm, with grim ingenuity making the fingers unclose and close again upon

imaginary wealth, and crying out, 'Give, give to the insatiate one.'

395–6. The deed was probably instigated by Gainas.

There is no doubt that the minister had made himself thoroughly hateful to both the people and the army, but we need not accept too literally the statement (taken from Claudian) that the murder was entirely planned by the soldiery. The general under whose command they marched back to Constantinople was Gainas the Goth, a friend of Stilicho's. Zosimus states that Gainas gave the signal for the murder, and had arranged the whole pageant of the review for this express object, a statement which we can easily believe when we find that for the next five or six years the chief power over the feeble soul of Arcadius was divided between three persons, his fair Frankish Empress Eudoxia, Eutropius, the haggard old eunuch who had placed her on the throne, and Gainas the Goth, commander of the Eastern army.

Campaign of 396.

Again, in the year 396, did Stilicho, now commanding only the Western forces, volunteer to deliver Greece from the Visigoths. The outset of the campaign was successful. The greater part of Peloponnesus was cleared of the invader, who was shut up in the rugged mountain country on the confines of Elis and Arcadia. The Roman army was expecting soon to behold him forced by famine to an ignominious surrender, when they discovered that he had pierced the lines of circumvallation at an unguarded point, and marched with all his plunder northwards to Epirus. What was the cause of

this unlooked-for issue of the struggle? 'The disgraceful carelessness of Stilicho,' says Zosimus. 'He was wasting his time with harlots and buffoons when he should have been keeping close watch on the enemy.' 'Treason,' hints Orosius. 'Orders from Constantinople, where a treaty had been concluded with Alaric,' half suggests Claudian, but he does not tell the story as if he himself believed it. The most probable explanation of this and of some similar passages in Stilicho's subsequent career is that Fabian caution co-operated with the instinct of the *Condottiere* against pushing his foe too hard. There was always danger for Rome in driving Alaric to desperation: there was danger privately for Stilicho if the dead Alaric should render him no longer indispensable.

Alaric invested by the Eastern statesmen with official authority in Illyricum.

Whatever might be the cause, by the end of 396 Alaric was back again in his Illyrian eyrie, and thenceforward whatever threats might be directed towards the East the actual weight of his arms was felt only by the West. Partly, at least, this is to be accounted for by the almost sublime cowardice of the ministers of Arcadius, who rewarded his Grecian raids by clothing him with the sacred character of an officer of the Empire in their portion of Illyricum. The precise title under which he exercised jurisdiction is not stated [1], but the scope

[1] Gibbon's 'Master-General of Illyricum' is, I think, only a conjecture, though a very probable one. The second extract from Claudian quoted on the next page looks as if the title were Duke, perhaps 'Dux Daciae Ripensis et Moesiae Primae.'

of his powers and his manner of wielding them are thus described by Claudian—

'He who, unpunished, laid Achaia waste
And smote Epirus, foremost now is placed
In all the Illyrian land[1]. Each city's gate
Greets the new friend, the armed destroyer late:
And in law's name he sways the trembling crew
Whose wives he ravished, and whose sons he slew[2].'

And again[3], where Alaric is supposed to be himself rehearsing the matter to his followers—

'Our race, of old, by its own strength prevailed,
When still it fought unweaponed and unmailed;
But now, since Rome gave rights into my hand,
And owned me Duke[4] of the Illyrian land,
How many a spear and sword and helmet fair
Did not I make the Thracian's toil prepare,
And, bidding Law my lawless purpose crown,
Took iron tribute from each Roman town.
So Fate was with me. So the Emperor gave
The very race I plundered as my Slave.
The hapless citizens, with many a groan,
Furnished the arms for havock all their own:
And in the flame, o'erwatched by tears and toil,
The steel grew red, its craftsman's home to spoil.'

From what has been before said, it will be understood that these last expressions of the poet must not be interpreted literally. It was not the inhabit-

[1] 'Praesidet Illyrico.'

[2] In Eutropium, ii. 214–218.

[3] De Bello Getico, 533–543.

[4] 'At nunc Illyrici postquam mihi tradita jura
Meque suum fecere ducem, tot tela, tot enses,
Tot galeas multo Thracum sudore paravi;
Inque meos usus vectigal vertere ferri
Oppida legitimo jussu Romana coegi,' &c.

ants of Illyricum itself against whom the collected arms of Alaric were to be used. But, taking the Roman Empire as a whole, the statement is true enough that during an interval of quiescence, which lasted apparently about four years, the Visigothic King was using the forms of Roman law, the machinery of Roman taxation, the almost unbounded authority of a Roman provincial governor, to prepare the weapon which was one day to pierce the heart of Rome herself.

The dependence of Rome upon Africa for her food-supply.

The Imperial City, during the first portion of this interval, was suffering the pangs of famine. For centuries, as the rural element in the population of Italy grew weak and the urban element grew strong, the dependence of Rome for her food-supply upon foreign lands, and especially on the great grain-producing countries which lined the southern shore of the Mediterranean, had become more absolute and complete. In fact, the condition of Rome, from the point of view of a political economist, was during the whole period of the Emperors as unsatisfactory as can well be imagined. She had long passed (nor is that surprising) out of the self-sufficing stage, in which she produced within her own territory all the necessaries of life for her citizens. But then, having devoted herself so exclusively to the arts of war and the science of politics, she was not producing any mercantile equivalent for the food which she needed. Her sole manufacture, we may almost say, was the Roman legionary, her chief exports armies and praetors;

and in return for these, through the taxation which they levied, she imported not only the ten thousand vanities and luxuries which were consumed by her wealthy nobles, but also the vast stores of grain which were distributed by the Caesar, as a Terrestrial Providence, among the ever-increasing, ever-hungrier swarms of needy idlers who represented the *Plebs Romana*.

The corn of Egypt diverted to Constantinople.

Since the foundation of Constantinople, the area of supply had been diminished by one-half; Egypt had ceased to nourish the elder Rome. No longer now, as in the days of a certain Jewish prisoner who appealed to Nero, would a Roman centurion easily find in Lycia 'a ship of Alexandria' with a cargo of wheat 'about to sail for Italy.' Ships from that port now preferred the nearer and safer voyage through the land-locked Archipelago, and discharged their cargoes at Constantinople.

Rome was thus reduced to an almost exclusive dependence on the harvests of Africa proper (that province of which Carthage was the capital), of Numidia, and of Mauretania, whose corn-growing capacities must not be measured by the scanty dimensions to which they have now dwindled under centuries of Mohammedan misrule. But this supply, ever since the death of Theodosius, had been in a precarious condition; and in the year 397 was entirely stopped by the orders of Gildo, who had made himself virtual master of these three provinces.

Gildo the Moor.

It has been before stated that the war which the elder Theodosius brought to a successful issue in

Africa in the year 374 was waged with a certain Mauretanian rebel named Firmus. The son of a great sheep-farmer, Nabal [1], he had left behind him several brothers, one of whom, Gildo, had in the year 386 gathered up again some portion of his brother's broken power [2]. We find him, seven years later (in 393), holding the rank of Count of Africa in the Roman official hierarchy. Probably the troubles in the house of Valentinian had enabled him, though a doubtful friend to the Empire, to force himself into this position. While the great duel between Theodosius and Arbogast was proceeding, he held aloof from the contest, rendering indeed a nominal allegiance to the former, but refusing to send the men or the ships which he called for. Had not the death of Theodosius followed so promptly upon his victory, men said [3] that he would have avenged this insincere adhesion, worse than open enmity, upon the Count of Africa in a way which would have recalled the early days of Roman history, when Tullus Hostilius tied the dictator of Alba, Mettius Fuffetius, to chariots driven in opposite directions, and so tore asunder the body of him whose mind had wavered between loyalty and treason.

His doubtful loyalty in 394.

But the great Emperor having died in his prime,

[1] Will Punic influence justify us in coupling this Semitic-sounding name with the churlish Nabal of the Bible?

[2] In the year 398 Africa complains, according to Claudian (De Bello Gildonico, 153), that she has been for twelve years subject to the tyranny of Gildo.

[3] Claudian, De Bello Gildonico, 254–5.

BOOK I. CH. 4.

Gildo's day of punishment was deferred. Nay, more, he turned to his own account the perennial jealousy existing between the ministers of the Eastern and Western Courts, renounced his allegiance to Rome, and preferred to transfer it to Constantinople. What brought matters to a crisis was his refusal to allow the grain crops of 397 to be conveyed to Rome. Our often-quoted poet represents the Mistress of the World calling, in the agony of hunger, upon Jove, 'not now with her wonted look of pride; not with that commanding mien with which she dictates her laws to Britain or lays her *fasces* upon trembling India. No, but with weak voice and tardy steps and eyes dimmed of their lustre, with hollow cheeks and thin hunger-wasted arms that scarce could upbear the shield; her unloosed helmet showed her whitened hair, and she trailed her rusted spear feebly behind her.' Then, in the bitterness of her soul, she addressed the Thunderer, telling him that her conquest of Carthage had been in vain if Gildo, a meaner and more odious Hannibal, was to lord it over Africa. 'Even the magnitude of my Empire oppresses me. Oh! for the happy days when Veii and the Sabines were my only foes. Oh! that I could return to the old limits and the walls of good King Ancus. Then the harvests of Etruria and Campania, the acres which the Curii and Cincinnatus ploughed and sowed would be sufficient for my need.' The return to these narrow limits, which he introduces as a mere flower of poetry, was nearer than the poet thought.

397. and open rebellion in 397.

De Bello Gildonico, 19-25;

105-111.

The Roman Senate declared war in the early winter months of 398 against Gildo. Stilicho, who, of course, undertook the fitting out of the expedition, found a suitable instrument for Rome's chastisement in one who had had cruel wrongs of his own to avenge upon Gildo. This was yet another son of Nabal, Mascezel, who, not favouring his brother's ambitious schemes, had withdrawn to Italy. To punish this defection Gildo had caused his two sons to be slain, and their bodies to be left unburied. Now at the head of a Roman armament consisting of six legions[1], or nearly 40,000 men, Mascezel set forth.

398.

The Gildonic war.

Mascezel.

Claudian brings vividly before us the embarkation from the harbour of Pisa, which the shouts of the soldiers and the bustle of the armament filled, even as Agamemnon's warriors made Aulis echo when they were assembling for the war against Troy. Then we see the fleet set forth: they leave the Riviera on their right, they give a wide berth to Corsica, they reach Sardinia, and land at Cagliari, where they wait for favouring zephyrs.

The armament despatched from Pisa.

Here, unfortunately, our mythological poet breaks off, and we are handed over to the very different guidance of the devout but foolish Orosius. He describes how Mascezel, having learned from Theodosius the efficacy of prayer, made sail for the island of Capraria[2], and there took on board certain holy

The monks of Caprera.

[1] The Jovian, Herculean, Nervian, Felix, Augustan, and 'the Leones' (Claudian, De Bello Gildonico, 415–424).

[2] Garibaldi's Caprera.

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servants of God (monks) with whom he spent the following days in prayers, fastings, and the recitation of psalms, and thus earned a victory without war, and revenge without the guilt of murder.

Defeat and death of Gildo.

For when they reached a river which seems to have been the frontier between Numidia and the province of Carthage, and when he found that on the opposite side the enemy, 60,000 strong, were drawn up prepared to join battle with his inferior numbers, in the night that holy man, Ambrose of Milan, then lately deceased, appeared to him in a vision, and striking the ground thrice with his staff said, 'Here, here, here.' The prophecy was clear, that place was to be the scene of the victory, which they were to achieve on the third day. After waiting the appointed time, and passing the third night in prayers, the singing of hymns, and the celebration of the Sacrament, they moved onward and met their foes with pious words. A standard-bearer of the enemy pressed insolently forward. He was wounded in the arm, the standard fell, the distant cohorts thought that Gildo had given the signal for surrender, and came in by troops to give themselves up to Mascezel. The Count of Africa fled, escaped on ship-board, was pursued, brought back to land, put to death (some say[1] he committed suicide); but all this was done by others, so that the hands and the conscience of Mascezel were clear from his brother's blood, and yet he had the revenge for which he longed. The

[1] Zosimus, v. 11.

scene of Gildo's death was Tabraca, a little town still existing under the name Tabarca, on the frontiers of Tunis and Algiers. 398.

And thus the provinces of Africa were for the time won back again for the Empire of the West, and Rome had her corn again [1].

Death of Mascezel attributed to Stilicho.

The fate of Mascezel, the re-vindicator of Africa, is an enigma. The version given by Zosimus is that generally accepted. He says [2], that he returned in triumph to Italy, that Stilicho, who was secretly envious of his reputation, professed an earnest desire to advance his interests; but that when the Vandal was going forth to a suburb (probably of Milan), as he was crossing over a certain bridge, with Mascezel and others in his train, at a given signal the guards crowded round the African and hustled him off into the river below. 'Thereat Stilicho laughed, but the stream hurrying the man away, caused him to perish for lack of breath.'

Orosius, however, makes no mention of all this. In his narrative, which is written with a bias towards religious edification, Mascezel, in the hour of his triumph, is described as neglecting the society of the holy men whom he had taken on board at Caprera, and even daring to violate the sanctity of

[1] The patrimony of Gildo, perhaps representing that of the whole house of Nabal, was confiscated to the use of the state, that is of the Emperor, and was so extensive that in the Notitia Occidentis, cap. xi, the 'Count of the Patrimony of Gildo' is placed in the first class of officials subject to the Administrator of the Imperial Domains ('Comes Rerum Privatarum').

[2] v. 11.

BOOK I. CH. 4. 398.

the churches by laying hands on some of the rebels who had taken refuge there. 'The penalty for this sacrilege followed in due course, for after some time he himself was punished under the very eyes and amid the exulting cries of those whom he had thus sought to slay. Thus when he hoped in God he was assisted, and when he despised Him he was put to death.'

This does not seem to describe the same scene as the tumultuary assassination of which Zosimus speaks. As Orosius hates Stilicho, and omits no opportunity of insinuating calumnies against him, his silence appears to outweigh the hostile testimony of Zosimus, who generally leans to the side of detraction. Possibly the Roman ministers who had seen Firmus rise again in Gildo may have feared that Gildo would rise again in Mascezel, and may have determined by fair means or foul to crush the viper's brood of the house of Nabal; but such a crime, committed for reasons of state, however foul a thing in itself, is different from the assassination prompted by mere personal envy, which has been on insufficient grounds attributed to the Vandal hero.

Marriage of Honorius to Maria daughter of Stilicho.

The glory and power of Stilicho were now nearly at their highest point. Shortly before the expedition against Gildo he had given his daughter Maria in marriage to Honorius, and the father-in-law of the Emperor might rightly be deemed to hold power with a securer grasp than his mere chief minister. In the poem on the nuptials of Honorius

and Maria, a poem in which the mythological element—Cupid, Venus, the Nereids, and the like—is more than usually prominent, Claudian seems perplexed to know which he is to praise the most—the Emperor, the bride, or the bride's father. He settles at length, however, on Stilicho, even daring to say—

> 'More of our duty e'en our prince hath won
> Since thou, unconquered captain, call'st him son[1].'

And to this quarter of the compass, during the remaining six years over which his poems extend, the needle of his muse's devotion pointed faithfully. He tells us, and one is disposed to believe that the flattery is not wholly baseless, that when Stilicho trod the streets of Rome there was no need of any herald to announce his advent[2]. Even when surrounded by the throng of citizens his lofty stature, his demeanour, stately yet modest, his voice, accustomed to command, yet free from the loud arrogance of the mere military swash-buckler; above all, his capacious forehead and his hair, touched with an early whiteness by the cares of state, and suggesting the gravity of age combined with the vigour of youth, all proclaimed his presence to the people; all forced the by-stander to exclaim, '*Hic est, hic Stilichon.*' ('This, this can be none else than Stilicho.')

[1] 'Plus jam, plus domino cuncti debere fatemur
Quod gener est, invicte, tuus.'
De Nupt. Honor. et Mariae, 335–6.

[2] De Nupt. Honor. et Mariae, 318–325.

BOOK I. CH. 4. 398-9.

In the same poem, Claudian indulges in anticipations of the birth of a little 'Honoriades,' who should climb the knees of his grandfather[1], an anticipation, however, which was not realised. There was no issue of the marriage, and though there can be no doubt that the birth of an imperial grandson would have, more than anything else, consolidated the power of Stilicho, even this failure of issue was, at a later day, attributed to the magical arts of Serena and included in the indictment against her too prosperous family.

Consulship of Eutropius and Theodorus.

The years 399 and 400 were memorable ones in the Consular Fasti. For the first of these years, Eutropius, the chamberlain and ruling favourite at the Court of Constantinople, was nominated Consul on behalf of the East; while Mallius Theodorus, a Roman of respectable rank and character, was the colleague given him by the West. For though the Consul's titular dignity was connected properly with Old Rome alone, this divided nomination between the two portions of the Empire seems to have been usual, if not universal.

Degradation of the consulship.

Slaves and freedmen, even of the degraded class of eunuchs to which Eutropius belonged, had before now, under weak Emperors, and especially under Constantius, exercised great power in the state, but it had been always by keeping themselves in the background and working upon the suspicions or vanity of their lord. But that a slave who had

[1] De Nupt. Honor. et Mariae, 340-1.

sunk lower and lower in the menial ranks as he passed from one master to another till he at length received his freedom as the contumelious prize of his age and ugliness, that an old and wrinkled eunuch, who had combed the hair of his mistress and fanned her with peacocks' feathers, should sit in the chair of Brutus, be preceded by the lictors with the fasces, and affect to command the armies of Rome, was too much for the still remaining pride of the *Senatus Populus Que Romanus.* The populace of Constantinople only laughed at the effeminate voice and faded prettinesses of the Eunuch-Consul, but the Western Capital refused to defile her annals with his name, and wrote down Mallius Theodorus as sole Consul. By a not unnatural blunder, in after years the blank space was filled up by the decision of the Western magistrate's name, and the year 399 (A.U.C. 1152) was assigned to 'Mallius *et* Theodorus, Consules.' 399.

Fall of Eutropius.

The same year which witnessed the elevation of Eutropius to the Consulship saw also his downfall and execution. His arrogance and presumption offended the high-spirited Eudoxia whom he reminded once too often of her obligations to him. Gainas, the Goth, likewise turned against him, and thus two of the members of the coalition which had destroyed Rufinus were united against the third. But though one of the most cunning and persistent of the enemies of Stilicho was removed when the eunuch fell, hostility to the great Vandal

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was still the prevailing tone in the counsels of Constantinople.

400.

Consulship of Stilicho.

In the following year (400) Stilicho himself was raised to the Consulship. The promotion seems to have come somewhat tardily to one whose power and whose services were so transcendent, but there was perhaps a reluctance to confer this peculiarly Roman office on one so recently sprung from a barbarian stock [1]. Claudian's muse was roused by this exaltation of his patron to some of her finest efforts. In the trilogy of poems celebrating the first Consulship of Stilicho [2], the enthusiastic bard furnishes us with many of those details as to the youth and early manhood of the General, which have been already quoted: he describes how he had by the mere terror of his name brought Germany into such a state of subjection and civilisation, that the perplexed traveller sailing down the Rhine was fain to ask himself which was indeed the German, which the Roman shore; he celebrates the civic virtues of his hero, and he closes with a rapturous description of the sports in the amphitheatre which were to celebrate the joyful event, and for which Diana and all her nymphs with glad willingness purveyed the needful animals.

Claudian's congratulatory prophecy.

From amidst the prophecies of future glory and

[1] Yet that this cannot have been the only reason is sufficiently shown by the examples of Bauto, Merobaudes, and Dagalaiphus.

[2] The so-called poem on the Second Consulship evidently bears an erroneous title, and really belongs to the First.

victory, which are, as it were, a common form in such compositions, one may be selected which concludes the second poem. The personifications are doubtless less vivid than those of the great Epic Poets, and some of the images are perhaps blurred in the original, and must be yet more so in a translation. Still, as one of the latest mythological pictures in Roman art, and as a forecast of the future of the Empire, delivered at the very commencement of the fifth century (according to our reckoning), the passage may be found not devoid of interest—

The Cave of Time.

'Far off, in some wild spot, unknown of men,
Scarce to be traced e'en by the Immortals' ken,
Yawns the vast Cave, dark mother of the years,
Forth from whose depths each new-born time appears,
Whither it hastes, when ended. All the place
Is girdled by a serpent's coiled embrace:
For ever fresh each green and glittering scale,
And the jaws close upon the back-bent tail,
End and beginning one. Before the Gates
Primeval Nature, stately guardian, waits,
And all around her, as in act to fly,
Hang the swift souls, soon to be born or die.

Time.

Meanwhile a man, of venerable age,
Writes Fate's firm verdicts on his opened page.
He tells the stars, he knows their devious way,
The secret cause of every orb's delay,
And the fixed laws which death and life obey.
He knows what prompts the mazy course of Mars,
The Thunderer's steadfast course among the stars,
The Moon's swift orbit, Saturn's sluggish pace,
Why Venus, Mercury, haunt Sol's resting-place.

The Sun enters upon the new year.

Soon as that threshold feels the Sun-god's feet,
The mighty Mother runs his steps to greet,

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400.

That ancient mage, before the sunbeam's glare,
Bends all the snow-white honours of his hair,
And then, self-moved, the adamantine doors
Turn backwards; gleam upon the spacious floors
The conquering rays; Time's mysteries old and new,
In Time's own realm, lie open to the view.

A Golden Age allotted to Stilicho by the sun.

Here, each apportioned to its separate cell,
By various metals marked, the ages dwell.
Here are the brazen years, a crowded line,
Here the stern iron, there the silvern shine.
Oh! safely guarded, rare for earth to hold,
Lie the great boons, the ruddy years of gold.
Of these the Titan chooses the most fair,
The noble form of Stilicho to wear,
Bids all the rest to follow, and as they fly
Salutes them thus, and tells their destiny.

'Lo! he, for whom the better age so long
Has tarried, comes, a Consul. Oh ye throng
Of years that men have yearned for, haste amain
And all the Virtues carry in your train.
Once more from you let mighty minds be born,
The joy of Bacchus, Ceres' wealth of corn.
Let not the starry Serpent, by the Pole,
Hiss forth the icy breath that chills the soul:
Nor with immoderate cold let Ursa rage,
With heat the Lion; Cancer's heritage
Let not the fury of the summer burn,
Nor let Aquarius, of the lavish urn,
Wash out the seeds from earth with lashing showers.
Let Phrixus' Ram lead in the spring with flowers,
But not the Scorpion's hail the olives bruise,
Nor Virgin! thou the autumnal germs refuse
Kindly to foster. Dog-star! let the vine
Grape-crowned, not hear too loud that bark of thine.'

He said and sought the saffron-flaming fields
And his own vale, which circles and enshields
A fiery stream. There in a deep-grown glade,
Where feed his deathless steeds, his steps he stayed,

Bound with the fragrant flowers his amber hair,
The manes and bridles of his coursers fair—
Here served him Lucifer, Aurora there—
And with them smiling, stood the Year of Gold,
Proud on his brow the Consul's name to hold.
Then on its hinge the gate is backward rolled,
And the stars write the Stilichonian name
On Rome's eternal calendars of fame.'

NOTE B. On the Name Alaric.

NOTE B.

Alaric = *Ala-Reiks*. As to the termination *Reiks* there is no difficulty. Allied apparently to the Latin *rex* it is the regular equivalent of *prince* or *ruler* in Ulfilas's translation of the Bible, e.g. John xii. 31, 'Nu sa *reiks* this fairwaus usvairpada ut'—'Now is the *prince* of this world cast out.' Matt. ix. 18, '*Reiks* ains qimands invait ïna qithands thatei dauhtar meina nu gasvalt'—'A certain *ruler* coming worshipped him saying that my daughter is now dead.' Eph. ii. 2, 'Bi *reik* valdufnjis luftaus'—'according to the *prince* of the power of the air.' Romans xiii. 3, 'Thai auk *reiks* ni sind agis godamma vaurstva ak ubilamma'—'For *rulers* are not a terror to good work but to evil.' The Gothic equivalent of *King* is *Thiudans*.

This *Reiks* is of course the final *ric* in the Vandal Genseric and Hunneric, the Frankish Chilperic, the Ostrogoth Theodoric, the Spanish Roderic, and the English Leofric.

The first part of the name, *Ala*, is perhaps not quite so clear, as *alls* (all) in Gothic is generally spelt with two l's both in its simple form or in its compounds; but we do find *Ala*-mans = 'all-men,' 'mankind,' and *Ala*-tharba, '*utterly* destitute,' in the parable of the Prodigal Son, Luke xv. 15. (See the Gothic Lexicon in Gabelenz and Löbe's Ulfilas.)

The surname Baltha is, without dispute, the Gothic equivalent for 'bold,' thus John vii. 13, 'Nih than ainshun svethauh *baltha-ba* rodida bi ïna in agisis Iudaie'—'But not any-one however, *boldly* spoke (thus) concerning him from fear of the Jews.' It is apparently the same word which appears in our English name Ethelbald (Query the German Willibald and the Italian Garibaldi).

From a passage in Jornandes (cap. xxix) it has generally been supposed that Alaric came of the race of the Balthae, a royal family among the Visigoths, corresponding to the

Amals among the Ostrogoths. Aschbach, however, in his 'Geschichte der West-gothen' shows some reasons for believing that Baltha was a personal surname of Alaric adopted by his successors, as Augustus was by the Roman Emperors. The point is one which it is not easy to decide. NOTE B.

NOTE C. On the Division of Illyricum.

The division of the Empire between East and West on the accession of the sons of Theodosius, though it was possibly meant to be less complete than some preceding partitions[1], proved to be the final one. It is worth while to indicate the line of division, which is sufficiently accurately traced for us in the Notitia. In Africa it was the well-known frontier marked by 'the Altars of the Philaeni,' which separated Libya (or Cyrenaica) on the East from Africa Tripolitana on the West. Modern geographers draw exactly the same line (about 19° E. of Greenwich) as the boundary of Barca and Tripoli. NOTE C.

On the Northern shore of the Mediterranean the matter is a little more complicated. Noricum, Pannonia, Savia, and Dalmatia belonged to the West, and Dacia—not the original but the later province of Dacia—to the East. This gives us for the frontier of the Western Empire the Danube as far as Belgrade, and on the Adriatic the modern town of Lissa. The inland frontier is traced by geographers some 60 miles up the Save from Belgrade, then southwards by the Drina to its source, and so across the mountains to Lissa. Thus Sclavonia, Croatia, and Dalmatia in the Austrian Empire, and Croatia, most of Bosnia, Herzegovina, and Montenegro in the state which was lately called Turkey in Europe, belonged to the Western Empire. The later province of Dacia, which fell to the Eastern share, included

[1] 'Archadius et Honorius germani utrumque imperium *divisis tantum sedibus* tenere coeperunt.' Marcellini Chronicon, s. a. 395. Marcellinus, however, is by no means a contemporary authority, having written in the middle of the sixth century.

NOTE C. Servia (Old and New), the south-east corner of Bosnia, the North of Albania, and the west of Bulgaria. By this partition the *Prefecture* of Illyricum, as constituted by Diocletian, was divided into two nearly equal parts. The north-western half, which we may call speaking roughly the Austrian (including Austria's recent acquisitions in the direction of Bosnia), was given to Rome, while the south-eastern, or the Turkish and Greek half fell to the dominion of Constantinople.

What makes the subject somewhat perplexing to the student is the tendency to confuse Illyricum the *province* and Illyricum the *prefecture*. The former was nearly identical with the province afterwards called Dalmatia (Modern Dalmatia + Bosnia + Herzegovina), and was allotted almost in its entirety to the Western Empire. The latter reached, as we have seen, from the Danube to Cape Matapan. It is of this that historians are thinking when, in describing the territorial changes of this period, they speak of Eastern and Western Illyricum.

Some modern writers have represented that this division of Illyricum was a grievance which Old Rome had against New at the close of the fourth century. Tillemont (Histoire des Empereurs, v. 157) has shown that the division was made by Gratian at the time of the accession of Theodosius. It is nowhere, I believe, mentioned by contemporary historians as a cause of quarrel, and in fact, looking back to the Diocletianic scheme of division, it would rather seem as if the East were entitled to complain at not having the whole of the Prefecture of Illyricum than the West at having to relinquish a part.

CHAPTER V.

ALARIC'S FIRST INVASION OF ITALY.

Authorities.

Sources:—

CLAUDIAN and OROSIUS are here our chief authorities, and even Claudian fails us after the year 404. ZOSIMUS is of hardly any use at all for this period. There are evidences of imperfection in the MS. (at the beginning of Book v. cap. 26), but they are not enough to exonerate Zosimus from the charge of extreme negligence or ignorance as to this part of the history. OLYMPIODORUS, who will be more fully described hereafter, gives us a hint or two about Radagaisus.

In the dearth of other materials we begin to find ourselves under considerable obligation to

THE ANNALISTS,

of whom it is now time to make some mention.

Five or six men, chiefly ecclesiastics, imposed upon themselves the task of continuing the chronicle which, begun by Eusebius and added to by Jerome, had described in short annalistic style the chief events in the history of the world from the Creation to the death of Valens. Some remarks upon the style and manner of thought of these annalists will be made in a later chapter. It is sufficient to observe here that they seldom give more than six lines to each year, often less, and that a disproportionate amount of that small space is devoted to petty ecclesiastical squabbles. I quote from the useful edition of Roncalli (2 vols. Padua, 1787).

The chief of the annalists for the whole period covered by this book are—PROSPER, IDATIUS, and MARCELLINUS.

TIRO PROSPER, of Aquitaine, a celebrated Father of the

Gaulish Church and earnest champion of orthodoxy against Pelagianism, lived from about 400 to 450. He is thus a contemporary writer, and if we could be certain that the chronicle which passes under his name was truly and entirely his work it would be of the highest authority. Unfortunately, however, the literary history of this chronicle is beset with difficulties. Four versions of it are given in Roncalli's edition. Three, which he calls the Chronicon Integrum, the Chronicon ex MS. Augustano, and the Chronicon ex codice Vaticano-Alexandrino, are substantially the same work, with amplifications in one MS. and contractions in another, which do not seriously impair their accord on important points. But the fourth, which was first published by Peter Pithoeus, in the 16th century, is so extremely dissimilar to the other three, though it begins and ends with the same words, that it is difficult to believe that it can have proceeded from the same author. It counts by the years of the Emperors, they by the years of Consuls; it is often hopelessly wrong in its chronology where they are right, it sometimes throws out insinuations against eminent persons for whom they have only praise. In view of the extreme improbability of this chronicle being the work of the same Tiro Prosper, who wrote the original of the other three, the critics of two centuries ago hit upon the unfortunate expedient of dividing that author's name, and attributing the really valuable and accurate document to *Prosper of Aquitaine*, while the inferior work is assigned to a certain *Tiro*, who never had any existence except in their own imaginations. This is most uncritical, and has not even the merit of convenience as a working hypothesis. The question of the authorship of the Homeric poems would only be complicated by calling the writer of the Iliad, Homer, and of the Odyssey, Maeonides. To assign all the other plays to William Shake*speare*, and to insist on spelling the name of the author of Henry VI, or Titus Andronicus, Shaks*pere* would be a bewildering way of marking one's doubt of their genuineness. It is to be hoped that some one of the great scholars of Germany will take up the question of the true relationship of all the so-

called Chronicles of Prosper to one another[1]. In the meantime, if the inaccurate one be quoted at all (and it has a few valuable details), let it be not by the misleading name of Tiro but as 'Pseudo-Prosper (Pithoean MS.).' The other chronicle, whoever be its author, (and even it may turn out to be incorrectly ascribed to Prosper) seems certainly the earliest and most accurate account of the events of the barbaric invasions in an annalistic form that we possess.

These Annals reach down to 455. A MS. at Copenhagen contains a continuation, by another hand, to the year 514.

IDATIUS, a native of Lamego, in the North of Portugal, and a bishop, flourished in the latter half of the Fifth century, and composed a chronicle of events from the accession of Valens to the elevation of Simplicius to the pontificate in 468. His chronology of Italian events is often wrong, but his notices of the proceedings of the Visigoths and Vandals in Spain are comparatively full and valuable.

MARCELLINUS, Count of Illyria, one of the ministers of Justinian, who flourished in the first part of the Sixth century, wrote a chronicle of the events from the accession of Theodosius to the year 534 (continued by a later hand to 566). It is fairly accurate, much fuller for the affairs of the East than for those of the West, and sometimes interesting by its very silence, as showing of what slight account transactions which we perceive to have been of incalculable importance to Western Europe, appeared to a Byzantine courtier and administrator.

The end of the fourth century.

THE year of gold, which was honoured by Stilicho's Consulship, and which, according to our computation, closed the century that had witnessed the foundation of Constantinople and the marriage

[1] The articles by Holder-Egger in the Neues Archiv for 1876 (which I have met with since writing the above) seem to leave little to be desired in this respect.

BOOK I. CH. 5. 400.

between Christianity and the Empire, saw also Alaric's first invasion of Italy. The details of this inroad are supplied to us with a most sparing hand by the few historians who mention it, and even their meagre facts are not easy to reconcile with one another. The discussion of some of these difficulties is postponed to the note at the end of this chapter. In the meantime the following narrative is submitted to the reader as upon the whole the most probable that can be constructed out of the varying accounts of the authorities; but there is scarcely an event in it which can be stated with certainty, except the battle of Pollentia, and even that, as to its date, its cause, and its issue, is involved in perplexity and contradiction.

Alaric enters Italy with an army and a nation.

In the course of the year 400 Alaric descended into Italy with an army, which, as so often in the case of these barbaric campaigns, was not an army but a nation. Determined not to return to Illyria, but to obtain, by force or persuasion, a settlement for his people on the Italian soil, he brought with him his wife and children, the families of his warriors, all the spoil which he had taken in Greece, all the treasures which he had accumulated during his rule in Eastern Illyricum. He marched from Belgrade up the valley of the Save by Laybach and the well-remembered pass of the Pear-Tree [1].

[1] Jornandes, De Reb. Get. cap. xxix: 'Et sumpto exercitu, per Pannonius Stilicone et Aureliano consulibus et per Sirmium dextro latere quasi viris vacuam intravit Italiam.' Compare Claudian, De Bello Getico, 281–288, where Stilicho distinctly

This road, the one by which most of the great invasions of Italy in the fifth century were made, presents, as has been before remarked, nothing of truly Alpine difficulty. It is mountainous; it would furnish to an active general many opportunities for harassing such an army as that of Alaric, encumbered with women and waggons, but there is no feature of natural difficulty about it which our own Wales or Cumberland could not equal or surpass.

He passes Aquileia

Precisely, however, because of the comparatively defenceless character of this part of the Italian frontier, the wise forethought of Senate and Emperors had planted in this corner of the Venetian plain the great colony, port and arsenal of Aquileia, whose towers were visible to the soldiers of Alaric's army as they wound round the last spurs of the Julian Alps, descending into the valley of the Isonzo. Aquileia was still the Virgin-fortress, the Metz of Imperial Italy, and not even Alaric was to rob her of her impregnable glory. A battle took place under her walls [1], in which the Romans suffered a disastrous defeat; but the city—we may

asserts that the successes of Theodosius over Maximus and Eugenius had taught Alaric the way into Italy.

[1] Claudian, De Bello Getico, 562–3:

'Deploratumque Timavo
Vulnus et Alpinum gladiis abolete pudorem.'

Stilicho speaks and urges his soldiers to avenge the defeat by the Timavus. The 'Fontes Timavi' are about ten miles east of Aquileia. In Claudian's poetical language any battle fought near Aquileia would answer this description.

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say with almost absolute certainty—did not surrender. Remembering, it may be, Fridigern's exclamation that 'He did not make war upon stone walls,' Alaric moved forward through Venetia. Across his road to Rome lay the strong city of Ravenna, guarded by a labyrinth of waters. He penetrated as far as the bridge, afterwards called the bridge of Candidianus, within three miles of the city[1], but he eventually retired from the untaken strong-hold, and abandoning it would seem for the present his designs on Rome, marched westwards towards Milan.

and Ravenna.

Radagaisus co-operates, possibly in Rhaetia.

These operations may perhaps have occupied Alaric from the summer of 400 to that of 401. His progress seems slow and his movements uncertain, but some of the delay may be accounted for by the fact that he was acting in concert with another invader[2]. This was 'Radagaisus the Goth,' a man as to whose nationality something will have to be said when, five years later, he conducts an army into the heart of Italy on his own sole account. For the present all that can be said is that he entered Italy in concert with Alaric in the

[1] 'Nullo penitus obsistente ad pontem applicuit Candidiani qui tertio milliario ab urbe erat regia Ravennate.' Jornandes, De Reb. Get. xxix. This siege of Ravenna is in the highest degree conjectural. It rests only on the authority of Jornandes, whose account of Alaric's wars in Italy is chaos itself.

[2] Prosperi Aquitani Chronicon: 'Stilicone et Aureliano Consulibus [400] Gothi Italiam, Alarico et Rhadagaiso ducibus, ingressi.' M. A Cassiodori Chronicon: 'Stilico et Aurelianus. His Consulibus Gothi Halarico et Radagaiso regibus ingrediuntur Italiam.'

year 400, and that during that and the following year we have mysterious allusions from the pen of Claudian to some great troubles going on in Rhaetia (Tyrol and the Grisons), which province now formed part of Italy. As these troubles were sufficient to keep a large part of the Roman troops employed, and to require the presence of Stilicho at a time when even the Emperor's sacred person was in danger, it is at least a permissible conjecture that they were due to the invasion of Radagaisus, who was operating from the North, and trying to descend into Italy by the Brenner or the Splugen Pass, while Alaric was carrying on the campaign in the East, and endeavouring to reduce the fortresses of Venetia [1].

Counter-movements of Honorius and Stilicho.

The movements of Honorius and Stilicho, the nominal and the real rulers of Italy, in response to this invasion, cannot be described with certainty. It would seem that the Rhaetian attack was the one which, at any rate during the first two campaigns, claimed the largest share of Stilicho's attention. If we could place entire dependence on the dates of the laws in the Theodosian code (which profess to indicate the residence of the Emperor on the day of the promulgation of each enactment), we should say that Honorius spent the greater part of the years 400, 401, and 402 at Milan, that in the spring and autumn of 400 he made two jour-

[1] Compare Claudian, De Bello Getico, 279–280:

'Irrupere Getae, nostras dum Rhaetia vires
Occupat atque alio desudant Marte cohortes.'

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neys to Aquileia and Ravenna, and that before December of 402 he had taken up his residence at Ravenna, which place was his home for the remainder of his life. Unfortunately the editing of these laws has not been done with sufficient accuracy to allow us to quote these dates with absolute confidence, but there is nothing in them which is at variance with the view here put forward of the progress of Alaric's campaign. After several months had been consumed by the Visigoth in his operations before Aquileia and Ravenna he advanced, in the year 401, up the valley of the Po, and besieged Honorius either in Milan or possibly in the strong city of Asti[1] (Asta in Piedmont).

Effect of Alaric's invasion on the minds of the Italians.

Throughout the Roman world the consternation was extreme when it was known that the Goths, in overwhelming numbers, were indeed in Italy. A rumour like that of the fall of Sebastopol after the battle of the Alma, born none knew where, propagated none knew how, travelled fast over Britain, Gaul, and Spain, to the effect that the daring attempt of Alaric had already succeeded, that the city was even now his prey.

Gloomy auguries.

Claudian draws, in his murkiest colours, a picture of the gloom which prevailed at the Imperial Court[2]. Supernatural terrors deepened the dark-

[1] 'Aut moenia vindicis Astae.' Claudian, De VI Consulatu Honorii, 203. I incline to the conjecture that it was in Milan, not at Asti, that the 'obsessi Principis nefas' (De Bello Getico, 561) occurred.

[2] At Milan, that is, rather than in Rome. It seems to me

ness of a prospect dreary enough to political prescience. There were dismal dreams, whisperings of sinister prophecies in the Sibylline roll, eclipses of the moon, great hail-storms, untimely swarms of bees, and, worse than these, a comet, which first appeared in Cepheus and Cassiopeia, and then travelled on into the Seven Stars of Charles's Wain, too plainly foreboding danger from the Gothic waggon. But the worst portent was that of the two wolves. Starting up under the very eyes of the Emperor while he was reviewing some squadrons of cavalry, they attacked the soldiers, who slew them with their darts. Strange to tell, inside of each was found a human hand, one right, one left, with clenched fingers, and still ruddy as if in life. The she-wolf being the emblem of Rome, how could the Fates more clearly indicate that her power was endangered, and that both in the East and West she was to suffer some grievous amputation?

Cowardly suggestions.

Already the Italian nobles, the Emperor apparently consenting, were deliberating whether they should take to their ships, should flee to Corsica or Sardinia, or should plant a new Rome on the banks of the Saone or the Rhone. Stilicho alone, says the panegyrist, stood unterrified, and prophesied of

that lines 205–313 of the De Bello Getico contain nothing necessarily applicable to Rome, and probably describe the feelings of the *entourage* of Honorius at Milan. Lines 450–480, on the other hand (containing the passage 'Emicuit Stilichonis apex et cognita fulsit Canities'), are entirely and emphatically Roman.

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the salvation which he himself was to achieve. 'Cease your unmanly lamentations, your foolish forebodings,' he adjured them. 'The Goths have, it is true, perfidiously stolen into our country while our troops were busy in Rhaetia. But Italy has borne and overborne worse shocks of fate than this — the Gallic inroad, the irruptions of the Cimbri and Teutones. And if Latium were to fall, if you did basely abandon your mother-land to the northern hosts, how long, think you, would you be left in safety beside the streams of Gaul? No; tarry here in Italy through the winter, while the flooded rivers of Lombardy delay the march of Alaric. I will go to the North to collect an army from the garrisons yonder, and will return, after a short delay, to vindicate the insulted majesty of Rome. And think not, my fellow-citizens, that I shall not share your anxieties, for, though absent myself, I leave in your midst my wife, my children, and that son-in-law who is dearer to me than life.'

Stilicho's winter-campaign in Rhaetia.

So saying, he departed. He sailed in a little skiff up the olive-bordered Lake of Como. Then in the depth of winter (the winter of 401–2), he directed his course towards the province of Rhaetia, 'that province which gives birth to two rivers, the Danube and the Rhine, each of which serves as a bulwark to the realm of Romulus. But that side of Rhaetia which is turned towards Italy raises its peaks and ridges high towards the stars, and its passes, even in summer, are perilous for the traveller. Many in that terrible frost, as if at the sight of a Gorgon,

have stiffened into stone: many have been whelmed in fathomless abysses, the waggons, the oxen which drew them, and the drivers being all sucked at once into the sparkling gulf. Often, under the south-wind's treacherous breath, the whole mountain seems to be loosed from its icy fetters, and rushes in ruin on the traveller's head.'

'Through scenes like these, in winter's thickest snow
Upon his dauntless course, pressed Stilicho.
No genial juice to Bacchus there is born,
And Ceres reaps a niggard store of corn.
But he,—his armour never laid aside—
Tasted the hurried meal, well satisfied;
And, still encumbered with his dripping vest,
Into his frozen steed the rowel pressed.
On no soft couch his wearied members lay,
But when dark night cut short his arduous way
He sought such shelter as some wild beast's cave,
Or mountain-shepherd's hut to slumber gave,
The shield his only pillow. Pale with fear
Surveyed his mighty guest the mountaineer.
And the rude housewife bade her squalid race
Gaze on the unknown stranger's glorious face.
Those couches hard the horrent woods below,
Those slumbers under canopies of snow,
Those wakeful toils of his, that ceaseless care
Gave to the world this respite, did prepare
For us unhoped-for rest. From dreadful doom
He, in those Alpine huts, redeemed thee, Rome[1].'

In the course of this Rhaetian campaign, Stilicho seems to have effectually repelled the invading hosts, who, according to the view here maintained, under the leadership of Rhadagaisus, were threatening Italy from the North. He not only pushed

[1] De Bello Getico, 348–362.

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them back into their settlements by the Danube, but he also raised, in these trans-Alpine provinces and among these half-rebellious tribes, an army which was suited in numbers to its work, 'not so great as to be burdensome to Italy or formidable to its ruler.' 'The troops which had lately defended Rhaetia came, loaded with spoil, to the rescue of Italy.' At the same time the legions were withdrawn from other countries to shelter Rome. The Rhine was left bare of Roman troops, and the Twentieth Legion, one of three which had for centuries been stationed in Britain, generally at Chester, was now removed finally from service in this island[1].

Troops raised for the defence of Italy,

and withdrawn from the Provinces.

[1] This we are expressly told by Claudian (De Bello Getico, 416–8):

'Venit et extremis legio praetenta Britannis
Quae Scoto dat frena truci, ferroque notatas
Perlegit exsangues Picto moriente figuras.'

It is true that the mention of service against the Picts and Scots would have led us to think rather of the Sixth Legion, stationed at York, than of the Twentieth, at Chester. It is quite clear, however, that the Sixth (and Second) remained in Britain till a later period than this, and it is probable that the Twentieth had been removed from the now comparatively secure Western frontier, and may have been engaged in Caledonian warfare. Nor are expressions of this kind in a rhetorical poet like Claudian to be construed too literally. It is interesting to connect his word 'praetenta' with the 'vigiliae et praetenturae' (garrisons and outposts) with which, as Ammianus tells us (xxviii. 3. 7), Theodosius Senior guarded this same British frontier. The fact that the Twentieth Legion nowhere appears in the Notitia is used with much apparent probability as an argument for assigning the date of that work to this very year 402 (or 403) when the Legion had been withdrawn from service in

402. The Roman and Gothic armies meet at Pollentia.

The clouds which have gathered round the movements of both the rival chiefs at length lift, partially, and we find them face to face with one another at Pollentia during the season of Easter 402. About twenty miles south-east of Turin, on the left bank of the Tanaro, in the great alluvial plain which is here Piedmont, but a little further east will be Lombardy, still stands the little village of Pollenzo, which by its ruined theatre and amphitheatre yet shows traces of the days when it was a flourishing Roman municipality, renowned for its manufactures of dark woollen cloth and of earthenware. This was the place which Alaric and his Goths were now besieging [1].

Sieges, as has been before remarked, were generally unfortunate to the Northern warriors, whose inroads were, as a rule, most successful when they pushed boldly on through the fertile country, neglecting the fortresses, and despising the troops that garrisoned them. It may be that already a doubt of the prosperous issue of the invasion had dawned upon some of the Gothic veterans, and that some

Britain, but before it had been permanently enrolled among the Italian forces. See J. Hodgson Hinde's History of Northumberland, p. 19.

[1] Pertinax the Roman emperor was born within sight of Pollentia and, together with his father, carried on either an earthenware manufactory or a timber business at that place. In this obscure calling he probably learned those habits of frugality and strictness of life which, when he ascended the throne after the death of Commodus, made him at once dear to all good citizens and hateful to the Praetorian guards by whom he was soon murdered. 193.

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such divided counsels as Claudian describes in the following sketch existed in the camp.

402. A Gothic Council. De Bello Getico, 480–557.

'The long-haired fathers of the Gothic nation, their fur-clad senators marked with many an honourable scar, assembled. The old men leaned on their tall clubs instead of staves. One of the most venerable of these veterans arose, fixed his eyes upon the ground, shook his white and shaggy locks and spoke:

Speech of the Leader of the Opposition.

'Thirty years have now elapsed since first we crossed the Danube and confronted the might of Rome. But never, believe me in this, O Alaric, did the weight of adverse battle lie so heavy on us as now. Trust the old chief who, like a father, once dandled thee in his arms, who gave thee thy first tiny quiver. Often have I, in vain, admonished thee to keep thy treaty with Rome, and remain safely within the limits of the Eastern realm. But now, at any rate while thou still art able, return, flee the Italian soil. Why talk to us perpetually of the fruitful vines of Etruria, of the Tiber, and of Rome. If our fathers have told us aright, that city is protected by the Immortal Gods, lightnings are darted from afar against the presumptuous invader, and fires heaven-kindled flit before its walls. And if thou carest not for Jupiter, yet beware of Stilicho, of him who heaped high the bones of our people upon the hills of Arcadia, him who would then have blotted out thy name had not domestic treason and the intrigues of Constantinople rescued thee from his grasp.

'Alaric burst in upon the old man's speech with fiery brow and scowling eyes—

402. Alaric's reply.

'If age had not bereft thee of reason, old dotard, I would punish thee for these insults. Shall I, who have put so many Emperors to flight, listen to thee, prating of peace. No, in this land I will reign as conqueror, or be buried after defeat. The Alps traversed, the Po witness of our victories, only Rome remains to be overcome. In the day of our weakness and calamity, when we had not a weapon in our hands, we were terrible to our foes. Now that I have made the reluctant Illyrian forge for us a whole arsenal of arms, we are not going, I presume, to turn our backs to these same enemies. No! Beside all other reasons for hope there is the certainty of God's[1] help. No dreams, no flight of birds revealed it to me. Forth from the grove came a clear voice, heard of many, "Break off all delays, Alaric. This very year, if thou lingerest not, thou shalt pierce through the Alps into Italy; thou shalt penetrate to the City itself."

Penetrabis ad Urbem.

'So he spoke, and drew up his army for the battle. Oh ever-malignant ambiguity of oracles, so dark even to the utterers, so clear to them and to their hearers when the event has made them plain! At

[1] Claudian says *Deos*. On account of the clearly established fact of Alaric's profession of Christianity, I have used monotheistic language.

'Hortantes his adde Deos: non somnia nobis
Non volucres; sed clara palam vox edita luco est
Rumpe omnes Alarice moras. Hoc impiger anno
Alpibus Italiae ruptis, *penetrabis ad Urbem.*'

De Bello Getico, 544–547.

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the extreme verge of Liguria he came to a river, known by the strange name of Urbis[1], and there defeated, recognised his doom.'

The reader is requested to observe that we have here an undoubted case of a fulfilled presentiment. Six years after the composition of this poem, Alaric did in truth 'penetrate to the City.' *Now* the hostile poet taunts him with his belief that he was called thither by Destiny, and triumphs over the apparent ruin of his hopes.

Alaric attacked in the midst of his devotions on Good Friday, 4th April, 402.

Claudian's verses pourtray the Gothic chieftain, after this council, drawing up his army in battle array at Pollentia. It seems certain, however, that Alaric was taken unawares and forced into a battle which he had not foreseen; and this from a cause which illustrates the strange reactions of the barbaric and civilised influences upon one another in this commencing chaos. As was before said, Eastertide was at hand: on the 4th of April, Good Friday itself occurred[2]. Alaric, with his army, Christian though Arian, was keeping the day with the accustomed religious observances, when he was attacked and forced to fight by Stilicho's lieutenant, Saulus[3]. This man, the same who fought

Battle commenced by Saulus.

[1] According to Tillemont (Hist. des Empereurs, v. 530), the name of this river is preserved in the modern *Borbo*, a stream between Asti and Pollenzo.

[2] L'Art de verifier les Dates, p. 9.

[3] It is not quite clear that Stilicho himself was present at the battle, though Claudian seems to assert it positively. The *name* of Saulus is not mentioned by Claudian, but there can be little doubt that he is the 'Alanus' described in the De Bello Getico, 580–590.

under Theodosius at the battle of the Frigidus, was by birth an Alan, and was probably surrounded by many of his countrymen, that race of utter savages who once dwelt between the Volga and the Don, and arrested the progress of the Huns, but had now yielded to their uncouth conquerors and rolled on with them over Europe, as fierce and as heathenish as they. The pigmy body of Saulus was linked to a dauntless spirit; every limb was covered with the scars of battle, his face had been flattened by many a club stroke, and his little dark Tartar eyes glowed with angry fire. He knew that suspicions had been entertained of his loyalty to the Empire, and he burned to prove their falsity. Having forced Alaric and his warriors to suspend their Paschal devotions, he dashed his cavalry with Hun-like impetuosity against their stately line of battle. At the first onset he fell, and his riderless horse, rushing through the ranks, carried dismay to the hearts of his followers. The light cavalry on the wings were like to have fled in disastrous rout, when Stilicho moved forward the steady foot-soldiers of the legions from the centre, and turned, says Claudian, defeat into victory. The Gothic rout (if we may trust Claudian's story of the battle) soon became a disastrous flight. The Roman soldiers, eager for revenge, were scarce diverted from their purpose by the rich stores of plunder which were thrown in their way by the despairing fugitives. On the capacious Gothic waggons were heaped piles of gold and silver coin, massive bowls from Argos, statues

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instinct, as it seemed, with life, snatched from burning Corinth. Every trophy of the barbarian but added fury to the Roman pursuit, reviving as it did the bitter memories of Roman humiliation; and this fury reached its height when, amid a store of other splendid apparel, the purple garments of the murdered Valens were drawn forth to light. Crowds of captives who had followed the chariot of the Gothic king for years now received their freedom, kissed the gory hands of their deliverers, and, revisiting their long deserted homes, looked with wonder on the changes wrought there by Time. On the other hand, Alaric, hurrying from the field, heard with anguish the cries of his wife, his wife whose proud spirit had urged him on to the conflict, who had declared that she was weary of Grecian trinkets and Grecian slaves, and that he must provide her with Italian necklaces and with the haughty ladies of Rome for her handmaidens, but who was now herself carried into captivity with her children and the wives of her sons [1].

[1] Claudian, in his *De Bello Getico*, 625–632, seems to wish us to understand that Alaric's wife was carried captive without distinctly asserting it. In the *De Sexto Consulatu Honorii*, 297–8, he makes Alaric say more plainly—

'Sed pignora nobis
Romanus, carasque nurus, praedamque tenebat.'

In the first passage the female impatience of the general's wife for the acquisition of slaves and necklaces makes us enquire whether the poet had read the words of the mother of Sisera as imagined in Judges v. 28–30: 'Have they not sped? have they not divided the prey; to every man a damsel or two; to Sisera a prey of divers colours, a prey of divers colours of needlework,

402.

Was Pollentia a Roman victory?

After the vivid and circumstantial account which Claudian gives us of the Roman victory at Pollentia, it is almost humiliating to be obliged to mention that there is some doubt whether it was a Roman victory at all. Cassiodorus and Jornandes both say distinctly that the Goths put the Roman army to flight. Both of these authors, however, are in the Gothic interest, and the earliest of them wrote at least a century after the date of the battle. Orosius, a Roman and a contemporary, speaks of the unfortunate battles waged near Pollentia, in which 'we conquered in fighting, in conquering we were defeated.' It is possible that this alludes to the fact that the Romans attacked on Good Friday, an impiety which the ecclesiastical historian cannot forgive. The subsequent course of the history seems to show that the bulk of the Gothic army remained intact, and that its spirit was not broken. On the other hand, the language of Claudian (confirmed by his contemporary Prudentius) seems to make it incredible that the Romans can have been really and signally defeated. Probably it was one of those bloody but indecisive combats, like Borodino and Leipzig, in which he who is technically the victor is saved but as by a hair's breadth from defeat, a result which is not surprising when we remember that here the numbers and impetuosity of the Goths were met, for the first time on Italian soil, by the courageous skill of Stilicho. Then,

of divers colours of needlework on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil?'

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after such a battle, however slight might be the disadvantage of the Goths, the long train of their wives and children, their captives and their spoils would tell heavily against them in retreat; and though we may doubt the captivity of the wife of Alaric and the recovery of the purple robe of Valens, we may well believe that a large share of the Gothic booty did fall into the hands of the Imperial soldiers.

Retreat of Alaric.

That the battle of Pollentia was no crushing defeat for the Goths seems sufficiently proved by the events which immediately followed it. Stilicho concluded a treaty of some kind with Alaric, perhaps restored to him his wife and children[1], and the Gothic king recrossing the Po, commenced a leisurely retreat through Lombardy[2]. Having arrived at Verona, and committed some act which was interpreted as a breach of the treaty, he there, according to Claudian, sustained another severe defeat; but this engagement is not mentioned by any other writer. The poet tells us that, had it not been for the too headlong zeal of the Alan auxiliaries, Alaric himself would have been taken. As it was, however, he succeeded in repassing the Alps, with what proportion of his forces we are quite unable to determine. Claudian, who is our

Battle of Verona.

[1] Claudian, De VI Cons. Honorii, 298.

[2] Both Gibbon (vol. iv. p. 38, ed. Smith) and Aschbach (p. 75) speak of Alaric as still contemplating a march on Rome after the battle of Pollentia. I have not been able to find the authority for this statement either in Claudian or elsewhere.

only authority for this part of the history, gives us no accurate details, only pages of declamation about the crushed spirits of the Gothic host, the despair of their leader, and his deep regret at ever having allowed himself to be cajoled away from the nearer neighbourhood of Rome by his fatal treaty with Stilicho. 'Reading between the lines,' we can see that all this declamation is but a laboured defence of Stilicho's conduct in making a bridge of gold for a retreating foe. That much and angry criticism was excited by this and some similar passages of the great minister's career is evidenced by the words of the contemporary historian Orosius (immediately following the mention of Stilicho's name), 'I will not speak of King Alaric with his Goths, often defeated, often hemmed in, and always allowed to escape[1].' Probably, however, the criticisms were unjust. Stilicho had a weapon of uncertain temper to wield, legionaries enervated and undisciplined, barbarian auxiliaries, some of whom might sympathise with their northern brethren if they saw them too hardly pressed. It was by skill of fence rather than by mad clashing of sword against sword that the game was to be won, and it would have been poor policy to have driven the Visigothic army to bay, and to have let them discover

Policy of Stilicho towards Alaric.

> 'What reinforcements they might gain from hope;
> If not, what resolution from despair.'

[1] 'Taceo de Alarico rege cum Gothis suis saepe victo saepe concluso semperque dimisso.' (vii. 37.)

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402-3. Effect on the minds of the Italians of the operations of Alaric.

At the end of this first great campaign of the barbarians in Italy we naturally ask ourselves what were the feelings of the inhabitants of Italy and of Rome when they found the traditional impregnability of their country to 'aught but Romans' so rudely disproved. How deep in those imperial centuries might be the repose of Roman provincial life we infer from the Epistles of the younger Pliny, and even from an early poem by Claudian himself as to a district which was ravaged in this very campaign. It is strange to turn from the description of the battle of Verona to these lines in which the poet dilates on the quiet felicity of an old man who has spent all his days on his farm not far from that city.

De Sene Veronensi.

'Happy this man, whose life has flowed away
In that old home whose past he knows so well;
Through the same fields, staff-propt, he takes his way
Where, as a boy, he leapt and laughed and fell.
Him Fortune drags not in her weary whirl,
Nor drinks he, wandering, from un-homish streams;
He sees no banners flaunt, no white waves curl,
No wrangling law-suit haunts his peaceful dreams.
Strange to the town and heedless of the great,
He loves his own street-unencumbered sky.
For him no Consul's name denotes the date;
By flowers and harvests marked, his years slip by.
Above his lands he sees the sunrise red,
Above his lands the sunset's fading gold.
His hand once held the oak that shades his head;
He and his woods together have grown old.
Verona seems far off as farthest Ind,
And Garda's lake as is the Red Sea's strand.
His massive muscles still strong sinews bind
Though his sons' sons full grown before him stand.

'Go, thou who yearnest still for foreign air;
Go, see who dwell by Spain's remotest stream;
Thou of earth's highways hast the largest share,
But he of living has the joy supreme[1].'

When Alaric's troops were swarming around Verona, whether in the insolence of victory or in the rage of defeat, it would be too much to hope that this picture of lethargic simple happiness was not in some degree marred by their presence. At Rome the first news that the barbarians were south of the Alps filled all ranks with terror. Stilicho dissuaded them from flight, promised to collect troops for their deliverance, and induced them to assume an appearance of courage even if they did not feel it. He then departed for the northern campaign. Meantime they set to work vigorously to rebuild the walls of the city. During the prosperous days of the Republic and Empire Rome had needed no walls[2]. When the clouds of barbaric invasion in the third century were gathering around her, Aurelian, the undoubted hero of that evil time, had surrounded her with fortifications. These were at this time renewed; and to this day the walls of Honorius are a frequent subject of discussion in the long debates of Roman archæologists.

Effect on the citizens of Rome.

While thus engaged, the citizens often looked forth with dread over the plain, and up to the cloudless sky, with a superstitious fear lest Heaven itself

[1] 'Erret et extremos alter scrutetur Iberos,
Plus habet hic *vitae*, plus habet ille *viae*.'

[2] The old walls of Servius Tullius, if still standing, were quite outgrown by the city.

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was fighting against them. Each river that crossed the Lombard plain was one barrier the more against the dreaded Alaric; but where were the storms of winter that should have swollen the brooks into streams and the streams into rivers? Day after day passed by, and still the rain came not, and surely the Goth would come[1]. At length the watchmen on the loftiest towers saw a cloud of dust rolling up from the horizon. Was it raised by the feet of enemies or of friends? The silence of a terrible suspense reigned in every heart, till

Stilicho's return.

> 'Forth from the dusty whirlwind, like a star,
> Shone forth the helm of Stilicho from far,
> And that white head, well known, well loved of all;
> Then sudden thrilled along the crowded wall
> The cry "He comes, himself," and through the gate
> The glad crowd pressed, to view his armèd state[2].'

Triumph of Honorius over the Goths celebrated at Rome, 404.

This visit, if not a mere poetical imagination, must have occurred before the battle of Pollentia. After the close of the campaign, and when Italy was again cleared of her invaders, the gladness of delivered Rome seemed to claim a more conspicuous expression. To the year 404 the Emperor deigned to affix his name as 'Consul for the sixth time'; and he and his father-in-law appear to have visited Rome to celebrate a triumph over the Goths[3]. Strange to say, during the whole preceding cen-

[1] Claudian, De Bello Getico, 47–49. [2] Ib. 458–462.

[3] An inscription described by Gruter, which commemorated 'the perpetual subjugation of the Gothic nation ('Getarum nationem in omne aevum domitam'), if genuine, is probably to be referred to this triumphal entry of Honorius into Rome.

tury, Rome had only thrice seen an Emperor within her walls, Constantine (312) after his victory over Maxentius, Constantius (357) four years after the overthrow of Magnentius, and Theodosius (389) after his defeat of Maximus.

The Romans might naturally contrast the doubtful joy of these victories over their fellow-countrymen with the unalloyed delight of their recent deliverance from the barbarians. The young men rejoiced to welcome an Emperor their equal in years; the old saw with pleasure that he did not, like his predecessors, make the Senators walk, as slaves, before his chariot. They said, 'Other Emperors came like masters, this one like a citizen.' By the side of Maria the Empress, stood her brother Eucherius, wearing no insignia of exalted rank (for Stilicho was chary of honours for his son), and gave the homage of a soldier to his chief.

De VI Consulatu Honorii, 547–562.

'Then the matrons admired the fresh-glowing cheeks of Honorius, his hair bound with the diadem, his limbs clothed with the jewelled *trabea* (consular robe), his strong shoulders, his neck, which might vie with that of Bacchus, rising from amid Arabian emeralds.

'Stilicho himself, borne along in the same car with the son of Theodosius, felt with proud satisfaction that he had now indeed fulfilled the trust reposed in him by the dying father.'

Lines 578–583.

Among other amusements with which the citizens of Rome were regaled on this occasion, a venerable tradition places the last and the most

404. Last exhibition of gladiators.

memorable of the gladiatorial combats[1]. Prohibited as these exhibitions had been by an edict of Constantine, they still held their ground in half heathen Rome. A butchery, doubtless of unusual magnificence, was to celebrate the defeat of Alaric. Probably some of the captive Visigoths themselves were to minister to the brutal enjoyment of those who had so lately quailed before their very names. Already the lists were set, the combats commenced, the first blood had been drawn. The eager 'habet,' 'habet,' was resounding from imperial, senatorial, and proletariat benches, when an eastern monk, Telemachus by name, was seen stalking down from seat to seat of the crowded Colosseum, till at length he reached the arena. Astonishment held the spectators mute till his strange purpose was made manifest. He was thrusting himself in between the gladiators, and endeavouring at the risk of his own life to part the combatants. Then uprose a cry of execration from *podium* to gallery, and missiles of every sort were hurled down upon the audacious disturber of the bloody game. He died: in his death, most Christ-like, he did in truth 'give his life for the flock;' and not in vain, for

[1] Theodoret in his Ecclesiastical History (v. 26) relates this story. As he was seventeen years old when Honorius visited Rome, he is entitled to the full authority of a contemporary: though not of an eye-witness, as he was a citizen of Antioch. Honorius's presence fixes the event to the year 404. The few dry lines of Theodoret have been expanded by Sydney Dobell into one of the finest passages in 'The Roman'—with all its faults certainly a noble poem. (See Scene viii.)

Honorius, moved to awe and pity by the strange scene which he had witnessed, not only recognised him as saint and martyr, but for his sake decided that shows of gladiators should be, not in name only, but in deed, abolished. 404.

We part company with Claudian. Uncertainty as to the end of his career.

With this visit of Honorius and Stilicho to Rome ends our companionship with *Claudian*, whose verses, whatever their defects, have shed over the last eventful nine years a light which we shall grievously miss in those that are to come. He tells us himself[1] that after his poem on the Gildonic war, a brazen statue had been erected in his honour, and dedicated by some personage of patrician dignity[2]. From a letter addressed by him to Serena, we find that the good offices of that powerful patroness had enabled him to win the hand of an African lady, whom we may safely presume to have been an heiress. The wedding was celebrated in her country, and, as we have no certain information, we may conjecture that he did not return to Italy, and that the divine Honorius, Stilicho, Alaric, and even Rome herself were wellnigh forgotten in the society of his Libyan wife and the administration

[1] In the Preface to the De Bello Getico, 7, 8.

[2] An inscription, of very doubtful genuineness, which was discovered at Rome, informs us that this statue was erected in the Forum of Trajan, and that the poet held at that time the offices of Tribune and Notary, and was entitled to be addressed as Clarissimus. This inscription is recorded by Gruter, but rests on the sole authority of Pomponius Laetus ('vidit Pomponius Laetus'), a Renaissance scholar whose literary character is not good.

BOOK I. CH. 5.

404. of her estate. At any rate, from this time forward, his muse no longer gives life and colour to the historical picture. The dry bones of the annalists, the disjointed paragraphs of Zosimus and Orosius, and the faint and partial sketches of the ecclesiastical historians are our only materials for the remainder of the Visigothic invasion of Italy[1].

405. Invasion of Radagaisus.

The following year witnessed the second consulship of Stilicho, and another great inroad of barbarians, which comes as a mysterious interlude in the great duel between Alaric and Rome. Alaric was not the leader in this new invasion; he was at this time, according to one[2] authority, quartered in Epirus, and concerting measures with Stilicho

[1] Had the poem entitled De Secundo Consulatu Stilichonis been correctly named, the poetical career of Claudian would have been brought down to 405. But there cannot be a shadow of a doubt that this is really a third poem on Stilicho's *First* Consulship. It has been attempted to extract some information as to the end of Claudian's life from a melancholy and most humiliating letter addressed to 'Hadrianus, Prefect of the Palace,' in which the poet describes himself as utterly crushed, and begs his powerful antagonist to trample no longer on so mean a foe. A certain Hadrianus was *Praefectus Praetorio* in 405, and also in 416. But (1) the MSS. greatly vary as to the heading of this epistle, some even calling it *Deprecatio ad Stilichonem*; (2) there is nothing to connect it with the latter rather than the earlier part of Claudian's career; and (3) the whole piece sounds more like banter than earnest; and, in short, is too unsubstantial for the edifice which some have sought to erect upon it. Had Claudian lived at Rome up to the fall of Stilicho (408), it would be passing strange that nothing from his pen as to the exciting events between 404 and 408 should have been preserved.

[2] Zosimus, v. 26; confirmed by Sozomen, viii. 25.

for a joint attack on the Eastern Empire. The new invader is a wild figure bearing the name of Radagaisus, a Goth,[1] but not of Alaric's following, though formerly his confederate; possibly one of the Ostrogoths, who had remained in their old homes by the Euxine when the tide of Hunnish invasion rolled over them. This man, 'far the most savage of all past or present enemies of Rome,'[2] was known to be fanatically devoted to the false deities of his heathen ancestors; and as the tidings came that he, with his 200,000, or some said 400,000, followers, had crossed the Alps, and was vowing to satiate his fierce gods with the blood of all who bore the Roman name, a terrible despair seized all the fair cities of Italy; and Rome, herself, on the very verge of ruin, was stirred with strange questionings. Nowhere did the spirit of the ancient

405.

[1] Gibbon and his annotators insist strongly on the non-Gothic character of Radagaisus, and part at least of his army. Doubtless the annalists who write the history of his campaign are poor authorities on questions of ethnology, but I doubt whether a conjectural Sclavonian derivation for his name is sufficient to set aside the testimony of Augustin, Orosius, and all the contemporary writers who call him 'Radagaisus the Goth.' As to the nationality of his followers, Zosimus calls them 'Celts and Germans from beyond the Ister and the Rhine.' All the other authorities describe them as Goths, or 'Scythians,' which with them means the same thing. Olympiodorus tells us that 12000 Gothic captains called optimati followed Radagaisus. [I leave this note as it stood in the first draft, written some years ago. I have since read Von Wietersheim's and Pallmann's comments on this subject, and it is a satisfaction to find that they take precisely the same view as that here suggested.]

[2] 'Radagaisus, omnium antiquorum praesentiumque hostium longe immanissimus.' Orosius, vii. 37.

BOOK I. CH. 5. 405.

paganism linger so stubbornly as in the neglected city by the Tiber; and now from the apparently imminent danger of the Eternal City, the many to whom the name of Christ was hateful drew courage to utter their doubts aloud. 'These men, the barbarians, have gods in whom they believe, strange and uncouth deities it is true, but yet gods represented in visible form to whom they offer bloody sacrifices. We have renounced the protection of our old ancestral divinities, we have allowed the Christians, who are in truth Atheists[1], to destroy every other religion in their fanatic zeal for the crucified Galilean; what marvel if we perish, being thrust, thus destitute of all supernatural aid, into collision with the wild yet mighty deities of Germany[2]?

Radagaisus shut up among the hills of Tuscany,

However, Rome's hour of doom had not yet come. The fierce barbarian horde, instead of marching along the Lombard plain to Rimini, and thence by the comparatively easy Flaminian Way to Rome, chose the nearer but difficult route across the Tuscan Apennines. Stilicho marched against them, and succeeded in hemming them in, in the rugged hill country, where, owing to the shortness of provisions, their very numbers were their ruin. Powerfully supported by Uldin, the chief of the Huns, and Sarus, who commanded other Gothic

[1] The identification of Christianity with atheism is a commonplace with the Emperor Julian and the Pagan writers.

[2] Both Augustin and Orosius dwell with great emphasis on this recrudescence of Paganism at the approach of Radagaisus.

(perhaps Visigothic) auxiliaries, he at length succeeded in forcing all that remained of that mighty host to encamp on one rough and barren chain of mountains near to Faesulae, and probably within sight of the then tiny town of Florentia[1]. 405.

Without incurring any of the risks of battle, the Roman army, 'eating, drinking, sporting' (says Orosius), for some days kept watch over 200,000 starving men, till at last Radagaisus gave up the game, and tried to steal away from his camp. He fell into the hands of the Roman soldiery, was kept prisoner for a little time—perhaps with some thought of his decking the triumph of Consul Stilicho—and then put to death. Defeated and slain.

His unhappy followers were sold for an *aureus* (about twelve shillings sterling) apiece, like the poorest cattle; but owing to the privations which they had endured, they died off so fast that the purchasers (as Orosius tells us with grim satisfaction) took no gain of money, having to spend on the burial of their captives the money which they had grudged for their purchase. And thus ended the invasion of Radagaisus[2]. His followers sold for slaves.

[1] Catiline was surrounded and defeated near the same spot by the armies of the Republic.

[2] I scarcely think that Gibbon has proved that the greater part of the army of Radagaisus escaped and successfully invaded Gaul. Doubtless the barbarian nations were now all astir, and either at this time or very shortly afterwards, wrested the greater part of Gaul from the Roman dominion: but can we certainly say that it was the followers of Radagaisus who did this? The language of Orosius does not seem to correspond with this theory.

BOOK I. CH. 5.

406-7. Mortification of the extremities of the Empire.

During the two succeeding years history is silent as to any events which may have occurred in Italy itself, but we see the process of disruption and decay going on rapidly in the outlying members of the Empire. In 406 a swarm of Vandals, Sueves, and Alans (the first two of Teutonic, the third of what we call Tartar origin) crossed the Rhine and poured confusedly into Gaul, which from this time forward was never free from occupation by the barbarians. The Roman soldiers in Britain, seeing that the Empire was falling to pieces under the feeble sway of Honorius, and fearing lest they too should soon be ousted from their dominion in the island (part of which was already known as the Saxon shore), clothed three usurpers successively with the Imperial purple, falling, as far as social position was concerned, lower and lower in their choice each time. The last and least ephemeral of these rulers was a private soldier named Constantine, and chosen for no other reason but his name, which was accounted lucky, as having been already borne by a general who had been carried by a British army to supreme dominion. This proclamation of Constantine, which was made by the 2nd and 6th Legions, the former stationed at Richborough in Kent (Rutupiae), the latter at York (Eburacum), occurred in the year 407. For the four succeeding years—very critical ones for the Empire—we must think of those two legions, and of such other strength as gathered round them in Gaul, as thrown into the scale against Rome.

Thus the two great invasions of Alaric and Radagaisus have effected little directly against Italy; but by compelling Stilicho to weaken his line on the Rhenish frontier, they have indirectly caused the Empire to lose three mighty provinces in the West. While those two chieftains have been crying 'check' to the king, castles and knights and bishops have been ruthlessly swept off a distant portion of the board.

NOTE D. On the Chronology of Alaric's First Invasion.

NOTE D.

In revising this history, I have adopted an earlier series of dates for Alaric's first invasion than I had previously assigned to it. I have been convinced by the arguments of some of the German authors, especially Pallmann, that such a change was necessary; but as it is made in opposition to the opinions of my three most trusted guides, Gibbon, Tillemont, and Clinton, it will be necessary briefly to set forth the reasons for the new chronology.

If we call the old chronology Tillemont's, and the new Pallmann's, the following are the chief differences between them:—

	TILLEMONT.	PALLMANN.
400	Alaric enters Italy.	Alaric and Radagaisus enter Italy.
401	Is driven out of it by Stilicho.	Desultory warfare in the north-east of Italy.
402	Alaric returns into Italy.	Battle of Pollentia (Good Friday).
403	Battle of Pollentia (Good Friday) Verona; Alaric's retreat.	Battle of Verona; Alaric's retreat.
404	Triumphal entry of Honorius into Rome and his sixth Consulship.	

It will be seen that the chief point of difference is the date of the battle of Pollentia, which Tillemont places in 403, Pallmann in 402. But this works retrospectively, thus: 'Nous avons peine à croire qu'Alaric soit demeuré en Italie jusqu'à la bataille de Pollence donnée en l'an 403; nous aimons mieux croire que Stilicon trouva quelque moyen de les faire sortir tous deux (Alaric et Radagaise) d'Italie

en 401 ; mais qu'Alaric y revint sur la fin de 402.' Thus we have to suppose a retreat of which no mention is made in history. Clinton, by putting the invasion of 400 in brackets, seems inclined to go a step further and doubt the reality of this abortive invasion (400–402) altogether. NOTE D.

And yet, if we go to the man who is really our earliest and best historical authority, Prosper, the matter is clear enough. Translating the years of the Roman Consuls into years of the Christian Era, this is his chronology :—

400. 'Gothi Italiam, Alarico et Rhadagaiso, ducibus ingressi.'

402. 'Pollentiae adversus Gothos vehementer utriusque partis clade pugnatum est.'

405. 'Rhadagaisus in Thusciâ multis Gothorum millibus caesis, ducente exercitum Stilicone superatus est.'

The first of these dates is confirmed by Cassiodorus and by Jornandes (whom it is safest however to consider as only an echo of Cassiodorus), the second by Cassiodorus alone[1]. What is there to set against this positive testimony? As regards the original entry of Alaric and Radagaisus into Italy, one firm statement from a high authority (the so-called 'Chronicon Cuspiniani), which says under the year 401 'et intravit Alaricus in Italiam xiv. Kal. Decemb.' There is a contradiction here which we cannot reconcile, and the only course seems to be to allow the double testimony of Prosper and Cassiodorus to outweigh the single testimony of the Chronicon Cuspiniani.

But as to the date of the battle of Pollentia there is really no conflict of testimony whatever. Scholars have chosen to make certain inferences from the highly rhetorical, unchronological poems of Claudian, and cannot make these inferences fit with those dates, but if they had taken the dates from the generally accurate Prosper, and then interpreted the poet according to them, they would have found

[1] It is fair to mention that even Cassiodorus builds so much on Prosper that he can hardly be claimed as an independent authority; but the sanction set upon Prosper's work by such a man as Cassiodorus, the first statesman and the most learned man of his age, separated by only a generation from the events narrated at the close of the work, is surely an important fact.

NOTE D. no difficulty. They say that Claudian's 'De Bello Getico' was written in 403, and as it closes rather abruptly with the battle of Pollentia, it must have been written immediately after that event. But other poems of Claudian's end abruptly, evidently not from lack of material, but rather suggesting that the poet felt that he was giving too many hexameters for his patron's money. And why must it have been written in 403? Because he says in the Prologue that his Muse is beginning to bestir herself, 'post resides annos,' his last preceding poems having been written for the First Consulship of Stilicho. As that Consulship was in 400, and the poems must have been on the anvil in the autumn of 399, if he had his 'De Bello Getico' completed, and the prologue to it written in the autumn of 402, that would make an interval of three years between the two poems. Was not three years a long time for a poet like Claudian to survive without flattering anybody? Looking to the character and position of the man, I am, still, more perplexed by his three years of silence than astonished that they should seem long to him in the retrospect.

The date 403 seems to have originally obtained currency from a simple mistake on the part of Baronius, a mistake fully acknowledged by Tillemont (v. 804). Prosper's date having once been set aside, other reasons were found for supporting the generally received conclusion, instead of going back to the beginning and admitting that a competent witness had been disallowed on insufficient grounds.

While, therefore, by no means pleading for the unfailing accuracy of Prosper's dates (e.g. Athanaric's visit to Constantinople appears to be put a year too low, 382 instead of 381), I cannot but think that, as far as our present evidence goes, we must accept his statement that 402 was the date of the battle of Pollentia.

Incidentally also it may be remarked that Prosper's mention of Radagaisus as the ally of Alaric in his first invasion, has hardly received the attention which it deserves. As Pallmann says, 'Diese Stelle in Prosper's Chronik ist von der Kritik sehr stiefmütterlich behandelt worden.' His

NOTE D.

notice of Radagaisus again in 405 shows that there is no jumbling up of the events of those two years, and as I have endeavoured to indicate in the text (following Pallmann's guidance) the history of the years from 400 to 402 is simplified, not entangled, by the hypothesis (partly, no doubt, conjectural) of a combined attack by Radagaisus upon Rhaetia and by Alaric on Venetia.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FALL OF STILICHO.

Authorities.

BOOK I. CH. 6.

Almost our only authorities for this difficult portion of history are ZOSIMUS and OROSIUS. The latter is aglow with the fierceness of religious hatred. The former has apparently two or three different accounts before him, and his attempts to piece them together produce an incoherent story, the chief actors in which behave with childish inconsistency. It is impossible to construct a really satisfactory narrative out of such miserable materials.

Universal dead-lock at the end of 407.

THE year 407 closed upon a strangely helpless jumble of ambitions and incapacities. The ministers of the Eastern and Western courts were in a state of scarcely dissembled hostility. Alaric and Stilicho were watching one another, each evidently fearing what the next move of his only capable antagonist might be. In Italy there was lamentation over the loss of the Gauls; in Gaul there was the will but not the power to proceed to the conquest of Italy. Sarus the Goth had been sent by Stilicho to oppose the further progress of the usurper Constantine, had killed one of his generals in fair fight and another by treachery at a private interview, and then had been compelled to retreat ignominiously across the Alps, leaving all his baggage in the hands of the wild tribes of the mountains. Everywhere there was a feeling of insecurity, and

yet for the moment the forces which were ruining the Empire were neutralising one another.

408. Death of Arcadius.

Such was the state of affairs when the scene was suddenly changed by the death of Arcadius, the Emperor of the East. The last few years of this prince's life had been chiefly marked by the persecution of St. John Chrysostom, to which he had been stirred up by the Empress Eudoxia, whose hot Frankish blood resented the outspoken freedom of the golden-mouthed prelate. Notwithstanding this persecution, of which in truth he was the instrument rather than the author, Arcadius died in what may be termed a faint odour of sanctity. The cause is thus described by his contemporary, the ecclesiastical historian Socrates:

VI. 21 (Meredith Manner's tr. translation 1584).

'Shortly after the death of John, the Emperor Arcadius departed this life: a quiet and courteous man he was, who in the latter part of his life was thought to be a very godly man upon such an occasion as followeth. In Constantinople there is a great pallace called Carya, and in the porch there stands a hazell tree, on the which report goeth that Acacius, the martyr, was hanged. Wherefore there was a church erected at that tree: the Emperor passing by was desirous to see it, went in, and after he had said his prayers came forth againe. All the neighbours ran forth to see the Emperor: some left their houses and tooke up their standing in the open street, thinking verily to see the Emperor's face as he passed by with all his port and traine: other some followed the Emperor out of the church,

His reputation for sanctity.

BOOK I. CH. 6. untill that both men, women, and children had all gone out of the house, which adjoined unto the church. They were no sooner gone but the house where they flocked together fell downe. Immediately the fame of the Emperor was spread abroad with great admiration, that so great a multitude of people was saved by the meanes of his prayers.' The vapidity of the anecdote is worthy of its hero. To this depth of folly had descended the great Art of Greek history which had once been represented by the strong sentences of Thucydides.

408.

Stilicho's designs on the guardianship of the young Theodosius.

Arcadius died in the thirty-first year of his age, and was succeeded by his son Theodosius II, a boy of seven years old, who was one day to give his name to the *Theodosian Code*. For some months, perhaps years, before the death of Arcadius, strange and unintelligible transactions had taken place between Stilicho and Alaric. Stung by the repeated insults, and embittered by the persistent hostility of the Eastern court, anxious also to repay them in kind for their attempt, by means of Gildo's treason, to separate Africa from the dominions of his master, the Roman general appears to have actually contemplated the design of joining the Gothic king in the invasion of Epirus, and thus by barbarian aid uniting Eastern Illyricum to the Western Empire. This invasion, if ever in truth projected, was stopped by a false report of the death of Alaric, and by the too true intelligence of the revolt of the British army under Constantine. Now, after the death of Arcadius had taken place, but before it

was certainly known in Rome, Alaric, who had actually entered Epirus, but whether as invader or ally neither he himself nor any contemporary statesman could perhaps have accurately explained, marched northwards to Emona (Laybach), passed without difficulty the unguarded defiles of the Julian Alps, and appearing on the north-eastern horizon of Italy, demanded pay for his unfinished enterprise. The Emperor, the Senate, Stilicho, assembled at Rome to consider what answer should be given to the ambassadors of the Visigoth. Many senators advised war rather than peace purchased by such disgraceful concessions. Stilicho's voice, strange to say, was all for an amicable settlement. 'It was true that Alaric had spent many months in Epirus. It was for the interest of the Emperor that he had gone thither; here was the letter of Honorius which had forbidden the enterprise, a letter which he must confess he attributed to the unwise interference of his own wife Serena, unwilling as she was to see her two adopted brethren at war with each other.' Partly persuaded that Alaric really deserved some reparation for the loss he had sustained through the fluctuation of the Imperial counsels, but more unwilling to oppose a courageous 'no' to the advice of the all-powerful Minister, the senate acquiesced in his decision, and ordered payment of 4000 pounds of gold (about £160,000 sterling) to the ambassadors of Alaric. The Senator Lampridius, a man of high birth and character, exclaimed indignantly, '*Non est ista pax*

408.

Debate in the Senate on Alaric's claims.

BOOK I. CH. 6. 408.

sed pactio servitutis' (That is no peace, but a mere selling of yourselves into slavery). But, fearing the punishment of his too free speech, as soon as the senate left the Imperial palace, he took refuge in a neighbouring Christian church.

The position of Stilicho was at this time one of great apparent stability. Though his daughter, the Empress Maria, was dead, her place had been supplied by another daughter, Thermantia, who, it might reasonably be supposed, could secure her feeble husband's loyalty to her father. With Alaric for his friend, with Arcadius, who had been drilled by his ministers into hostility, dead, it might have seemed that there was no quarter from whence danger could menace the supremacy of the great minister.

Insecurity of Stilicho's position.

This security, however, was but in appearance. Honorius was beginning to chafe under the yoke; perhaps even his brother's death made Stilicho seem less necessary to his safety. An adverse influence too of which the minister suspected nothing, had sprung up in the Imperial court. Olympius, a native of some town on the Euxine shore, had ascended, through Stilicho's patronage, to some high position in the household. This man, who, according to Zosimus, "under the appearance of Christian piety concealed a great deal of rascality,' was now whispering away the character of his benefactor. With him seem to have co-operated the clergy, who sincerely disapproved of Honorius's marriage with the sister of the late Empress, and who also had

Intrigues of Olympius.

imbibed a strange notion that Eucherius, the son of Stilicho, was a Pagan at heart, and meditated, should he one day succeed to power, the restoration of the ancient idolatry. BOOK I. CH. 6. 408.

Strange to say, the Pagans also had their reasons for disliking the same all-powerful family. They still muttered to one another an old story of the days of the first Theodosius. When he, after his defeat of Eugenius[1], visited Rome, he suppressed many of the sacrifices which had hitherto been maintained at the public expense, and turned out the priests from many of the temples. Serena, with haughty contempt for the votaries of the fallen faith, visited, in curious scorn, the temple of Rhea, the Great Mother of Gods. Seeing a costly necklace hung around the neck of the goddess, she took it off and placed it on her own. One old woman, the last left of the Vestal Virgins, saw and loudly blamed the sacrilegious deed. Serena bade her attendants remove the crone, who, while she was being hurried down the steps of the temple, loudly prayed that all manner of misfortunes might light upon the head of the despiser of the goddess, on her husband, and her children. And in many a night vision, so said the Pagans, from that day forward, Serena had warnings of some inevitable doom. Nor was Stilicho free from like blame, for he had stripped off the massive gold plates

Pagans as well as Christians disliked the family of Stilicho.

[1] These are the words of Zosimus. But it may be doubted whether the visit was not that paid in 389 after the overthrow of Maximus.

BOOK I. CH. 6. 408.

from the doors of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus; and he, too, had had his warning, for the workmen to whom the task was allotted had found engraven on the inner side of the plates, '*Misero regi servantur*' (Reserved for an unhappy ruler).

Soreness of the Roman legionaries.

Thus did the two religions, the old and the new, unite in muttered discontent against the great captain. The people also, wounded and perplexed by the strange scene in the Senate, and the consequent payment to Alaric, had perhaps lost some of their former confidence in the magic of his name. On the other hand, the army, whose demoralised condition was probably the real cause of his policy of non-resistance, and whom his stern rule had alone made in any measure efficacious against the barbarian, were some of them growing restive under the severity of his discipline. Partially too we can discern the workings of a spirit of jealousy among the Roman legionaries against the Teutonic comrades by whom they found themselves surrounded, and often outstripped in the race for promotion. Stilicho's own Vandal origin would naturally exacerbate this feeling, and would render unpardonable in him preferences which might have been safely manifested by Theodosius. At Ticinum (the modern Pavia) the troops were thoroughly alienated from Stilicho; and at Bologna, whither Honorius had journeyed from Ravenna, the soldiers broke out into open mutiny. Stilicho, being summoned by the Emperor, suppressed the revolt, and either threatened or actually inflicted the dread

punishment of decimation, the *ultima ratio* of a Roman general.

408. Warring ambitions of Constantine, Alaric, and Stilicho.

In the midst of this quicksand of suspicions and disaffections three facts were clear and solid. The usurper Constantine (Britain's contribution to the difficulties of Rome) was steadily advancing through Gaul towards the capital, and had, in fact, already established himself at Arles. Alaric, though he had received the 4000 golden librae, hovered still near the frontier, and was evidently wearying for a fight with some enemy. Arcadius was dead: the guardianship of the little Theodosius was a tempting prize, and one which the dying words of his grandfather might possibly be held to confer upon the great Vandal minister. Honorius proposed to journey to the East, and assume this guardianship himself; but Stilicho drew out so formidable an account of the expenditure necessary for the journey of so majestic a being, that the august cipher, who was probably at heart afraid of the dangers of the way, abandoned his project. Stilicho's scheme, we are told, was to employ Alaric in suppressing the revolt of Constantine, while he himself went eastwards to settle the affairs of the young Emperor at Constantinople. Honorius gave his consent to both parts of the scheme, wrote the needed letters for Alaric and Theodosius, and then set off with Olympius for Ticinum. The minister, conscious that he was beset by some dangers, but ignorant of the treachery of Olympius, neither removed the mutinous soldiery from Ticinum, nor set

BOOK I. CH. 6. 408.

forth to assume the command of the armies of the East, but, with strange irresolution, lingered on still at Ravenna. That irresolution proved his ruin.

Olympius fires his train.

For Olympius, having now sole access to the ear of Honorius, and being surrounded by an army already sore and angry at the very mention of the name of Stilicho, had found exactly the opportunity for which he had long been watching. Although the one point in his enemy's life which was least open to hostile comment was his conduct in reference to his son, though Eucherius had never been promoted beyond the modest office of Tribune of the Notaries [1], Olympius persuaded both the Emperor and the army that Stilicho aimed at nothing less than placing his son on the Eastern throne, to which presumably his own barbarian parentage prevented him from aspiring. It is easy to imagine how the courtier, who, 'under an appearance of Christian piety veiled every kind of wickedness,' would enlarge to the Emperor on the horror of seeing the young pagan Eucherius on the throne of the holy Arcadius;—to the soldiers on the prospect of endless hardships under the stern discipline of Stilicho when he should have made himself master of both realms.

Mutiny at Ticinum.

The bonds of military obedience, hard to bind, are easy to unloose when Authority itself is foolish

[1] He would, it seems, be thus enrolled in the third class of the official hierarchy, the *Clarissimi*, and would have a similar position to that of the clerks in the War Office with us. If the inscription previously quoted be authentic, the poet Claudian had received similar promotion.

enough to invite to mutiny. The soldiers at Ticinum rose in fury, eager to lay murderous hands on all who were pointed out to them as friends of Stilicho. Their first victims were Limenius, the Praetorian Prefect of the Gauls, and Chariobaudes, the commander of the forces in the same provinces. But lately these two men had been, under the Emperor, supreme from the Northumbrian Wall to the Pillars of Hercules. Now, fugitives before the might of the usurper Constantine, they received the reward of their fidelity, death from the soldiers of their Emperor, in his presence and ostensibly at his bidding The storm grew more furious; the Emperor cowered in his palace; the magistrates of the city took flight; the brutal soldiery rushed through the streets robbing and murdering at their will. The authors of the insurrection, terrified by their own success, resorted to the desperate remedy of parading Honorius through the town, dressed hastily in the short tunic of a private citizen without the military cloak (paludamentum) which marked his rank as a commander, and without the diadem of an Emperor. To the supplications thus abjectly tendered, order was at length granted, and the soldiers returned to their quarters; but not until Naemorius, the General of the Household Troops, with two other military officers, till Petronius, the Chief Minister of Finance, and Salvius, the Quaestor (who struggled to the feet of the Emperor and vainly pleaded there for mercy); nay, not till the head of the whole official hierarchy, Longinianus, Praetorian

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Prefect of Italy, had been slain[1]. All these eight victims of the revolt belonged to the rank of Illustres, the highest class of imperial functionaries. But besides these, a great and uncounted number of the private citizens of Ticinum fell in this day's massacre.

Ancient Ticinum and modern Pavia.

At the present day, Pavia, the successor of Ticinum, though rich in Lombard relics, has no buildings to show recalling the days when it was a Roman municipium. The Ticino, hurrying past the little town to join the Po, is crossed by a covered bridge of the fifteenth century. If you happen to visit the place on a day of *festa*, you see the blue-tunicked lads of the Italian army streaming across this bridge and through the high street of the town. The river and the army are there still: all else how greatly changed from that fierce day of August, 408, when Honorius, pale with fear, clothed in his short tunic, was hurried up and down through the streets of Tici-

[1] Zosimus, v. 32. It is not easy exactly to fit in the descriptions of these offices given by Zosimus with the Notitia. The two Praefecti Praetorio are clear. So is Salvius the Quaestor (Not. Occidentis, cap. ix). Petronius, 'who was over the treasury and had charge of the private property of the Emperor,' is most probably the 'Comes Sacrarum Largitionum,' though he might be only the 'Comes Rerum Privatarum.' Chariobaudes, 'general of the forces in the Gauls,' is probably 'Magister Equitum,' or 'Magister utriusque Militiae per Gallias.' Naemorius, *ὁ τῶν ἐν τῇ αὐλῇ τάξεων μάγιστρος*, is identified by Gibbon with the Magister Officiorum, but might possibly be the *Magister Peditum in Praesenti*. Vincentius, *ὁ τῶν ἱππέων ἡγούμενος*, would be the *Magister Equitum in Praesenti*; and the other Salvius, *ὁ τῶν δομεστίκων τάγματος προεστώς*, Comes Domesticorum Equitum (or Peditum).

num, imploring an end of that mutiny for which he had given the watchword! The Lombard churches, S. Michele and S. Teodoro, gray with their vast multitude of years, stand, it may be, where the murdered Praefects and Quaestor had then their palaces; and these merry, good-humoured soldier-lads, who cover the pavement with their nut-shells and fill the air with their laughter, are the representatives of that fierce mob-army, drunk with blood as with wine, which swept from end to end of the city shouting for vengeance on the friends of Stilicho.

Stilicho's loyalty still unchanged.

The best defence of Stilicho's loyalty is to be found in his own conduct when he heard of the mutiny at Ticinum. The news found him at Bologna: perhaps he had escorted the Emperor so far on his westward journey. He called a council of war, composed of the generals of the barbarian auxiliaries. All felt themselves alike threatened by this murderous outbreak of bastard Roman patriotism. The first report stated that the Emperor himself was dead. 'Then,' said all,—and Stilicho approved the decision,—'on behalf of the violated *sacramentum*, let us march and avenge his murder on the mutineers.' But when a correcter version of the events reached them Stilicho refused to avenge the massacre of his friends only, the Emperor being unharmed, and loudly declared that to lead barbarians to an attack on the Roman army was, in his opinion, neither righteous nor expedient.

To this resolution he steadfastly adhered, though the conviction forced itself upon his mind that Honorius was now incurably alienated from him. Then the barbarian generals, one by one, separated themselves from what they felt to be a doomed cause.

Sarus turns against him.

Sarus, the Goth, who had fought under Stilicho's orders, now turned against his old chief, made a night attack on his quarters, slaughtered his still faithful Hunnish guards, but reached the general's tent only to find that he had taken horse and ridden off with a few followers for Ravenna. Not for the hand of the ungrateful Sarus was reserved that reward which Olympius was yearning to pay for the head of his rival.

Flight to Ravenna.

Stilicho, though a fugitive, seems still to be more anxious for the safety of the Empire than for his own. As he passes city after city, where the wives and children of the barbarian soldiers are kept as hostages for their fidelity, he adjures the magistrates not on any pretence to allow one of the barbarians to enter. He enters Ravenna: shortly after his arrival come messengers bearing letters written by the Emperor, under the steady pressure of Olympius, commanding that Stilicho shall be arrested and kept in honourable confinement without bonds. Informed of the arrival of this mandate he took refuge by night in a Christian church. When day dawned

Arrest

the soldiers entered the building: on their solemn assurance, ratified by an oath, sworn in the presence of the bishop, that the Emperor's orders extended

not to his death but only to the placing him under guard, Stilicho surrendered himself. Once out of the sanctuary, and entirely in the power of the soldiers, he learned the arrival of a second letter from Honorius, to the effect that his crimes against the state were judged deserving of death. The barbarian troops, who yet surrounded him, his slaves, his friends, wished still to resist with the sword, but this he utterly forbade, and by threats, and the old still-lingering terror of his brow, he compelled his defenders to desist. Then, in somewhat of a martyr's spirit, and with a heart already broken by man's ingratitude, and weary of life, he offered his neck to the sword of the executioner, and in a moment 'that good gray head, which all men knew,' was rolling in the dust.

and death of Stilicho.

'So died,' says Zosimus (v. 34), 'the man who was more moderate than any others who bore rule in that time.' And in order that those who are interested in the history of his end may know the date thereof exactly, it was in the consulship of Bassus and Philippus, the same year in which the Emperor Arcadius succumbed to destiny, the 10th day before the Kalends of September (23rd August, 408).

Zosimus's Epitaph on Stilicho.

The circumstances of Stilicho's death naturally recall to our minds 'The Death of Wallenstein.' The dull, suspicious Honorius is replaced by Ferdinand II, Olympius by the elder Piccolomini, Sarus by Butler, Alaric by Wrangel, Stilicho himself by the great Duke of Friedland. Only let not the

Comparison to Wallenstein.

parallel mislead us as to the merits of the two chief actors. Wallenstein was at length disloyal to Ferdinand; Stilicho was never untrue to Honorius.

Summing up of the evidence as to Stilicho's character.

At the outset of his career, when recording the conflict of testimony concerning him (this very same Zosimus being then the *Advocatus Diaboli*) it seemed necessary to say that we must wait for the close of his life before pronouncing our verdict on his character. That he was a brave and hardy soldier and a skilful general is virtually confessed by all. That his right hand was free from bribes and unjust exactions, only his flatterers assert, and we need not believe. That he was intensely tenacious of power, that he imposed his will in all things on the poor puppet Honorius, is clear, and also that the necessities of the state amply justified him in doing so. The murder of Rufinus may or may not have been perpetrated with his connivance. The death of Mascezel, Gildo's brother, must remain a mystery; but upon the whole it seems improbable that Stilicho was personally connected with it. The inveterate hatred which existed between him and each successive minister of Arcadius certainly hastened the downfall of the Empire, and it is difficult to believe that there might not have been a better understanding between them had he so desired. The accusations of secret confederacy with Alaric would seem mere calumnies if it were not for the painful scene in the senate and Lampridius's indignant ejaculation, '*Non est ista Pax sed pactio servitutis.*' Without imputing actual disloyalty to

Stilicho, we may perceive in him, ever after the terrible slaughter and doubtful combat of Pollentia, a disinclination to push Alaric to extremities, a feeling which seems to have been fully reciprocated by his great antagonist. Possibly some such involuntary tribute of respectful fear would have been mutually paid by Napoleon and Wellington had Waterloo been a drawn battle. Stilicho may also have remembered too faithfully that the East had given Alaric his first vantage-ground against Rome, and he may have been too ready to keep that barbaric weapon unblunted, to be used on occasion against Constantinople. Yet on a review of his whole life, when contemplating the circumstances of his death, pre-eminently when observing the immediate change which his removal from the chess-board produced upon the whole fortunes of the game, with confidence we feel entitled to say, 'This man remained faithful to his Emperor, and was the great defence of Rome.'

Orosius's vehement invective.

In order however to lay all the evidence fairly before the reader, it will be well to quote the following passage from Orosius, the most eloquent of the defamers of Stilicho. Observe how mildly and even with what approbation the reverend Spaniard speaks of the atrocious *pronunciamento* at Pavia.

'Meanwhile Count Stilicho, sprung from the stock of the unwarlike, greedy, perfidious, and crafty nation of the Vandals, thinking it but a small matter that he already wielded Imperial power under the Emperor, strove by fair or foul

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means to lift up into sovereign dignity his son Eucherius, who, according to common report, had been already from boyhood, and while in a private station, meditating the persecution of the Christians. Wherefore when Alaric, with the whole nation of the Goths at his back, respectfully and respectably prayed for a fair and honourable peace, and some certain dwelling-place, by denying him in public the opportunity whether of peace or of war, but cherishing his hopes by a secret league, he reserved him and his people for the scaring and scarifying of the state (*ad terendam terrendamque rempublicam*). Furthermore, those other nations, unbearable in their numbers and strength, by which the provinces of Gaul and Spain are now oppressed, namely the Alans, the Sueves, the Vandals, together with the Burgundians, who obeyed the same simultaneous impulse, all of these he gratuitously called to arms, removing their previous fear of the Roman name.

'These nations, according to his design, were to hammer at the frontier of the Rhine and harass Gaul, the wretched man imagining that under such a pressure of surrounding difficulties he should be able to extort the imperial dignity from his son-in-law for his son, and that then he should succeed in repressing the barbarous nations as easily as he had aroused them. Therefore, when this drama of so many crimes was made clear to the Emperor Honorius and the Roman army, the indignation of the latter was most justly aroused, and Stilicho

was slain,—the man who, in order that one lad might wear the purple, had been ready to spill the blood of the whole human race. Slain too was Eucherius, who, in order to ingratiate himself with the Pagans, had threatened to celebrate the commencement of his reign by the restoration of temples and the overthrow of churches. And with these men were also punished a few of the abettors of their criminal designs. Thus with very slight trouble, and by the punishment of only a few persons, the churches of Christ, with our religious Emperor, were both liberated and avenged.' (Orosius, Hist. vii. 38.)

Punishment of Stilicho's family and friends.

So far the religious pamphleteer. Let us turn from his invective to history, and trace the immediate consequences of the death of Stilicho. The fall of his family and friends followed his as a matter of course. Eucherius fled to Rome and took refuge in a church there. The sanctity of his asylum was for some time respected, but before many months had elapsed he was put to death. Thermantia was sent back from the imperial palace to her mother Serena. A law was passed that all who had held any office during the time of Stilicho's ascendancy should forfeit the whole of their property to the state. Heraclian, the actual executioner of the sentence upon Stilicho, was made general of the forces in Libya Major in the room of Bathanarius, brother-in-law of the late minister, who now lost both office and life. Cruel tortures, inflicted by the command of Olympius, failed to elicit from any

of Stilicho's party the least hint of his having conceived any treasonable designs.

408.

Cowardly revenge of the legionaries on the auxiliaries.

It is plain, however, that justly or unjustly the name of the deceased minister was connected with the policy of conciliation towards the barbarians and employment of auxiliaries from among them. As soon as the death of Stilicho was announced, the purely Roman legionaries rose and took a noble revenge for the affronts which they may have received at the hands of their Teutonic fellow-soldiers. In every city where the wives and children of these auxiliaries were dwelling the legionaries rushed in and murdered them. The inevitable result was, that the auxiliaries, a band of 30,000 men, inheriting the barbarian vigour, and adding to that whatever remained of Roman military skill, betook themselves to the camp of Alaric, and prayed him to lead them to the vengeance for which they hungered.

Alaric's unexpected moderation.

But it is a characteristic of the strange period upon which we are now entering (408–410) that no one of the chief personages seems willing to play the part marked out for him. Alaric, who had before crossed mountains and rivers in obedience to the prophetic voice, 'penetrabis ad urbem,' now, when the game is clearly in his hands, hesitates and hangs back. Honorius shows a degree of firmness in his refusal to treat with the barbarians, which, had it been justified by the slightest traces of military capacity or of intelligent adaptation of means to ends, and had his own person not been

safe from attack behind the ditches of Ravenna, might have been almost heroic. And both alike, the fears of the brave and the courage of the coward, have one result, to make the final catastrophe more complete and more appalling.

Honorius's refusal to treat.

Alaric sent messengers to the Emperor, saying that on receipt of a moderate sum he would conclude a treaty of peace with Rome, exchange hostages for mutual fidelity, and march back his whole host into Pannonia. Honorius refused these offers, yet made no preparation for war, neglected to avail himself of the services of Sarus, undoubtedly the greatest general left after the death of Stilicho, entrusted the command of the cavalry to Turpillio, of the infantry to Varanes, of the household troops to Vigilantius, men whose notorious incapacity made them the laughing-stock of every camp in Italy, and for himself (says Zosimus) 'placed all his reliance on the prayers of Olympius.' Not quite all his reliance, however, for he was at this time exceedingly busy as a lawgiver, placing on the statute-book edict after edict for the suppression of heathenism and every shade of heresy.

Laws against heretics and heathens.

Cod. Theod. lib. xvi. tit. v. 40.

Thus we find him decreeing in 407, 'We will persecute the Manicheans, Phrygians [Montanists], and Priscillianists with deserved severity. Their goods shall be confiscated and handed over to their nearest relatives who are not tainted with the same heresy. They themselves shall not succeed to any property by whatever title acquired. They shall not buy nor sell nor give to any one, and every-

thing in the nature of a will which they make shall be void.'

In 408 (addressed to Olympius, Master of the Offices)—'We forbid those who are enemies of the Catholic sect to serve as soldiers in our palace. We will have no connection of any kind with any man who differs from us in faith.' 'All our former decrees against the Donatists, Manicheans, and Priscillianists, as well as against the heathens, are not only still to have the force of law, but to be obeyed to the utmost.' 'The revenues belonging to the Pagan temples are to be taken from them, the images pulled down, the altars rooted up.' 'No feast or solemn observance of any kind is to take place on the sites of the [old] sacrilegious worship. The bishop is empowered to see to the execution of this decree.' 'No one who dissents from the priest of the Catholic Church shall have leave to hold his meetings within any city or in any secret place in our dominions. If he attempts it, the place of meeting shall be confiscated and he himself driven into exile.'

Cod. Theod. lib. xvi. tit. v. 42.

lib. xvi. tit. v. 43.

lib. xvi. tit. x. 19.

lib. xvi. tit. v. 45.

In 409—'A new form of superstition has sprung up under the name of Heaven-worship. If those who profess it have not within a year turned to the worship of God and the religion of Christ, let them understand that they will find themselves smitten by the laws against heretics

lib. xvi. tit. viii. 19.

In this same year, doubting apparently his own power to resist the pressure of his new minister (Jovius), he ordains that no edict which may be

lib. xvi. tit. v. 47.

obtained from him in derogation of these anti-heretical laws shall have any force at all.

Cod. Theod. lib. xvi. tit. v. 51.

In 410—'Let the houses of prayer be utterly removed[1], whither the superstitious heretics have furtively crept to celebrate their rites, and let all the enemies of the holy law know that they shall be punished with proscription and death if they shall any longer attempt, in the abominable rashness of their guilt, to meet together in public.'

Socrates, vii. 29.

About twenty years after this time, we find Nestorius, bishop of Constantinople, saying to the younger Theodosius, 'Join me in destroying the heretics, and I will join you in destroying the Persians'; and it is probable that these recurring edicts against heathens and heretics, ever increasing in severity, seemed to Honorius the easiest means of wringing forth the favour of the Almighty and adjuring Him to clear the Empire from the barbarians.

Case of the heathen Generidus.

It is curious to read, side by side with these decrees, the story of Generidus as told us by Zosimus (v. 46). He was a man of barbarian extraction; brave and honest, but still adhering to the religion of his forefathers. When the law was passed which forbade any one not a Christian to remain in the service of the Emperor, Generidus handed

[1] Or 'Entirely abrogating that [previous] oracle [of ours: some previous edict], under cover of which superstitious heretics,' etc. (This is Gothofred's interpretation; but is not the version given in the text the more natural one? The words are 'Oraculo penitus remoto quo ad ritus suos haereticae superstitiones obrepserant.')

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back his belt, the emblem of military office, and retired into private life. In a desperate crisis of his fortunes, the Emperor entreated him to return, and to take the command of the troops in Pannonia and Dalmatia. He reminded Honorius of the law which forbade a heathen like himself to serve the state, and was told that while that law must still remain in force, a special exemption should be made in his favour. 'Not so,' replied the soldier; 'I will not be a party to the insult thus put on all my brave heathen comrades. Restore them all to the rank which they have forfeited because they adhere to the religion of their forefathers, or else lay no commands upon me.' The Emperor with shame consented, and Generidus, assuming the command, drilled his troops rigorously, served out their rations honestly, spent his own emoluments among them generously, and soon became a terror to the barbarians and a tower of strength to the harassed provincials[1]. We do not hear of him however, again, in any of the great events of the war, and may be permitted

[1] Tillemont thinks that this affair of Generidus may be connected with a law of Honorius, referred to by the Council of Carthage, 'that no one should embrace the Christian religion except by his own free and voluntary choice.' 'Nothing,' says the good Abbé, naively, 'could be more just, and no one has ever claimed that a man should embrace Christianity in spite of himself. However, in the state in which things then were, such a law was equivalent to undoing all that had been done against the pagans and heretics, especially if at the same time the law excluding them from office, was repealed, as Zosimus assures us.' (Hist. des Empereurs, v. 574–5.)

to conjecture that Zosimus has coloured highly enough the virtues of his fellow heathen.

Religious element in the hostile combination against Stilicho.

The mention of this religious legislation may seem like a departure from the main subject of the chapter, but it is not so. The religious element was probably the most important factor in the combination which brought Stilicho to his fall, and it has had the most powerful influence in blackening his memory after his death. The intrigues of Olympius and the passionate calumnies of Orosius are not pleasant specimens of the new type of Christian politician and litterateur which was then coming to the front. The former especially is a style of character of which the world has seen too much in the subsequent centuries, and which has often confirmed the truth of a saying of the founder of Christianity. Salt like this, which had utterly lost its savour, was in a certain sense worse than anything which had been seen on the dunghill of Pagan Imperial Rome, and was fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men.

CHAPTER VII.

ALARIC'S THREE SIEGES OF ROME.

Authorities.

Sources:—

ZOSIMUS and OROSIUS are again our chief authorities (and most unsatisfactory ones) for the history of this eventful period. This narrative of Zosimus ends in 410, just before the final catastrophe.

The Epistles of ST. JEROME, and ST. AUGUSTINE'S great work, 'De Civitate Dei,' supply some well-known facts as to the capture of the city.

The death and burial of Alaric are described by JORNANDES.

Guides:—

Amédée Thierry's 'Saint Jerome' (Paris, 1875, 2nd ed.) furnishes an interesting picture of Christian aristocratic life at Rome ('la petite Thebaide dorée que presidait Marcella au mont Aventin') on the eve of the Gothic invasion. This book is, in my opinion, decidedly superior to the 'Trois ministres des Fils de Theodose,' by the same author.

Alaric marches.

A FEW weeks were probably spent in the fruitless negotiations between Alaric and Honorius after the murder of Stilicho[1]. Then the Visigothic king finally decided to play the great game, and while it was still early autumn crossed the Julian Alps

[1] Alaric was at Laybach and Honorius at Ravenna. A messenger with despatches of importance would probably take five or six days at the outside for the journey between the two places.

and descended into the plains of Italy to try once more if that voice were true which was ever sounding in his ears, 'Penetrabis ad Urbem.' He left Aquileia and Ravenna unassailed. He would not now waste his strength and time over any smaller sieges; he would not attempt to get the person of the Emperor into his power; he would press on to the city of cities, and would see whether, if he made Famine his ally, the services of that confederate might not counterbalance his own deficiencies in siege artillery. He crossed the river Po. No hostile force appeared in sight, and he was soon at Bologna, at Rimini, in the rich plains of Picenum. While he was thus proceeding by rapid marches towards Rome, laying waste all the open country, and plundering the towns and villages, none of which was strong enough to close its gates against him, a man in the garb of a monk suddenly appeared in the royal tent. The holy man warned him in solemn tones to refrain from the perpetration of such atrocities and no longer to delight in slaughter and blood. To whom Alaric replied, 'I am impelled to this course in spite of myself: for something within urges me every day irresistibly onwards, saying, Proceed to Rome and make that city desolate[1].'

408.

His interview with a monk.

It would have confirmed the royal Visigoth in his belief of a Divine mission if he had been able, as he nearly was, by his rapid march to frustrate a

Eucherius put to death.

[1] Socrates, vii. 10. This incident may have occurred during one of his subsequent marches to Rome.

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great crime. Two of the imperial eunuchs, Arsacius and Terentius, who had the two children of Stilicho in their hands, were all but made prisoners by the Goths. They succeeded, however, in hurrying off with their captives to Rome, delivered up the divorced girl-empress Thermantia to her mother, and put the helpless lad Eucherius to death by order of the Emperor. On their return to court they were rewarded with the places of grand chamberlain and marshal of the palace[1], 'for their great services,' as Zosimus bitterly remarks.

Alaric's First Siege of Rome.

Alaric meanwhile pressed on, and soon, probably in the month of September, he stood before the walls of Rome and commenced his *First Siege of the city.*

Serena put to death.

The actual appearance of the skin-clothed barbarians within sight of the Capitol, so long the inviolate seat of Empire, found the senate resourceless and panic-stricken. One only suggestion, the cruel thought of coward hearts, was made. Serena, the widow of Stilicho, still lived in Rome. Her husband had made a league with Alaric, might not she traitorously open to him the gates of the city. Unable, apparently, among the million or so of inhabitants of Rome to find a sufficient guard for one heart-broken widow, they decreed that Serena should be strangled, and thus, as devout

[1] Τερέντιον μὲν ἔταξεν ἄρχειν τοῦ βασιλικοῦ κοιτῶνος [that is, no doubt, Honorius made him praepositus sacri cubiculi] Αρσακίῳ δε τὴν μετὰ τοῦτον ἔδωκε τάξιν [probably the office of castrensis sacri palatii]. Zosimus, v. 37.

heathens observed with melancholy satisfaction, that very neck round which she had sacrilegiously hung the necklace of the Mother of the Gods was now itself encircled by the fatal cord. 408.

Famine in Rome

But (as Zosimus sarcastically remarks)[1] 'not even the destruction of Serena caused Alaric to desist from the blockade.' The course of the Tiber was watched so that no provisions should be brought into the city from above or from below. Soon Rome, the capturer of a hundred cities, began to understand for herself the pang of the old Jewish lawgiver's words of warning: 'And he shall besiege thee in all thy gates, until thy high and fenced walls come down wherein thou trustedst... And thou shalt have nothing left thee in the siege, and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee in all thy gates[2].'

Day after day they looked forth towards the north-eastern horizon expecting help from Ravenna, but it came not. The daily portion of food allotted to each citizen was reduced to one half, then to one third of its ordinary quantity. Two noble-hearted women, Laeta, widow of the Emperor Gratian, and her mother, who were entitled to draw a large maintenance from the public storehouses, did their utmost to relieve the distress of the citizens, but 'what were they among so many?'

followed by pestilence.

To famine was added sickness, and then, when the surrounding enemy made it impossible to bury the dead outside the walls, the city itself became

[1] v. 39. [2] Deuteronomy xxviii. 52, 55.

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one vast sepulchre, and Pestilence arose from the streets and squares covered with decaying corpses.

408. Embassy to Alaric.

At length, when they had tried every other loathsome means of satisfying hunger, and were not far from cannibalism, they determined to send an embassy to the enemy. The Spaniard Basil, a governor of a province, and John, the chief of the Imperial notaries[1], were selected for this duty. The reason for the choice of John was a strange one. A rumour, unaccountable except through that national vanity which could not admit that

'so supine
By else than Romans Rome could erst be laid,'

had spread through the city that it was not the true Alaric, but one of the chiefs of the mutinous army of Stilicho, who was directing these operations against her. As John was acquainted with Alaric's person, and was indeed allied to him by the bonds of mutual hospitality, he was sent to solve this question.

The language which the ambassadors were directed to use had in it somewhat of the ring of the old world-conquering republic's voice, 'The Roman people were prepared to make a peace on moderate terms, but were yet more prepared for war. They had arms in their hands, and from long practice in their use had no reason to dread the result of battle.'

These swelling words of vanity only provoked

[1] Primicerius Notariorum, and probably the same person who afterwards succeeded Honorius as Emperor. Both ambassadors were Spectabiles only. All the Illustres were no doubt safely sheltered at Ravenna.

the mirth of Alaric, who had served under the eagles, and knew what the Roman populace's 'practice in the use of arms' amounted to. With a loud Teutonic laugh he exclaimed, 'Thick grass is easier mowed than thin.' To the dainty patrician ambassadors the proverb was probably strange and unfamiliar: to Alaric it recalled the memory of many a spring morning when by the banks of the Danube he had swept his great scythe through the dewy grass, delighting in the patches where the green blades stood up, manifold, for the slaughter, growling at the constant toil of sharpening the steel where the thin and weedy grass bowed beneath the unavailing stroke. 408.

Alaric's terms.

After much ridicule showered upon the ambassadors who had brought so magnanimous a message, business was resumed, and they contrived again to enquire as to the terms of a 'moderate peace.' The Goth's announcement of his conditions was, says Zosimus, 'beyond even the insolence of a barbarian.' 'Deliver to me all the gold that your city contains, all the silver, all the moveable property that I may find there, and moreover all your slaves of barbarian origin: otherwise I desist not from the siege.' Said one of the ambassadors, 'But if you take all these things, what do you leave to the citizens?' Alaric, still in a mood for grim jesting, and thinking perhaps of the passage in his Ulfilas[1], 'What shall it profit a man if he shall

[1] 'Wa auk boteith mannan, jabai gageigaith thana fairwu allana jah gasleitheith sik *saivalai seinai*.' Mark viii. 36.

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gain the whole world and lose his own soul,' or more probably of that passage in Revelation [1] where the merchandise of the great city is described, her purple and silk and scarlet, her cinnamon and odours and ointment, her fine flour and wheat and cattle and sheep, 'and horses and chariots and slaves and *souls of men*,' replied in one gruff word *saivalos*, 'your souls[2].'

Reaction against Christianity.

The ambassadors returned to the Senate with their message of despair, and with the assurance that it was indeed Alaric with whom they had to deal. The Senate, enervated by centuries of powerless sycophancy, found themselves compelled to look forth upon a horizon blacker than their heroic ancestors had seen after the terrible day of Cannae. In the dying state as in the dying man, when it was seen that human aid was impossible, religion, the power of the Unseen, rose into dominion. The once fashionable Paganism, the now fashionable Christianity, both of them fashions rather than faiths, lightly held, lightly abandoned, still divided the allegiance of the senators of Rome. Which, oh which of them was true? Would Jove or Jesus bring the yearned-for deliverance to the sacred city

[1] xviii. 12–13.

[2] This passage is generally translated 'your lives.' Either rendering is correct, and equally so whether Alaric spoke in Greek and said τὰς ψυχάς, or in Gothic and said *saivalos*.

𐍃𐌰𐌹𐍅𐌰𐌻𐌰 (*saivala* = Germ. *Seele*) is *soul* in Romans i. 13 ('Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers'), but *life* in Mark viii. 35 ('Whosoever will save his life shall lose it').

—to the temple of Capitolinus, to the tombs of the Apostles?

408.

Of the feelings of the Christians at this time we have no sufficient description, but the heathen historian records, with almost Christian fervour, the despairing religiousness of the opposite party. 'Then indeed, when they were persuaded that it was in truth Alaric who warred against them, and when they had renounced all hope of aid from human power, they thought upon that [heavenly] succour which had hitherto accompanied the state through all her tribulations, and they perceived how they were now abandoned thereby, in consequence of having deserted the religion of their forefathers[1].'

The sacrifices at Narni. Similar sacrifices recommended at Rome.

At this juncture, Pompeianus, the Prefect of the City, fell in with certain Tuscan visitors (how they had pierced the blockade we know not), who were full of the marvels which had been lately wrought at Neveia (Narni) in their own country. There, they said, a series of prayers offered up to the Immortal Gods, and the performance of the old ancestral rites had been immediately followed by loud crashes of thunder and the fall of fire from heaven, which had so terrified the barbarians that they at once raised the siege.

The holy books[2] were consulted. They recommended, and the majority of the Senate were favourable to the proposition, that similar observ-

[1] Zosimus, v. 40.

[2] Possibly the Sibylline books.

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ances should be commenced in Rome. To make himself quite safe, however, Pompeianus (himself a Christian) appealed to the Bishop of Rome. This was Innocent I, one of the first great Popes, by no means wanting in energy of self-assertion either towards the Emperor or other Bishops. Yet even he, we are told, in this 'distress of nations and perplexity' which had fallen upon the world, 'preferring the safety of the city to his own private opinion, gave them leave to practise in secret the incantations which they knew.' The priests replied that no good result would follow unless the rites were *publicly* performed on the Capitoline Hill, with all the Senate as witnesses, in the Forum Boarium, in the Forum of Trajan, and elsewhere in all the public places of the city. The required permission was granted, but was not made use of. The believers, the half-believers, the would-be believers in the Olympian Dwellers were in too small a minority. Not one dared to perform the ancestral rites[1]. The lightning did not fall from heaven, but the city gates opened once more, and again a train of suppliant senators, this time with no pretence of menace in their tone, set forth to see what terms could be obtained from the mercy of the conqueror.

Pope Innocent is willing to stand aside.

But men dare not resume heathen sacrifices.

[1] Zosimus, v. 41; Sozomen, ix. 6. The ecclesiastical historian seems to agree with the pagan that the incantations were not actually performed: otherwise one would be inclined to suspect that Zosimus was glossing over a *coup manqué* on the part of the heathen priests.

408. The ransom demanded by Alaric.

At length, after much discussion, Alaric consented to allow the city to ransom herself by a payment of 5000 pounds weight of gold, 30,000 of silver[1], 4000 silken tunics[2], 3000 hides dyed scarlet, and 3000 pounds of pepper. It is a strange catalogue of the things which were objects of desire to a nation emerging from barbarism. The pepper suggests the conjecture that the Gothic appetite had already lost some of its original keenness in the fervent southern lands; and the numbers of the special articles of luxury prompt the guess (it is nothing more) that the nobles and officers of this great nation-army may have been about 3000, the extra 1000 of silken garments perhaps representing the wives and daughters who accompanied some of the great chiefs.

And so ended the *First* Gothic siege of Rome, a siege in which no swords were crossed, no blood drawn. Famine was the only weapon used by Alaric.

The question then arose, 'How were the great quantities of gold and silver named by Alaric to be provided.' Public money there was none in the exchequer: probably the sacred majesty of Honorius drew all the produce of the taxes to Ravenna. The senators, whose statement of their wealth was perhaps capable of tolerably exact verification, paid their contributions according to a

[1] The 5000 lbs. of gold would be worth £225,000; the 30,000 lbs. of silver £90,000, nearly.

[2] χιτῶνες.

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prepared list. A revenue-officer named Palladius was appointed to collect the rest from the citizens who had still any property remaining; but, partly owing to the extortions of previous Emperors and their ministers, which had really reduced many wealthy men to poverty, partly to unpatriotic concealment of their riches by those who were still rich, he failed to collect the required sum. Then, under the influence of some avenging demon which metes out the destinies of men, a really fatal resolution (says Zosimus) was adopted; 'for they decided to make up the deficit by stripping off from the images of the gods the precious metals with which they were adorned. This was in fact nothing less than to deprive of life and energy, by diminishing the honour done to them, those statues which had been erected in the midst of solemn religious rites, and clothed with becoming adornment in order that they might ensure everlasting felicity to the state [1]. And since it was fated that from all quarters everything should concur to the ruin of the city, they not only stripped the statues of their adornments but they even melted down some of those which were composed of gold and silver, among which there was one of Valour (which the Romans call Virtutem [2]). And when this was destroyed,

The images of the gods in the melting-pot.

[1] This passage is worth quoting in the original, as curiously illustrating the theory of image-worship: *ὅπερ οὐδὲν ἕτερον ἦν ἢ τὰ τελεταῖς ἁγίαις καθιδρυθέντα καὶ τοῦ καθήκοντος κόσμου τυχόντα διὰ τὸ φυλάξαι τῇ πόλει τὴν εὐδαιμονίαν ἀΐδιον ἐλαττωθείσης κατά τι τῆς τελετῆς ἄψυχα εἶναι καὶ ἀνενέργητα.* Zosimus, v. 41.

[2] *Οὐιρτούτεμ.*

all that was left of Valour and Virtue among the Romans perished with it, as those who were learned in divine things and the rites transmitted from our ancestors perpetually asserted would be the case.' 408.

Can Alaric be re-enlisted as a confederate with Rome?

After this matter of the payment was settled, the future relations between the people of Rome and the Gothic king came under discussion. No one hinted now (nor for two generations later) at making the barbarian *ruler* of any part of Italy. But to constitute him the permanent champion of Rome; to conclude a strict offensive and defensive alliance with one whose sword weighed so heavily in the scale; in fact to revert to and carry further the policy of Stilicho which these very Romans had probably been among the loudest in condemning,—this did seem to the Senate, a wise recognition of existing facts, a chance of saving the majesty of Rome from further humiliation. And such doubtless it was, and Theodosius himself, or Constantine, seeing Alaric's unfeigned eagerness for such an alliance would have concluded it with gladness. But all the endeavours of statesmanship were foiled by the impenetrable stolidity of Honorius, who could not make either war or peace, nor could comprehend the existence of any danger to the Empire so long as his sacred person was unharmed.

Progress of the Anti-Emperor Constantine.

We must turn for a moment from the contemplation of Alaric's successes to record the progress made by the other great menacer of the throne of Honorius, the Britanno-Roman Constantine. This man, who had fixed his court at Valence on the

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408. Rhone, after foiling the expedition of Sarus, had with considerable bravery and skill pushed back the in-rushing Vandals, Sueves, and other barbaric hordes, so that the Rhine frontier was safer than it had been since the days of Julian. He proceeded to send into Spain his son Constans, with the rank of Caesar—in his son's name as well as his own he imitates the first great British-born Emperor—and in the year now just closing (408) Constans was pushing the Imperial forces hard. But the remembrance of the great Spaniard Theodosius was still strong in Spain, and besides some regular troops in Lusitania, a mob of peasants and slaves gathered under the command of Verenianus and Didymius, Spanish kinsmen of the Emperor[1]. At first Constans was in some peril from their irregular onset, but having soon overcome them he sent the two Imperial cousins captives to his father at Arles.

409. Embassy from Constantine to Honorius.

In the early days, then, of the New Year, a year glorified by the eighth Consulship of Honorius, and the third of his young nephew, Theodosius, this usurping Constantine, who was already master of the three great provinces of the West, sent certain eunuchs to the court of Honorius to excuse himself for having climbed to such height of power. 'Master, it is true, of Britain, Defender of Gaul, Conqueror of Spain; but all this, most Sacred Em-

[1] These two men had long been at feud with one another, but were now united by the presence and urgency of a common danger. (Sozomen, ix. 11.)

peror, is not of mine own will, but forced upon me by a hot-headed soldiery.' Honorius perhaps believed the tale, told with all an eunuch's courtliness: at any rate, he remembered that his kinsmen were in the hands of the usurper, and therefore he, whose pride would not suffer him to accept the fealty of Alaric, sent the imperial purple to Constantine, and recognised him as a partner in the Empire. As far as the safety of his relations was concerned, he might have spared himself the humiliation; for, before the eunuchs had departed from Valence on their errand of conciliation, the heads of Verenianus and Didymius had been severed from their bodies. But no doubt this also was 'to gratify the soldiery.'

409.

Tedious minuteness of Zosimus as to the events of 409.

This year 409, which is really unimportant in the development of the great drama, is described with almost provoking minuteness by our one chief authority, Zosimus. Would that as full and clear a light had been thrown upon the first and the last campaigns of Alaric, upon 402 and 410.

As was before remarked, no one, in this period of uncertainty and suspense, seems to play the part which is set down for him. As if the destruction of Rome were some mighty cataract towards which all were being drifted along by the irresistible current of events, the Goth, the Roman, the Emperor, the Senate, swim helplessly in the stream, first towards one shore, then towards another, and all their motions do not seem to alter the final result in a single circumstance. Alaric himself undoubtedly

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had this conviction, that he was an instrument in the hand of a mightier power for the overthrow of Rome. Claudian's story of the voice in his ears, 'Penetrabis ad Urbem,' and his answer to the Italian monk recorded by Socrates, show a remarkable agreement of testimony on this point. Was the presentiment that he would be known to the nations as the Destroyer of Rome coupled with another presentiment that he himself would shortly after lay his bones on the Italian soil, and is this the clue to those stern and ruthless advances, tempered by fits of such strange and unexpected moderation?

Freebooter-slaves at Ostia,

Immediately after the conclusion of the treaty of peace a vast number of domestic slaves fled from Rome, who, joining themselves to some of the wandering bands of barbarians, made up an army of 40,000 men, and levied a rude toll on the provisions and other merchandise arriving at Ostia for the relief of the city. As soon as Alaric heard of this event, which seemed to stain the purity of his plighted honour, he repressed the bands of pillagers with strong hand. At least his share of the compact should be kept while he waited calmly to see whether Honorius would ratify the other. The stipulation upon which at this time Alaric laid most stress in the negotiations was that hostages, the sons of some of the chief men in the Roman state, should be placed in his hands as security for the continuance of friendly relations between himself and the Empire.

repressed by Alaric.

409. Fruitless embassy to Ravenna.

The senate sent an embassy to the Emperor to represent to him the piteous condition of the Mistress of the World, and implore him to consent to the treaty with Alaric. Honorius tore himself away for a few hours from his poultry, heard apparently without emotion the sufferings of his people, gave a step in official rank to two of the ambassadors, and declined their request.

The blockade of Rome recommenced.

As soon as the news of this refusal reached Alaric he recommenced the blockade of the city, not perhaps with all the old strictness, but with sufficient severity to make it difficult for the unsuccessful ambassadors to return. One of them, Attalus, now apparently Count of the Sacred Largesses, with great difficulty stole into the city at the same time with a routed general named Valens, who had just flung away 6,000 picked troops in an unsuccessful attempt to relieve Rome. Another of the envoys was actually taken prisoner, and being sold for a slave was bought by his father for 30,000 aurei[1] (about £18,000). The name of this luckless ambassador, rare in Italy then, was to be only too fatally familiar to the Italy of a thousand years later. He was called *Maximillian.*

Another embassy was sent by the Senate to Ravenna, and Pope Innocent I was associated with it, but we do not seem to be informed of its results.

[1] Here, as elsewhere, I interpret 'aureus' as equivalent to 'solidus aureus,' worth therefore about twelve shillings. The aureus of the earlier emperors fluctuated between fifteen and twenty-two shillings.

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409. Defeat of Ataulfus brother-in-law of Alaric.

Just at this time Honorius was in a state of great elation, because Ataulfus, the brother-in-law of Alaric, who was hastening to join him with a body of troops collected in Upper Pannonia, had been defeated by a small army of Huns in the service of the Emperor. The Roman account of the engagement is that 300 Huns slew 1200 Goths, with a loss to themselves of only 17 men. This is probably an exaggeration, and it is clear that the great point, the junction of Ataulfus and Alaric, was not prevented. Still there was sufficient occasion for a momentary exultation on the part of Honorius in his interview with the Roman ambassadors.

Olympius supplanted by Jovius.

About this time occurred a revolution in the council chamber of the sovereign. Olympius's sole idea of government seems to have been confiscating the possessions of all who could possibly be suspected of *Stilichonism*, and endeavouring by torture to force them to confess their share in the conspiracy. Up to this time not a trace of any such conspiracy had been discovered; perhaps the public were growing a little weary of the cry against Stilicho, and contrasting the present position of affairs with that which had existed under the great minister: certainly the soldiers were dissatisfied with the miserable generals Turpillio and Vigilantius, whom the favour of Olympius retained in the highest military posts. The eunuchs of the palace employed against Olympius the same arts which he had used against Stilicho. Knowing the criminality of ill-success, he escaped to Dal-

matia, and a certain Jovius[1] was appointed Praetorian Prefect, was clothed with the dignity of Patrician, became chief counsellor of Honorius, and drew all power into his own hands. BOOK I. CH. 7. 409.

In order to wrest the military commands from the hands of the friends of Olympius, the mutiny of Ticinum was re-enacted on a smaller scale at Ravenna. The soldiers assembled on the shore hard by Classis shouting in mob fashion that the Emperor must be made to appear before them. Honorius of course concealed himself, and Jovius, the real author of the sedition, went to enquire with bland innocence the reason of all this clamour and wrath. Turpillio and Vigilantius were denounced by the infuriated soldiery. The Emperor consented at once to a decree of perpetual banishment being passed against them, and by the secret orders of Jovius this punishment was commuted into assassination at the hands of the officers of the ship on board of which they had been placed. Other changes were made in the household, but there is no need to record the names of these tumultuary chiefs of the civil and military service, of whom it Another Pronunciamento.

[1] These Pagan names, Olympius and Jovius, at the eminently Christian court of Ravenna, are somewhat curious. Tillemont (v. 573) speaks too doubtfully of Jovius's profession of Christianity if, as seems probable, he is the same person who, as Count of Africa, overthrew the Pagan temples at Carthage and destroyed the idols in the year 399 (Augustine, De Civ. Dei, xviii. 54), and to whom, as Praetorian Prefect, in this year (409) Honorius addressed his decrees against apostates to heathenism and Judaism.

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may be said that they 'sprang up in a night and perished in a night.'

409. Conference at Rimini between Alaric and Jovius.

Practically all power centred in Jovius, and Jovius, as having overthrown the enemy of Stilicho, and also as having been of old 'guest-friend[1]' of Alaric in Epirus, had peculiar facilities for effecting that accommodation with the Visigothic king which the state imperatively required. With the Emperor's consent he invited Alaric to a conference, which was held at Rimini, about thirty Roman miles from Ravenna. The terms upon which the Goth was now willing to base his alliance with the Emperor were these:—A yearly payment of gold by Honorius; a supply of provisions, the amount of which was to be the subject of future negotiation; and the concession of the two divisions of Noricum, of Istria, Venetia, and Dalmatia for the residence of the Gothic troops and their families[2]. It was not apparently intended that these regions should cease to be included at least theoretically in the dominions of the Roman Emperor, but rather that the Goths should be quartered there as permanent allies on the same terms on which many other auxiliary tribes had at various times been permitted to settle within the confines of the Empire.

In transmitting these demands to his master,

[1] *πρόξενος* (Zosimus, v. 48).

[2] This concession would have given Alaric a solid block of territory 200 miles long by 150 wide, reaching from Passau to Venice and from Vienna to Ragusa. It may be doubtful how much of Illyricum proper would have been included under the term Dalmatia.

409.

Jovius gave a secret hint that probably if Alaric himself were gratified with some high official position, such as that of *Magister Utriusque Militiae* (Captain-General of Horse and Foot), he would be found willing to abate considerably from the stringency of his demands. To this Honorius replied,—and for once we do hear a man's voice, though not a wise man's,—'You have behaved hastily in this matter. Payments of gold and subsidies of corn belong to your duty as Praetorian Prefect, and I do not blame you for having arranged these according to your own judgment. But military command it is mine alone to bestow, and I hold it unfitting that such offices as you name should ever be held by Alaric or any of his race.'

The concessions of Jovius vetoed by Honorius.

This letter arrived when Jovius and Alaric were conversing. Was it pique against the Emperor, was it despair, was it mere folly, that impelled the minister to read it from the beginning to the end in the hearing of the Visigoth? Alaric listened to all the rest of the letter patiently enough, but when he heard the scornful close he broke off the negotiations abruptly, and declared that he would revenge on Rome herself the insult offered to himself and his race.

Jovius, whose conduct is a perfect mystery of needless villainy, who, in short, behaved exactly like an Italian statesman of the sixteenth century who had lost his Machiavel, rushed back to Ravenna, and induced the Emperor to take an oath that he would conclude no peace with Alaric, but would

The oath by the head of the Emperor.

BOOK I. CH. 7. 409.

wage against him perpetual war. When Honorius had taken this oath, Jovius, touching the Emperor's head, repeated the same words, and all who held high office in the state were compelled to follow his example[1]. And yet every one of these men in his secret heart knew that a just and honourable peace with Alaric was the only chance of rescuing Rome from impending destruction.

Honorius made some feeble preparations for war, enrolled 10,000 Huns in his armies, imported cattle and sheep from Dalmatia for the provisionment of Ravenna, and sent some scouts to watch the progress of the Gothic army towards Rome.

Alaric still hesitates

But again Alaric, though duped and insulted, was seized by one of those strange qualms of awe or compassion which so often might have saved the Imperial City. 'Beginning to repent of his expedition against Rome, he sent forth the bishops of the cities through which he passed to act as his ambassadors, and to adjure the Emperor not to see unconcerned the city which had for more than a thousand years ruled over the greater part of the earth given up to be sacked by barbarians, nor yet such magnificent buildings destroyed by hostile fire, but rather to arrange a peace on very moderate conditions[2].' He offered in fact to abate three provinces, Venetia, Istria, and Dalmatia, from his former de-

[1] Compare Genesis xlii. 16, 'Else, by the life of Pharaoh, surely ye are spies.' Also the frequent persecutions of Christians for refusing to swear 'by the Genius of the [heathen] Emperor.'

[2] Zosimus, v. 50.

mand, and to be satisfied with the two Noricums alone [1], provinces already so wasted by barbarian invasions as to be of very small value to the treasury. He asked for no office or dignity, civil or military, nor even for gold, but only for such a supply of rations to his troops as the Emperor himself should consider reasonable; and in return for these slight concessions he promised friendship and military assistance against any enemy who might arise to trouble the peace of Honorius and his Romans.

409. and makes wonderfully moderate proposals for peace.

The moderation of Alaric excited general surprise, for in truth his demands were such as an Augustus might almost have conceded to an Arminius, or a Trajan to a Decebalus: but, for some reason hidden from us, Jovius and his creatures did not dare to advise their acceptance. The pretext alleged for refusal was that act of solemn imbecility, the oath by the head of the Emperor that no treaty of peace should be made with Alaric. 'A mere oath by the Almighty,' said Jovius, 'would have mattered comparatively little, as they might safely have trusted to the Divine good nature to overlook the apparent impiety. But an oath by the Emperor's person was a very different affair, and so awful an imprecation as that must never be disregarded.' The flattered sovereign thought this reasoning most conclusive; and the Visigoth, pale with rage at the tidings of the refusal of his request, set to work

But the oath by the Emperor's head ruins all.

[1] Austria proper, Styria, and Carinthia.

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409. The Second Siege of Rome commenced.

without further forbearance to commence the *Second Siege of the City.*

The second siege of Rome by Alaric is one of the surprises of history. With the remembrance of the terrible famine and pestilence which accompanied the first siege vividly before us, with the knowledge of the repeated insults since then inflicted upon the Visigothic king, we expect to see some great and doleful tragedy enacted upon the Seven Hills. Far from it; the curtain is drawn up, and we behold, instead of a tragedy, a burlesque, the title whereof is 'The Ten Months' Emperor, or Attalus the Æsthetic.'

The citizens of Rome saw once more the Gothic army encamped around their walls, Ostia occupied, the large stores of provisions there collected taken possession of by the barbarians. They had no desire to see the experiments of last year as to the possible articles of human diet repeated; they began to ask themselves, very naturally, 'Since Honorius does nothing to protect us, and since he can neither make war nor peace with Alaric, but only shuts himself up behind the ditches of Ravenna, leaving us to bear all the burden of the war, why should we suffer any more in his quarrel?' They explained their feelings to the king of the Goths, and speedily an arrangement was made which seemed likely to satisfy all parties. The Imperial city formally renounced her allegiance to Honorius, and bestowed the purple and the

PRISCUS ATTALUS

For the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, Oxford.

diadem on Attalus[1], the Prefect of the City, who as Augustus at once concluded the long-desired treaty of peace with Alaric. 409.

Attalus made Emperor.

The Praetorian Prefect of the City was already in official rank the highest person in Rome next to the Emperor. But independently of his high office, Priscus Attalus had in various ways made himself popular with various parties. He was a Greek, an Ionian—born, that is, on the Eastern shore of the Aegean, near the birthplaces of the old Greek poetry, philosophy and art. Looking at his medallions, one is at once struck by the Greek character of the face pourtrayed upon them. Though there is no strength in the brow, there is surely some artistic sensibility indicated by the lines of the mouth. The curve of the lower jaw and the well-rounded chin seem almost noble, and when contrasted with the wooden imbecility of Honorius's effigy, he seems almost like 'Hyperion to a Satyr.'

His heathen, Arian, and Gothic connections.

From this art-loving Ionian Greek the Pagans in Rome expected nothing less than the restoration of their old temples and sacrifices. Yet he was not an obstinate Pagan, for he had been baptized by an Arian bishop. There again was hope for the still large though down-trodden Arian party.

[1] This Attalus is the same dignitary of whom mention was made as having been promoted, on the occasion of his embassy to Ravenna, to the office of Count of the Sacred Largesses. Since then he had gained yet another step. He appears to have joined the party of Jovius, and on the downfall of Olympius he was rewarded by the appointment of Prefect of the City.

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But yet again the Arian bishop who baptized him was himself a Goth, Sigesarius by name. That fact endeared him to the Goths; and thus it came to pass that he whose first promotion to high office had been earned through his personal acceptability to Honorius, was now set upon the throne by a combination of Honorius's sternest foes in order to achieve his downfall.

Magniloquent harangue of Attalus.

The new Augustus, having put on the diadem and the purple *paludamentum*, and having at once bestowed high military offices on his barbarian friends, Alaric being made commander-in-chief and Ataulfus general of the household troops[1], went with much pomp of attendant soldiery to a meeting of the senate in the Imperial palace. There he addressed them in a long and elaborate oration. 'Rome and the Senate had too long been treated with unseemly disrespect. He, Priscus Attalus, would restore both to their former high estate. He would make the name of the Conscript Fathers again venerable, he would bring the whole world back under the dominion of Rome. Yes, the *whole* world; the upstart rival on the Bosporus should be dethroned, and Egypt and all the provinces of the East should again own the sway of the City by the Tiber.' Some such sonorous words as these

[1] Alaric was made Magister Utriusque Militiae; Ataulfus, Comes Domesticorum. So Sozomen, ix. 8; but Zosimus, vi. 7, assigns one of the two chief military commands to Valens, the over-rash general, and the companion of Attalus on his stealthy journey from Ravenna to Rome.

he poured forth; such of the senators as were versed in public affairs may have whispered to one another 'Graeculus esuriens in coelum jusseris, ibit[1],' while the nobles of the Anician house, the wealthiest in Rome, openly displayed their doubt of the stability of the new Emperor's throne; but the tide of popularity out of doors ran strongly in favour of Attalus, whose crown was the seal of the alliance with Alaric, the pledge of the punishment of the selfish court of Ravenna. The Visigoth had shown himself terrible as a foe, but if Rome could only keep him as her friend, what might she not accomplish by his aid against her enemies? 409.

Africa the true key of the position.

The quick eye of Alaric perceived that the key of the hostile position was not in Italy, but in Africa. Rome was dependent on that province for the supply of corn for her citizens, but Africa was at present held strongly for Honorius by Heraclian, the executioner of Stilicho. He earnestly advised Attalus to send thither a moderate force of barbarians under the command of a certain Drumas, and to attempt nothing else till Africa was secured. But Attalus, whose head was quite turned by his sudden elevation, who had the echoes of his own sonorous address to the senate still ringing in his ears, and who was 'seeking to wizards and familiar spirits' for his policy, scornfully rejected the advice of his Gothic friend. He sent Constans (a different person, of course, from

[1] 'The hungry Greek to please his lord
Will mount at once to heaven.'

BOOK I. CH. 7. 410.

the son of the British rebel) with a slender body of troops into Africa; and he himself, probably in the beginning of 410, marched towards Ravenna to indulge in the luxury of trampling on the apparently fallen Honorius. That Emperor sent Jovius to him with a similar offer to that which he had made to Constantius: 'Let us divide the Empire; you reign at Rome, I at Ravenna, only let me still be Augustus here.'

Insulting message of Attalus to Honorius.

Jovius, the Talleyrand of this epoch, whose orbit of treachery it is impossible to calculate, seems to have become for the time a partisan of the new Emperor, from whom he accepted the office of Praetorian Prefect[1]; and he it was who dictated the insolent reply which he surely can never have had the audacity to carry back in person. 'Not a particle of Italian soil, O Honorius, not a vestige of the Imperial dignity, not even thy own body will we allow thee to preserve unmutilated. Thou shalt be maimed, thou shalt be banished to some island, and then, as a favour, we will concede to thee life.' Certainly the artistic Greek nature of this man preserves a trace of the feline cruelty which one remembers in certain passages of the Peloponnesian war.

Flight of Honorius stopped by the arrival of reinforcements from Constantinople

However, for a time the very arrogance of the man seemed destined to achieve success. Honorius, thoroughly alarmed for the safety of his person, was about to escape by sea to Constantinople, when suddenly six legions, amounting to 40,000

[1] Presumably for Italy.

men[1], landed at the very port where he was making his preparations for flight. They were soldiers of Theodosius II, sent to the assistance of his uncle against Alaric.

which had been two years on the way.

We receive a vivid impression of the disorganised state of the Eastern as well as the Western half of the Empire when we are informed that these men had actually been summoned by Stilicho, not later therefore than the first half of the year 408, nearly two years before their appearance on the scene of action. Not unfriendliness, but inefficiency or procrastination—in this case a most seasonable procrastination—had postponed their arrival till now.

When these 40,000 men arrived, Honorius picked up courage enough to attempt a further defence of Ravenna, watching above all things for the issue of affairs in Africa, and postponing his departure for the East till he knew at least whether that province was lost to him.

It was not lost. Stilicho's murderer was still

[1] Zosimus's statement is quite clear: 'Six legions amounting to 40,000 men' (ἐξ τάγματα στρατιωτῶν . . . . μυριάδες ἀριθμὸν ὄντα τέσσαρες). But because Sozomen, certainly an inferior authority in military and political affairs to Zosimus, fixes the number at 4000, an editor has suggested the reading χιλιάδες instead of μυριάδες for the text, and the Latin translators (in the Bonn edition) have, without any warning, translated 'in his erant hominum quattuor millia,'—a surely inadmissible proceeding. The length of time that this body of troops had been mustering, and the decisive influence which they exerted in restoring the almost hopeless cause of Honorius, both point decisively to the *larger* number as the more probable. Zosimus, vi. 8.

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410. Dissensions between the puppet and his master.

loyally serving his Imperial master. Constans, the general of Attalus, was slain, and the usurper, instead of even yet retrieving his fortunes by despatching thither an army of Goths, could think of nothing better than to send an apparently trifling reinforcement of Romans, 'with money' to reinvigorate his failing cause. Alaric began to be seriously displeased at the imbecility which his Emperor was displaying in reference to this African campaign. Jovius, too, seeing which way fortune was inclining, turned round once more, made his peace secretly with Honorius, but remained at the court of Attalus to sow dissension between him and Alaric, by suggesting to the Visigoth—a suggestion which probably contained some grains of truth—that the usurper, if he were once securely settled on his throne, would not be long in disembarrassing himself, by assassination or some other means, of his too powerful barbarian benefactors. Alaric listened and half believed, but did not yet desert the cause of Attalus. He left Ravenna unbesieged, traversed the province of the Aemilia, compelling all the cities therein, except Bologna, to acknowledge the new Emperor, and then proceeded towards Genoa on the same errand.

Famine again in Rome.

Meantime, however, Alaric's own weapon, famine, was being fatally employed against his creature. Heraclian, like Gildo, by closing the African ports, was able to bring Rome to her knees. It was of no avail that Ostia was free, that the city was unblockaded, if the great granary itself was closed.

410. A tariff for human flesh demanded.

Already, without a siege, the horrors of the first siege were recommencing; the grain-dealers were accused of 'forestalling and regrating,' and when Attalus and his people met face to face in the great Flavian Amphitheatre—for, of course, the games must go on though all else was falling into ruin—it is said that an angry murmur surged round through the topmost seats where the populace sat, and that fierce voices shouted to the Augustus, *Pretium pone carni humanae*—'Fix a maximum price for human flesh.'

Attalus deposed at Rimini.

Again the senate assembled; again all the reasonable men in that assembly urged that Drumas and the barbarians should be sent to cut the knot of the African difficulty; again the vainglorious Attalus refused to entrust the war to other than Roman hands. Then at length, on the receipt of these tidings, the patience of Alaric gave way. He marched back to Rimini, his nearest outpost towards Ravenna, commanded Attalus to wait upon him, and there, in the plain outside the town, in sight of the Gothic army and the Roman inhabitants, he stripped him of his diadem and purple robe, and proclaimed that he was degraded to the condition of a private citizen. The unhappy Greek, so proudly self-inflated and so ignominiously collapsing, had reigned for something less than a year. He did not dare to return to Rome, far less, of course, to Ravenna, but requested permission for himself and his son Ampelius to follow the train of the Visigothic army. The permission

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was disdainfully granted, and we shall meet with him once again in the barbarian camp.

410. Renewed overtures to Honorius.

Alaric, in order to give Honorius visible tokens of the change in his policy, sent to the court of Ravenna the Imperial ensigns which he had stripped from his dethroned client. The officers also, who had received their commands from the usurper, restored their military belts to the legitimate Emperor, and humbly implored his forgiveness. 'And now, surely,' any discriminating observer might have thought, 'a just and honourable peace will be concluded between Alaric and Honorius, and Italy will rest from her anguish.'

Sarus prevents peace.

The hindrance to the fulfilment of these hopes came this time from Sarus the Goth, a man who is to us scarcely more than a mere name, but about whom a real historian, writing contemporaneously, would probably have told us much. At present we know little, except that he was at first a friend and follower of Stilicho[1], but turned against him (as has been already described) with the turn in the tide of fortune, and sought, but unsuccessfully, to earn the price set upon his head. Then had come his short-lived success and ignominious failure in the campaign against Constantine, notwithstanding which he was still deemed by the people the fittest man to make head against his countryman Alaric after Stilicho's death[2]. He was not, however, chosen for that purpose by the

[1] Zosimus, v. 30.

[2] Zosimus, v. 36.

Emperor, but had since remained near Ravenna with a small force of his countrymen, standing sullenly aloof from both the combatants. He had some cause of rankling enmity against Ataulfus, if not against Alaric also, and some have conjectured that an old Teutonic blood-feud existed between his house and theirs. Now there came either a skirmish or an apprehension of one between the old enemies[1]. In the end, Sarus, with 300 chosen warriors, entered Ravenna and exerted all his influence to break off the negotiations between Honorius and the Visigoths.

He succeeded: Alaric retired from the conferences and marched southwards, this time in deadly earnest, intent upon *The Third Siege of Rome*.

Our ignorance as to the details of the Third Siege of Rome.

Of this, the crowning act of the great drama, the real end of old Rome, the real beginning of modern history, it must be confessed that we scarcely know more than we do of the fall of Babylon. Zosimus's history comes to an abrupt end just short of the climax. That the work is incomplete is manifest from the preface, in which Zosimus contrasts it with that of Polybius, and evidently implies that as the latter had told the story of the rise of Rome, so he would describe her fall. The capture of the city in 410 would have been the fitting dramatic close to his narrative, and it is quite impossible to

[1] Zosimus says that Ataulfus lay in wait for Sarus, but did not succeed in fighting him. Sozomen declares that Sarus attacked Alaric, knowing that any treaty which he might make with the Emperor would be prejudicial to *his* interests, and implies that the attack was successful.

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suppose that he did not at least intend to write of it. The ecclesiastical historians have transmitted a few anecdotes illustrative of the religious aspect of the struggle; we are grateful for these details, which preserve us from utter darkness, but the very importance attached to them, the frequency of their repetition by subsequent chroniclers, show how little was really known of the more important incidents of the siege. Rome, which had described with such eager minuteness the death-pangs of a hundred cities which she had taken, has left untold the story of her own overthrow.

Alaric breaks into the city, 24th Aug., 410.

Alaric was spared, this time, the necessity of reducing the city by a slow blockade. On the night of the 24th[1] of August, it would seem almost immediately after his appearance before the walls, his troops burst in by the Salarian Gate[2], near the eastern flank of the Pincian Hill, close to the gardens of Sallust, and about half a mile from the Baths of Diocletian[3].

Doubtful stories of treachery within the city.

Hints indeed are let fall that the gates were opened to him by treachery, but they rest only on the very doubtful authority of Procopius, who wrote more than a century after the event. He describes circumstantially[4] a stratagem of Alaric's, who, he

[1] Or 26th. These two dates rest on the authority of Theophanes and Cedrenus, both late authors.

[2] The Salarian Gate stood upon the *Salarian Way*, the road by which in old times the Romans used to carry sea-salt up to the country of the Sabines.

[3] The site of the modern railway station.

[4] De Bello Vandalico, i. 2.

says, presented to the Roman nobles three hundred of the bravest youths of his nation under the guise of slaves, by whom, when the fitting time came, he was admitted through the Salarian Gate. Or else, says the same author, the venerable Christian matron Proba (mother of the Consuls Probinus and Olybrius), pitying the sufferings of the people from famine, ordered her slaves to open the gate by night and so end their misery. Neither story harmonises with the characters or mutual relation of the chief actors in the scene; and the words of the contemporary Orosius[1], 'Alaric appears, he besieges the trembling city, he throws it into confusion, *he breaks into it*,' seem almost conclusive against the hypothesis of treachery. In confirmation of this view, that Rome was taken by assault, we find it stated very emphatically that the splendid palace of Sallust was set on fire—just what we might expect to have happened if there was hard fighting around the Salarian Gate.

410.

Savage deeds of the Goths.

It was said in a preceding chapter that we must not think of the Visigoths as savages, scarcely even, except in the classical sense of the word, as barbarians. Now however that they have entered Rome, now that, after years of waiting and marching and diplomatising, the prize is at last theirs, the accumulated treasures of the world at their feet, and few days in which to pick them up, we may have to fall back for a time upon that more popular

[1] 'Adest Alaricus: trepidam Romam obsidet, turbat, irrumpit.' (Orosius, vii. 39.)

conception of their character. Every army during the sack and pillage of a conquered town sinks to the level of the savage; a fever of avarice, cruelty, lust, burns in the veins of men to whom, after months of hardship and discipline, all at once everything is permitted, nothing is forbidden. The latent demon in each man's heart suddenly asserts himself, looks into the eyes of demon brethren, and becomes ten times more terrible by the communion of evil. Thus, though the soldiers of Alaric were ministers of mercy when compared with those of Alva or Tilly, we cannot doubt that brutality and outrage of every kind marked their entrance into the conquered city.

Brutal ill-treatment of the aged Marcella.

One instance recorded is doubtless the type of thousands. On the Aventine hill dwelt the widow Marcella, with her friend and adopted daughter Principia. Of noble birth and conspicuous beauty Marcella had lost her husband in her early youth after only seven months of married life. Refusing all offers of re-marriage she devoted herself thenceforward to a life of seclusion and charity, turned her palace on the Aventine into a convent, and bestowed the greater part of her substance on the poor. While the great advocate of monasticism, Jerome, had dwelt in Rome, Marcella had been one of his most earnest supporters; after he retired to his cave at Bethlehem she was one of the most highly favoured of his correspondents. This had been her manner of life for fifty years or more: she was now verging upon extreme old age when she saw the

ruin of her country. The blood-stained Gothic soldiers, who rushed into her house expecting large spoils from so stately a palace, eagerly demanded that she should surrender the treasures which they were persuaded she had buried. She showed her mean and threadbare garments, and told them how it came to pass that she, a Roman matron, was destitute of wealth. The words 'voluntary poverty' fell on unbelieving ears. They beat her with clubs, they scourged her: she bore the strokes with unflinching courage, but fell at their feet and implored them not to separate her from Principia, dreading the effect of these horrors on the young maiden if called to bear them alone. At length their hard hearts softened towards her, they accepted her statement as to her poverty, and escorted her and Principia to the Basilica of St. Paul. Arrived there she broke forth into a song of thanksgiving, 'that God had at least kept her friend for her unharmed, that she had not been made poor by the ruin of the city, but that it had found her poor already, that she would not feel the hunger of the body even though the daily bread might fail, because she was filled with all the fulness of Christ.' But the shock of the cruelties she had endured was too great for her aged body, and after a few days she expired, 'the hands of her adopted daughter closing her eyes, and her kisses accompanying the last sigh[1].'

[1] Jerome, Epist. xvi: 'Ad Principiam virginem, Marcellae viduae epitaphium.'

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410. Fugitives to the Christian churches unharmed

Our other anecdotes of the capture of the city are of a less melancholy kind. The Christian apologists naturally dwell on every fact, which suggests the reflection how much worse might the state of Rome have been had heathens been its captors. Before entering the city Alaric had given strict orders, which appear to have been obeyed, that all the Christian edifices should be left uninjured, and that the right of asylum in them, especially in the two great basilicas of St. Peter and St. Paul, should be rigorously respected. Great multitudes of Pagans, as well as of Christians, availed themselves of this provision, which was accompanied by a general recommendation from Alaric to spare human life as much as possible while satiating themselves with spoil[1].

The soldier and the nun.

One of the Goths, a man in high position and professing the Christian faith, burst into a house, which formed part, though he knew it not, of the possessions of the Church. Meeting an aged nun therein, he asked her, not uncourteously, whether she had any gold or silver. She replied that she had much of both, and would immediately produce it. She then set before him such a splendid array of gold and silver vessels as the barbarian had probably not seen before. Bewildered, he enquired as to the nature and use of them. She replied boldly, 'They are consecrated to the service of the Apostle Peter. I am not strong enough to defend them from you. Take them if you are not afraid to do

[1] Orosius, vii. 39.

so: you will have to answer for the deed.' The officer, struck by her boldness, and fearful of incurring the guilt of sacrilege, sent to ask orders from Alaric, who commanded that the sacred vessels, the woman who had so faithfully guarded them, and any Christians who might wish to accompany her, should be escorted by soldiers to the Basilica of St. Peter. A kind of triumphal procession was formed; the soldier and 'the virgin of Christ' at its head, brawny Gothic arms carried the sacred vessels on high, the Roman Christians sang hymns, their barbarian brethren raised the melodious antiphone, many Pagans, wondering and trembling, joined themselves to the crowd, and thus through the blood-stained, smoking streets that strange chorus moved on in safety to the shelter of the great Basilica[1].

410.

The soldier and the matron.

Within the same inviolable enclosure a Roman matron, young and of surpassing loveliness, was conducted by another Gothic soldier. When he had sought to offer her outrage, she had preferred death to dishonour, and bared her neck to his sword. He struck, and the blood flowed copiously; he struck again, but he could not slay; then he relented, and leading her to the church gave her into the charge of the officers who were stationed there, and at the same time handing them six *aurei*[2],

[1] Orosius, vii. 39.

[2] The aureus (solidus) = twelve shillings. This curious payment, which gives a somewhat ludicrous air to the close of the story, was perhaps due to the Teutonic idea of *weregild*.

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desired them to conduct her safely to her husband[1].

410. The city itself in all probability not greatly injured.

The amount of injury done by the Goths to the city itself it is not easy to determine. Writers who were remote from the scene and declamatory in their style[2], speak as if the whole city had been wrapped in flames, every building shattered, nothing left but ruins. It is easy to see from subsequent descriptions of the appearance of the city that this is a gross exaggeration, and it is *a priori* most improbable that the Goths, who only stayed a short time in Rome, and had much plundering to accomplish in that time, should have devoted so large a part of their energies to the destruction of mere buildings. On the other hand, it is clear that they did use fire in one case, when they burned the palace of Sallust, and probable enough that other edifices may have suffered in the same way, though it is singular that this one palace is the only building which any historian condescends to specify as having been destroyed by fire. Orosius, writing history as an advocate, and having to maintain the thesis that Rome had not suffered since her conversion to Christianity greater calamities than befell her in her Pagan times, is not, it must be admitted, an entirely trustworthy witness on this point. But he, a contemporary writer, distinctly says that 'the destruction wrought by fire at the hands of the Gothic conqueror was not to be compared with

[1] Sozomen, ix. 10.

[2] Jerome, Procopius, Philostorgius.

that caused by accident in the 700th year from the foundation of the city[1].' This verdict seems a probable one, and may support a conjecture that Rome suffered less, externally, from the barbarians in 410, than Paris from the leaders of the Commune in 1871. 410.

Little as we know from eye-witnesses of the actual details of the siege, we are not left in ignorance of the effect which the news of its fatal result produced on the minds of the provincials. Especially are we able to note the impressions received by the two greatest writers of that age, St. Jerome and St. Augustine.

Effect of the tidings of the fall of Rome on St. Jerome.

In his cell at Bethlehem, *St. Jerome* was laboriously constructing his commentary on Ezekiel, wrestling with the shadowy difficulties of the most enigmatical of Prophets, when suddenly 'a terrible rumour from the west was brought to him.' The story of all the three sieges seems to have reached him at once, the famine, the purchased peace with its vain humiliation; the capture and the sack filled his soul with one sorrow and consternation, a consternation so bewildering that, as he himself says, 'to quote a common proverb, I wellnigh forgot my own name.' Then came the troops of exiles, men and women of the noblest families in Rome, once abounding in wealth, now beggars. At that sight 'I was long silent, knowing that it

[1] Orosius describes more fully this accidental but destructive fire in the 14th chapter of his 6th book. It occurred in the year preceding the death of Crassus.

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was the time for tears. Since for us to relieve them all was impossible we joined our lamentations with theirs, and in this state of mind I had no heart for explaining Ezekiel, but seemed likely to lose all the fruit of my labour.' He quotes Lucan,

'What is enough, if Rome be deemed too small[1]?'

and proposes to modify the question thus—

'What can be safe, if Rome in ruins fall[2]?'

Then he quotes Virgil (with slight alterations)

'Not though a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues
Were mine, or came my voice from iron lungs,
Could I rehearse each tortured captive's pain,
Or swiftly tell the names of all the slain[3].'

Isaiah, 'In the night Moab is taken, in the night has her wall fallen[4].'

Asaph, the Psalmist, 'O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled, they have laid Jerusalem on heaps[5].'

And again his favourite Virgil—

'What witness could recount aright
The woes, the carnage of that night,
Or make his tributary sighs
Keep measure with our agonies?

[1] 'Quid satis est si Roma parum est?'

[2] 'Quid salvum est si Roma perit?'

[3] 'Non, mihi si linguae centum sint oraque centum,
Ferrea vox, omnes captorum dicere poenas
Omnia caesorum percurrere nomina possim.'
Virgil has in the second line 'scelerum comprendere formas,' and in the third 'poenarum.' Aeneid vi. 625–7.

[4] Chap. xv. 1. (The A. V. differs.)

[5] Psalm lxxix. 1.

An ancient city topples down
From broad-based heights of old renown.
There in the streets confusedly strown
Lie age and helplessness o'erthrown,
Block up the entering of the doors
And cumber Heaven's own temple-floors[1].'

He improves the event to enforce his advice in favour of asceticism.

In the midst of his distress and consternation, Jerome does not fail to improve the opportunity for enforcing his own ascetic views. The first quotation from Virgil occurs in his celebrated letter 'De Monogamia,' addressed to the young widow Ageruchia, to dissuade her from re-marriage, 'Not even your sighs are safe,' he says; 'it is dangerous to weep over your calamities. Tell me, dear daughter in Christ, will you marry in the midst of such events as these? What do you mean your husband to do—fight? or fly? In either case you know what sad results to expect. For the Fescennine song[2], the terrible trumpet will crash upon your ears, and your bridesmaids may have to

[1] Conington's translation of—

'Quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando
Explicet, aut possit lacrimis aequare labores?
Urbs antiqua ruit, multos dominata per annos;
Plurima perque vias sternuntur inertia passim
Corpora, perque domos . . .
. . . . . .
. . . et plurima mortis imago.'

Aeneid ii. 361–5 and 369.

This fondness for quotation from Virgil is one of the many resemblances between Jerome and his great namesake, Girolamo Savonarola.

[2] The merry verses chanted when the bride was being led to the house of her husband.

change their part and act as mourners for the dead.'

Again, in writing to Gaudentius as to the education of his infant daughter Pacatula, he seems almost to rejoice that she is born into so dreary a world, because there is a greater chance of her being trained to abhor it. 'Oh shame,' he says, 'the frame of the world is falling into ruin, yet our sins fall not from us! That renowned city, the head of the Roman world, has been destroyed by one conflagration. There is no region where the exiles from Rome are not found; churches, once sacred, have fallen into heaps of ashes; and yet we are still set upon covetousness! . . . Into such times as these our little Pacatula has been born; these are the playthings by which her infancy is surrounded; she is learning tears before laughter, sorrow sooner than joy. Oh, let her think that the world has ever been like this; let her be ignorant of the past, avoid the present, yearn only for the future.'

But the climax of his ascetic enthusiasm is reached in his letter to Demetrias, daughter of the Olybrius whose Consulship, along with that of his brother Probinus, Claudian sang of, and granddaughter of Proba who was accused of opening the Salarian Gate to the Goths. In this letter he asserts that on Demetrias consecrating herself to a life of perpetual virginity 'Italy changed her garments of mourning, and the ruined walls of Rome almost resumed their former glory. This signal instance

of Divine favour made the Romans feel as if the Gothic army, that off-scouring of all things, made up of slaves and deserters, were already cut to pieces. It made them rejoice more than their ancestors had done over the first victory which succeeded the terrible disaster of Cannae.' Was it genuine monkish enthusiasm, or flattery, or the slavery of a declamatory author to his own rhetoric, which made Jerome write such extraordinary sentences as these [1]?

Effect of the same tidings on St. Augustine.

On his great African contemporary *Augustine*, the tidings of the capture of Rome produced an effect as powerful as upon Jerome. As powerful, and in a certain sense more durable, since it stimulated him to the composition of his greatest work, the offspring of thirteen years of toil, his treatise on *The City of God*. In his 'Retractations' he thus describes the origin of the book:—

'Rome, meanwhile, by the invasion of the Goths, under their king Alaric, was overthrown with the crash of a mighty slaughter. This overthrow the worshippers of many and false gods (whom we are accustomed to call Pagans) endeavoured to connect with the Christian religion, and accordingly they

[1] I owe this quotation and the reflections suggested by it to Milman (History of ~~the Latin Church~~, i. 105, *note* r). The other passages quoted from Jerome are from Ep. xi (De Monogamia) Ad Ageruchiam; Ep. xii. (De Pacatulae infantulae educatione) Ad Gaudentium; Ep. xvi. (Marcellae viduae epitaphium) Ad Principiam Virginem; Ep. lxxxii. Marcellino et Anapsychiae; and from the preface to the third book of his Commentaries on Ezekiel.

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began to blaspheme the name of the true God with even more than their usual bitterness. Wherefore I, inflamed with zeal for the Lord's house, determined to write a treatise on The City of God, in order to refute the mistakes of some and the blasphemies of others. This work kept me employed during several years, being interrupted by many other engagements which had to be attended to immediately. But this great work *De Civitate Dei* is at length completed in twenty-two books.'

The 'De Civitate Dei.'

He then goes on to describe the plan of the treatise. The first five books refute the error of those who assert that the prosperity of mankind depends on Polytheism. The next five are directed against those who admit that misfortunes sometimes befall the worshippers of the gods, but who contend that they ought still to be adored for the sake of the happiness which they are capable of bestowing in a future state. So much for the negative part of the work. Then, for the positive part, in the remaining twelve books he seeks to establish the truth of the Christian religion. In the first four (11th to 14th) he traces the origin, in the second four (15th to 18th) the growth, and in the last four books (18th to 22nd) the destined consummation of the two eternally separate cities whereof one is the City of God, the other the City of the World.

Such is the general outline of the great Apology of victorious Christianity, but there is many a creek and inlet of curious disquisition, of antiquarian

lore, of fantastic speculation concerning Man and concerning Nature, of which this sketch-map gives us no hint. Its value as a piece of Christian polemic is, if one may venture to say so, far inferior to its value as a repository of the thoughts and feelings of Pagan Rome. As a mere piece of argument it suffers, not only from its intolerable prolixity, but yet more from the very completeness of its victory. Through page after page Augustine wrangles on with the Romans upon such topics as their worship of the goddess Felicity[1]. Why did they worship both Felicity and Fortune? What was the difference between them? Why did they not worship Felicity in the earlier ages of the Republic, and yet introduce her worship afterwards? Were they not really happier before than after they began to worship Felicity? And so on. Arguments of this kind seem to a modern reader a most wearisome slaying of the slain: and yet the passage from Zosimus, quoted in this chapter, about the insult offered to the statue of Valour, shows that these deified abstractions really retained some hold on the reverence of the average Pagan intellect, and that Augustine was not fighting mere phantoms though much of his sword-play is surely superfluous.

Upon the whole, while recognising the justice of its claim to a place in the front ranks of Christian literature, it may be said that the book is less than its title, that the single thought 'The City of God abideth for ever though the greatest City of the

[1] Book iv. § 18–23.

World has fallen in ruin,' is the most sublime thing which the author has to put before us, and that many of the arguments by which he tries to buttress his great thesis add no strength and no beauty to the edifice. It is worth considering what shape such an argument would have assumed in our own day. An article in a review, a sermon or a pamphlet, would probably be all that a modern Augustine would produce in similar circumstances. And, putting antiquarian interests out of the question, would not the pamphlet be really more effective and more fitting than the twenty-two books? The influences of France and of the Printing Press have combined to make the production of another *De Civitate Dei* impossible. The multiplicity of authors compels the controversialist who would now obtain a hearing, to speak promptly and concisely: the examples of Pascal and Voltaire teach him that he must speak with point and vivacity.

As we might expect from his position in the argument, Augustine strongly insists on all the mitigating circumstances in the fall of Rome, the respect shown to the churches, the privilege of sanctuary, and so forth; while, on the other hand, his statement that in so great a carnage the bodies could not even be buried[1], and the many pages devoted to the unhappy lot of the women who had been dishonoured by the barbarians[2], clearly show that the usual horrors of a town taken by assault were not lacking in the case of Rome.

[1] i. 12.

[2] i. 16–19.

The same great thesis, 'Rome has not suffered these things on account of her desertion of Paganism,' guides and informs the whole history of Orosius, which has been so often quoted in these pages, and which is dedicated to Orosius's friend and master Augustine.

Movements of the Goths after the capture of Rome.

But it is time to return from the theological schools of Bethlehem and Hippo to Rome and her invaders. Three days only, or, at the most, six, did the Goths tarry in the famine-wasted and probably fever-stricken city. Then, with their heavy burden of spoils, and a long train of captives[1] to help in bearing them, they marched southwards through Campania. Rome fallen, no meaner city seems to have even attempted resistance. We hear incidentally of one captured town, Nola, which had resisted Hannibal when flushed with his great success at Cannae, but which apparently did not even delay the victorious march of Alaric. Here round the tomb of St. Felix (one of the martyrs in the persecution under Decius[2]) Paulinus the bishop had erected a little suburb of convents. He had long ere this voluntarily exchanged

[1] Among these captives we are told (on the somewhat doubtful authority of an inscription in the church of St. Agnes at Rome, recorded in Gruter, p. 1173. 3, but apparently copied by him from Baronius) was a certain deacon named Dionysius, who by his great skill in medicine, which he prescribed without fee or reward, won the hearts of his captors.

[2] So it is stated in the Prolegomena to Migne's edition of Paulinus. I have not been able to trace the authority for assigning his death to this period.

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great wealth for a life of poverty; and, to quote the words of his friend Augustine[1], 'When he was taken prisoner by the barbarians he put up this prayer, as he afterwards informed me, "Lord, let me not be tortured to make me reveal my gold and silver, for where all my wealth is gone *thou* knowest."' The context of the passage seems to imply that the prayer was granted, and that the good bishop did not even lose the little modicum of property which still belonged to him[2].

From Campania Alaric and his Goths pressed on still southwards into Bruttii, the modern Calabria. They collected some ships at Reggio—intending to invade Sicily, some historians say; to pass on thence into Africa, says Jornandes the Goth. There can be little doubt that he is right, that Africa was the present object of Alaric's attack. Not necessarily, however, the *ultimate* object. His military instinct showed him that there, in the great granary of Rome, must the question of dominion over the Eternal City be decided; that while Heraclian still held Africa for Honorius, the phantom-Emperor at Ravenna could not be dethroned. He was going, then, to Africa, but doubtless with the intention of returning to Rome.

[1] De Civitate Dei, i. 10.

[2] Every year on the Feast Day of St. Felix (14th January) Paulinus wrote a 'Carmen Natalitium' in his honour. Seventeen of these poems are preserved, in whole or in part, but their vapid fluency throws very little light on the history of the times, and as the order of the poems is itself uncertain, all the vigorous attempts which have been made to fix by their means the order of historical events result in nothing but reasoning in a circle.

But whatever might be his intentions, they were frustrated. This wave of Teutonic invasion had reached its extreme limit at Reggio, and was henceforward to recede. 'Thou breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind' was perhaps the jubilant cry of the inhabitants of Messina, when they saw a great storm arise, by which Alaric's fleet was dashed to pieces, and a considerable part of his army, already embarked thereon, destroyed [1]. The Visigothic king could not bring himself to acknowledge defeat, even by the elements. He lingered near Reggio, still perhaps dreaming of conquests beyond the seas. Suddenly, in the midst of his warlike schemes, Death surprised him. We are told nothing as to the nature of his malady, except that it was of short duration. It is probable that in his case, as in that of so many other Northern invaders of Italy, climate proved itself mightier than armies, and that Fever was the great avenger.

Death of Alaric.

The well-known story of the burial of Alaric derives some additional interest from the remembrance of his birthplace. He was born, as the

His burial under the River Busento.

[1] According to Olympiodorus, the Gothic invasion of Sicily was said to be in some mysterious manner barred by a sacred image, erected in old times and containing within one foot a flame of ever-burning fire, in the other a portion of never-failing water. Its destined function was to protect Sicily from ravages by the fire of Etna, and from assaults of barbarians across the seas, by both of which scourges the island was grievously tormented after the image was overthrown (a few years later than this time) by Aesculapius, steward of the Sicilian property of Constantius and Placidia.

Apud Photium iii. 261 (ed. Migne).

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reader may remember, on an island at the mouth of one of the greatest rivers of Europe. The flow of the broad but sluggish Danube, the sound of the wind in the pine-trees[1], the distant thunder of the Euxine upon its shore,—these were the sounds most familiar to the ear of the young Visigoth. Now that he had swept with resistless force from the Black Sea to the Straits of Messina, a river must flow over his grave as it had encircled his cradle. Forth from the high pine-woods of the Calabrian mountain-range of Sila leaps the stream of the Busento, which meeting the larger river Crati coming from the Apennines, encircles the town of Cosenza, where the great Visigoth met his death. To provide their leader with a tomb which no Italian hand should desecrate, the barbarians compelled a number of their captives to labour at diverting the Busento from its ordinary channel. In the dry bed of the river they dug the grave, in which, amid many of the chosen spoils of Rome, the body of Alaric was laid. The captives were then ordered to turn the river back into its ancient course, and their faithful guardianship of the grim secret was secured by the inviolable seal of death printed upon their lips. So, under the health-bringing[2] waters of the rapid Busento, sleeps Alareiks the Visigoth, equalled, may it not be said, by only three men in succeeding times as a

[1] The island of Peuce, Alaric's birthplace, was named from the forests of pine (πεύκη) with which it was covered.

[2] Jornandes calls it 'unda salutifera' (cap. 30).

changer of the course of history. And these three are Mohammed, Columbus, Napoleon.

Of that other triad who marked for us the commencement of the year 395, two are gone—Stilicho and Alaric. Honorius, their ignoble contemporary, as is the manner of human affairs, survives, and is to live on yet for thirteen years. Something has been said of the effect of the tidings of the fall of Rome upon Jerome and Augustine: it would be improper not to mention the impression which they are said to have produced on the mind of the Roman Imperator.

410. Effect of the tidings of the fall of Rome on Honorius.

A chamberlain, says Procopius[1], rushed into the Imperial presence, announcing that Rome had perished. '"Rome perished!" said the Emperor, "It is not an hour since she was feeding out of my hand." He understood the sad news as relating to a very fine fowl to which he had given the name of Rome. Then the eunuch explained to him that it was only the city of Rome which had been destroyed by Alaric. "But I thought, my friend," said Honorius, evidently relieved, "that you meant that I had lost my *bird* Rome."'

The story can hardly be true, but it illustrates the estimate which his contemporaries formed of his character, and, in the words of the lovely language that was one day to arise out of the ruins which the fatuity of Honorius helped to produce, we may say, 'Se non è vero è ben trovato[2].'

[1] De Bello Vandalico, i. 2.

[2] If not true it is well imagined.

NOTE E. Statistical Aspects of the Contest between Rome and the Barbarians.

NOTE E.

Of really trustworthy statistics concerning the numbers and resources of the two powers whose struggle we have been contemplating, it must at once be confessed that we have none. We have only guesses by learned and ingenious men, from data so vague or so distant in point of time that error from a thousand different sources which no learning or ingenuity can detect may have flowed in and vitiated their conclusions.

1. Number of the Goths.

On this point it is no wonder that precise information is not forthcoming. One would not expect the tumultuary inroads of an unlettered people to show an accurate muster-roll or a scientifically arranged commissariat. Our most valuable number is the 200,000 fighting men of the Visigothic nation who, according to Eunapius, were collected in the year 376 on the Wallachian shore of the Danube under the leadership of Fridigern. Add to these the other Visigoths under Sueridus and Colias, and under Athanaric, who may have afterwards become amalgamated with them, deduct the losses by battle, plague, and famine, add again the natural increase of the population during the peaceful reign of Theodosius, deduct for those whom Alaric may have left behind him in Illyria, and the reader can then form his own conjecture as to the number of Gothic troops who encompassed Rome in the three great sieges.

By a singular coincidence we have the same number, 200,000, mentioned[1] as that of the soldiers of Radagaisus who were shut up by Stilicho in the hill-country near Florence.

[1] Orosius vii. 37.

NOTE E

There are some very slight indications that Alaric made his second invasion of Italy less of a national migration than the first, and that this was one cause of his greater success in 408 than in 402. Possibly he may have been warned by the calamity which befell the unwieldy host of Radagaisus in the interval between those two dates, and may therefore have led a better disciplined and more compact army into Italy, and left the long train of waggons, the women and the children, behind. If one were to venture on a guess at all it would be that Alaric's army in his second and successful invasion of Italy ranged between 50,000 and 100,000 men.

2. Number of the Roman Army.

At the time when the Notitia was compiled (probably on the eve of the battle of Pollentia) there were thirty-seven *Numeri* and eight *Vexillationes* serving in Italy[1]. To take the former, which is by far the larger class, first, we find on comparing the names of these Numeri with those of the different classes of troops serving under the Illustris Magister Peditum Praesentalis[2], that fifteen are Legions of one sort or another, and the remaining twenty-two are *Auxilia Palatina*. From the fact of their being all classed together under the common term Numeri we should be disposed to conjecture that the Legio and the Auxilium were not of very different size; and the whole history of the Roman army renders this hypothesis more probable since we know that the theory of that army was, that side by side with the Roman citizens marching in the Legions an equal number of allies (Socii) were to serve as Auxilia, the former being generally heavy-armed troops, the latter light-armed, or cavalry. As an approximation to the truth therefore we shall probably be safe in counting all these thirty-seven Numeri as so many Legions.

Now we know from Vegetius, who wrote towards the end of the fourth century, that the Legion still consisted, theoretically, of 6,100 foot-soldiers, and 730 horse[3]. And

[1] Notitia Occidentis, cap. vii. [2] Ib. cap. v.

[3] Vegetius de Re Militari, ii. 6.

NOTE E. this is confirmed substantially by Joannes Lydus, writing at the end of the fifth century, who says that 'there are 6000 foot-soldiers in each Legion[1].' The last-named authority also informs us that the Vexillatio, which we know to have been a detachment of cavalry, consisted of 500 men.

Taking, therefore, the Legion at its full complement of 6,100 infantry + 730 cavalry = 6,830 men, and multiplying by 37, we get 252,710 for the total number of men in the Numeri, and adding to this number 4000 for the additional cavalry in the eight Vexillationes, we get a gross total of 256,710 men of all arms and nationalities in the service of Rome within the frontiers of Italy at the commencement of the fifth century. No doubt this is only the force on paper. In the demoralised, exhausted, bankrupt state of the Empire, one may imagine almost any deduction that one pleases from this total to bring it down to the effective force under the command of Stilicho; but on the other hand one must also increase it by an equally vague and conjectural estimate for the troops withdrawn from the defence of the provinces in order to take service among the defenders of Italy.

3. Population of Italy.

In a young and vigorous community, the number of the civil population from whom fresh recruits might be drawn to oppose an invader who remained three years in the land, might have been an important consideration. But Alaric probably knew that he might safely despise any accessions to the Imperial strength that might be drawn from the exhausted and spiritless population of Italy. What the number of that population was we cannot determine with any approach to accuracy. The only datum for the calculation is the number of the *levée en masse* of citizens from sixteen to forty-six years of age, which, according to Polybius, was made throughout Italy south of a line drawn from Spezia to Rimini in the year 225 B.C. in expectation

[1] Joannes Lydus de Magistratibus, i. 46.

of a fresh Gaulish invasion. The number then raised amounted to about 700,000 foot-soldiers and 70,000 horse. On this basis Von Wietersheim calculates the population of that portion of Italy at 4,700,000, to which he adds for Lombardy, Piedmont, and Venetia, 4,700,000; for the Alpine districts, 300,000; giving a total of 9,700,000 for all Italy at its fullest extension; and, notwithstanding the fearful waste of life in the Social, Servile, and Civil Wars, he claims a sufficient increase of population to bring up the number to at least 11,000,000 in the time of Augustus. NOTE E.

From these numbers those adopted by Mr. Bunbury in his article 'Italia,' in Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography, do not greatly differ, though he adopts a somewhat lower estimate. He fixes the population of Italy south of the Spezia-Rimini line at 4,000,000, exclusive of slaves, and remarks that the population of the same district at the present time considerably exceeds 9,000,000.

It will be evident that in deducing the number of the inhabitants of Italy at the Christian Era from the statistics of a period more than two centuries earlier, there is already great danger of error. For the four centuries between Augustus and Theodosius we have absolutely no guide in reference to this subject, only the strong and almost passionate utterances of Pliny as to the depopulating effect of the slave-system of agriculture. Such utterances, and the whole course of Imperial history, justify us in believing that if the population of Italy was eleven millions at the time of Augustus, it was considerably less than that number at the time of Theodosius. It is to be remarked, however, that the estates were not so large nor the withering effects of slave-culture so terribly visible in the Lombard plain as in the centre and south of Italy. Possibly one reason of the ill-success of Alaric's first invasion was that he never passed beyond the former and more populous district. If so, his rapid march at the opening of his second invasion, across Umbria to Rome, may have been a stroke of sagacious boldness like Sherman's celebrated Georgian campaign at the close of the American Civil War, and may have succeeded for the same reason, because it led him through a

NOTE E. country the heart of which was already eaten out by slavery.

4. Population of Rome.

If the population of Italy might have been a source of strength to her defenders, that of Rome, under the critical conditions of its food-supply, was an obvious source of weakness. What then was the number of those multitudes who watched for the approach of the corn-ships to Ostia, and who thronged round Attalus shouting 'Pone pretium carnis humanae'?

There are two chief data upon which all the enquirers into this subject found their reasonings:—

1. The *Monumentum Ancyranum*, the marble tablet upon which Augustus records his donations to the Roman people. The sentence to which they attach most importance runs thus, 'Consul xii, Trecentis et viginti millibus Plebei urbanae sexagenos denarios viritim dedi'. (In my 12th Consulship [B.C. 15] I gave to every man of the urban commonalty, being 320,000 in number, sixty denarii).

This seems as if it should give some secure foothold to the statistician, at any rate for the time close upon the Christian Era. If we know the number of the poor free citizens, to estimate that of the senators, and all above the 'plebs urbana,' should not be difficult. The great element of uncertainty, however, arises from the slaves. Most enquirers concur in assuming them at something like the same number as the free population. This is however only a guess, and one which our comparative ignorance of social life in Rome leaves us no means of accurately testing. There are other difficulties of detail connected with the inscription, questions how low down in point of age this distribution of cash extended, whether girls as well as boys were included in it, and why in the same inscription other numbers (250,000 and 200,000) are mentioned, apparently for the same class of recipients.

Thus it is not surprising that from the same somewhat vague premises the following very different conclusions are drawn by their respective authors:—

NOTE E.

Bunsen fixes the population of Rome (B.C. 15)			at	1,300,000.
Marquardt	„	„	„	1,630,000.
Zumpt	„	„	„	1,970,000.
Hoeck	„	„	„	2,265,000.

I take this comparison of their different results from Von Wietersheim (i. 243), who himself arrives, by a course of reasoning of his own, at results very similar to those of Bunsen, making the total population of the city 1,350,000.

2. The *Curiosum Urbis*, a description of the city of Rome assigned to the age of Constantine, gives the number of the dwellings therein as 1790 Domus, and 46,602 Insulae[1]. Scholars are generally agreed that the former are the great self-contained mansions of the rich, and the latter the blocks of what we should call 'tenemented property' let out in flats and rooms to the poorer classes.

From this number of dwellings Gibbon infers a population of 1,200,000, and Von Wietersheim 1,470,000 at the beginning of the fourth century.

It is obvious, however, how exceedingly liable to error are all calculations of the population of a city from a conjectural allowance of so many inhabitants to each house. While the city was in the height of its prosperity, and 'overcrowding' was being practised, such calculations might be below the mark, and they would be almost sure to be greatly above it when the wave of prosperity was receding. The stately *domus* would still remain though the retinue of slaves was gone, and one or two solitary lodgers might represent the once-teeming population of a crowded *insula*. It is, I suppose, considerations of this kind which have led Gregorovius to put the population of Rome at the time of Alaric's invasion as low as 300,000. To me, notwithstanding the undoubted influence of the removal of the Courts to Constantinople and Ravenna, so great a decline of population from the 1,500,000 which he admits for the

[1] I quote the numbers at second hand from Gregorovius (Geschichte der Stadt Rom, i. 139) and Friedlaender (Sitten-Geschichte Roms, i. 63). Von Wietersheim (i. 252) makes 1482 Domus and 44,171 Insulae. It appears that there is some discrepancy between the numbers assigned to each Region and the summation at the end.

NOTE E. time of Rome's greatest prosperity, seems too much, especially as the report of the Prefect Albinus (to be mentioned in the next chapter), as to the rapid recovery of population by the city after Alaric's sieges, shows that Rome still exercised a strong attraction of gravitation upon the people of Italy. I should be disposed to conjecture that the inhabitants of the city at the commencement of the first siege might still amount to one million. But the reader will see how much is left to mere guess-work in all these calculations. The Romans of the Empire had accurate census-tables and registers, but unfortunately the labours of the amanuensis, which have preserved to us their school-books and their religious tracts in almost too great abundance, have scarcely saved for us one of these.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE LOVERS OF PLACIDIA.

Authorities.

Sources:—

We still derive a little light from OROSIUS, whose polemical history ends with the restoration of Placidia in 417.

But our chief authority is OLYMPIODORUS, a contemporary, but known to us only at second hand by the abstract of his work contained in the 'Library' of PHOTIUS ('Olympiodorus apud Photium' is the usual form of quotation).

PHOTIUS is the celebrated litterateur-bishop, whose elevation to the see of Constantinople in the middle of the ninth century, followed by the appeal of his deposed rival Ignatius to Pope Nicolas I, was one of the chief causes of the separation of the Eastern and Western Churches. The history of his stormy life may be read in Milman's Latin Christianity (Book v, chap. 4), or in Finlay's Byzantine Empire (Book i, chap. 3). With all his many faults he was an earnest scholar, and whatever injury he may have inflicted on the Church his services to literature are unquestionable. Sent on an embassy to the Court of Bagdad, he employed his leisure hours in writing for his absent brother Tarasius, an abstract of all the books, 279 in number, which he had been reading since they parted. As many of these books have utterly perished, the value of this abstract, called the Myriobiblon or Bibliotheca, is obviously very great. Among other subjects, the religious controversies of the fourth century and the barbarian invasions of the fifth seem to have engaged the learned patriarch's special attention; and hence it is that we have not only a valuable abstract of the Arian

historian Philostorgius (quoted in previous chapters), but also one of OLYMPIODORUS.

This author was a native of the Egyptian Thebes. It is singular that Egypt should have given us *two* such valuable guides to the history of the West as Claudian and Olympiodorus. He composed his history probably under the reign of Valentinian III: what is certain is, that beginning with the year 407 it closed with the accession of that prince in 425. It consisted of twenty-two books, which are represented in the Abstract of Photius by not quite so many pages. Photius says that 'the style of the book is poor, and that there is a tendency to vulgarity in it, so that it can hardly be called a regular history, and that he seems to have felt this himself, for he calls it only "Materials for History," though on the other hand he adopts the conventional division into books, and endeavours to adorn it with a dedication to Theodosius.'

It may be permitted to us to conjecture that, as was natural enough for an Egypto-Greek historian, he took Herodotus for his model. Certainly his long digressions about the Egyptian oases, his complaints about the hardships of his voyages, his valuable though ludicrous account of the schools of philosophy at Athens, and his anecdotes about a favourite parrot which danced and sang and called people by name, remind one more of the garrulous old man of Thurii than of any intervening historian. But dignified or undignified, would that we had still the twenty-two books of his history.

IT has seemed necessary to relate with almost tedious minuteness the marches and counter-marches, the intrigues, the negotiations, and the plunderings, which preceded or accompanied the Gothic sack of Rome.

If other sieges and pillages of the Eternal City lie before us, there are not many upon which we shall find it necessary to bestow the same close at-

tention which has been claimed for the first. Now that the secret of Rome's weakness is disclosed, many a nomadic horde wandering over the Scythian steppes has heard the strange exciting history, and will not rest till it, too, has stood victorious on the Capitolian Hill. But we hear and we tell the adventures of those mariners who can truly say—

> 'We were the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea,'

with an interest which we could not accord to the journal of a modern passenger traversing the same waters in the well-appointed screw-steamer of a General Steam Navigation Company; and uninteresting as the latter traveller do some of the more recent ravagers of Rome appear, on their commonplace and easily accomplished errand of destruction.

Not yet however for another generation is the example of Alaric to be followed. Forty years of something like repose for Italy have first to elapse. In journeying over this long piece of level ground we shall find our attention chiefly attracted by the story of the sister of Honorius and the sister-in-law of Alaric, the Queen of the Goths and the Augusta of the Romans, the lady Galla Placidia. 410–452.

Birth and parentage of Galla Placidia.

The second marriage of Theodosius, as the reader has already been told, was a somewhat romantic affair, springing out of the murder of Valentinian II and the flight of his mother and sisters to Constantinople. The issue of that marriage, his daughter Galla Placidia, was thus the represen-

tative of two Imperial houses, the granddaughter of the warrior Valentinian, the daughter of the warrior Theodosius. She was born probably about the year 390, and can have remembered little either of father or mother, the Empress Galla having died before she was four years old, and Theodosius having departed immediately after for his last campaign in the West. As she inherited one of her names from her mother, so she seems to have been the only member of the family who inherited anything of the vigour and capacity of her father, character, as is so often the case, not being transmitted according to sex.

Her residence at Rome during the Gothic invasion.

For some reason unknown to us[1], she did not follow her brother's court to the safe shelter of Ravenna, but remained in Rome at the time of the Gothic invasion. It is with sorrow that we find her at the time of the first siege assenting to the judicial murder of Serena, as decreed by the Senate[2]. We can well believe that the wife of

[1] One reason, perhaps, might be that her kinswoman Laeta, widow of Gratian, was still residing in Rome.

[2] Zosimus v. 38. Thierry (Trois Ministres des fils de Theodose, p. 376) attributes the initiative to Placidia. 'Elle comparut devant le Senat: elle accusa Serene de trahison,' &c. This is not a fair inference from the brief words of Zosimus: *ἐδόκει κοινῇ τε γερουσίᾳ πάσῃ καὶ Πλακιδίᾳ τῇ ὁμοπατρίᾳ τοῦ Βασιλέως ἀδελφῇ ταύτην ἀναιρεθῆναι* ('The Senate, and Placidia the half-sister of the Emperor, jointly determined that she should be put to death'). The whole story of Eucherius's suit and Placidia's rejection of it, as told by Thierry (p. 326), seems, as I have before remarked, much too large a fabric for the few lines of Claudian (In Cons. Stilichonis, ii. 350–361) upon which it is based. The following is the passage:

Stilicho had been a hard duenna towards her young kinswoman: and a few words of Claudian suggest the possibility that the suit of her son Eucherius for the hand of his cousin may have been too importunately pressed: still, the sanction which this young maiden of eighteen is said to have given to the death of one so unfortunate and so unjustly slain as Serena must remain as a stain upon her memory.

Placidia taken prisoner by the Gothic army.

After one of the three sieges of Rome, probably the second, Placidia was taken captive by the barbarians; and though treated with all the courtesy and deference due to a lady of royal birth, was nevertheless distinctly spoken of as a hostage, obliged apparently to move as the army moved, and used as a lever to bring the endless peace-negotiations with the Court of Ravenna to a satisfactory issue.

Ataulfus becomes philo-Roman.

But after the death of Alaric, and when his brother-in-law Ataulfus[1] had been raised upon the

'Parte aliâ spumis fucantem serica frena
Sanguineis, primae signatus flore juventae,
Eucherius flectebat equum; jaculisque vel arcu
Aurea purpureos tollentes cornua cervos,
Aureus ipse, ferit. Venus hîc, invecta columbis,
Tertia regali jungit connubia nexu;
Pennatique nurum circumstipantur honores
Progenitam Augustis, Augustorumque sororem.
Eucherius trepido jam flammea sublevat ore
Virginis: arridet laeto Thermantia fratri.
Nam domus haec utroque petit diademata sexu;
Reginasque parit, reginarumque maritos.

[1] The name Ata-ulfus is a word of four syllables, possibly derived from Atta-Wulfs, Father-Wolf, and so equivalent to Wolfson. It survives in the modern Adolf.

BOOK I. CH. 8.

shield and proclaimed King of the Visigoths, a change gradually came over these negotiations, and the restitution of the lady Placidia was less and less willingly offered by the barbarians. There was a change in the mind of Ataulfus, who was beginning to wish to be the champion rather than the enemy of Rome. 'When I was at Bethlehem,'

vii. 43.

says his contemporary Orosius, 'I heard a citizen of Narbonne, who had served with distinction under Theodosius, and who was besides a wise and religious person, tell the most blessed Jerome that he had been on terms of the greatest intimacy with Ataulfus at Narbonne, and that he had frequently heard him say that, in the first exuberance of his strength and spirits, he had made this his most earnest desire—to utterly obliterate the Roman name, and bring under the sway of the Goths all that had once belonged to them—in fact, to turn *Romania* into *Gothia*, and to make himself, Ataulfus, all that Caesar Augustus had once been. But when he had learnt, by long experience, that the Goths would obey no laws on account of the unrestrained barbarism of their character, yet that it was wrong to deprive the commonwealth of laws without which it would cease to be a commonwealth, he at least for his part had chosen to have the glory of *restoring* the Roman name to its old estate, and increasing its potency by Gothic vigour, and he wished to be looked upon by posterity as the great author of the Roman restoration, since he had failed in his attempt to be its transformer.'

Such were the plans which, during the years immediately following 410, were passing through the brain of the Gothic chieftain, and at the same time his heart was cherishing day by day more loving thoughts about the fair wise face of his captive Placidia. She appears to have been ready to return his affection; and it is therefore with some surprise that we find a space of four years elapse before the marriage ceremony takes place.

Ataulfus and Placidia in love with one another.

This delay seems to be chiefly due to the fact that the Visigoth had a powerful rival in the person of the Emperor's new general and adviser, Constantius [1], before whose rising star the influence of Olympius and Jovius successively succumbed [2]. He too had set his heart on winning Placidia for his wife, and the effectual services which he rendered to her brother seemed to excuse the pertinacity of his suit. Therefore it was that whenever Goths and Romans met to negotiate a peace, the restitution of Placidia was the point most strongly insisted upon by the ministers of Honorius, most sedulously evaded by the envoys of Ataulfus.

But the marriage is delayed by the influence of the new favourite at Ravenna, Constantius.

By a rare piece of good fortune we are favoured

[1] The reader is requested to observe that the British usurper of the sovereignty of the Gauls is *Constantine*; this new minister of Honorius is *Constantius*. The habit of giving the names of the still popular Constantian dynasty greatly perplexes the annals of this period. We meet with two or three persons of the name of Constans, and one Julian, about this time, in addition to this Constantine and Constantius.

[2] Olympius first lost his ears, and then was beaten to death with clubs, by order of Constantius (Olympiodorus, p. 257). The particulars of the fall of Jovius are not recorded.

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with some details as to the outward appearance of the two rivals, and can therefore imagine some of the contending emotions which agitated the heart of Placidia.

Characteristics of the two rivals.

Ataulfus, among his tall countrymen, was not distinguished for his stature, but his shapely figure and dignified countenance more than atoned for this deficiency [1].

Constantius, on the other hand (an Illyrian by birth, who had served in many campaigns under the great Theodosius), is described [2] as having a downcast, sulky, look. His broad head was set upon a large neck; his great full eyes were darted with a scowl to right and left of him, so that men said he looked thoroughly like a tyrant [3]: and when he rode he rolled forward on the neck of his horse. But this slouching, gloomy tyrant was agreeable enough in his cups. At suppers and banquets he showed himself a pleasant and polite person; nay, so great was his condescension that when the time came for the comic actors to enter and enliven the feast, he would often rise from the table and contend with them for the prize of buffoonery.

The revolt of Heraclian, governor of Africa.

Not only power but riches flowed in on the new vicegerent of the Emperor. A noteworthy prize accrued to him from the treason of Heraclian. This man, the murderer of Stilicho, whom we have seen

[1] Jornandes, cap. xxxi.

[2] By Olympiodorus (apud Photium, p. 265, ed. Migne).

[3] Or *king*. Τύραννος is of course susceptible of either meaning.

valiantly and loyally holding Africa for Honorius, at length (in the year 413) raised the standard of rebellion himself, detained the usual tribute of corn which should have gone from his province to Rome, and set sail for the coast of Italy with an armament which the terror-stricken citizens believed to be larger than any squadron that had been seen since the days of Xerxes, and to consist of 3,700 ships. Something however—perhaps the remains of the old Roman loyalty—lingering near his conscience, made him, who had been so staunch in his defence, falter in his attack. The Count Marinus resisted him with some vigour, and he immediately lost heart and fled, with one ship, to Carthage, where he was at once arrested and put to death[1]. So was the death of Stilicho avenged. Constantius asked for the confiscated property of the rebel, and obtained it, the historian says, 'at one asking'—so ductile was the soft nature of Honorius. It amounted to £4,600 in gold, and about £92,000 worth of landed estate: much less than Constantius had reckoned on receiving, but sufficient to enable him to celebrate his consulship (in the year 414) with becoming splendour.

413.

Other usurpers besides Heraclian had meanwhile been threatening the throne of Honorius. It is needless to burden the memory with the names and scanty histories of these ephemeral princes,

Downfall of the usurper Constantine.

[1] Readers of 'Hypatia' will remember the use which Kingsley has made of this abortive stroke for empire on the part of Heraclian.

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whose pretensions added another thong to the scourge with which the Western Provinces were chastised[1]. Only, as we have so far traced the fortunes of the British usurper Constantine, it should be mentioned that in the year 411, his son

[1] Orosius remarks that the fall of all the five usurpers by whom Honorius was attacked was a manifest proof of Divine favour, and a reward for his zeal in persecuting the heretics who disturbed the unity of the African Church (vii. 42). These five tyrants were—

(1) *Constantine*, proclaimed Emperor in Britain in 407; conquered Gaul in that year, Spain in 408 (death of Didymius and Verenianus); defeated by Gerontius in 411; taken prisoner by Constantius at Arles, and slain in the neighbourhood of Ravenna in the same year.

(2) *Maximus*, proclaimed Emperor in Spain by his father Gerontius (rebelling against Constantine) in 409. In the year 411 Gerontius took to flight on hearing of the approach of the victorious Constantius. His soldiers, who hated him as too strict a disciplinarian, conspired against him and set fire to his house. With the help of a faithful Alan slave he bravely defended himself for a long time; then, at the earnest request of his wife and of this slave, he first put them to death, and then fell on his own sword (411). Maximus, hearing the news, escaped to the barbarian auxiliaries in Spain. In the year 417, when Orosius wrote, he was still wandering about in Spain a needy exile. He is said, but on the rather doubtful authority of Marcellinus, to have been brought to Ravenna and executed in the year 422.

(3) *Attalus*, proclaimed at Rome by Alaric in 409. Dethroned the same year; restored (possibly) in 414; surrendered to Honorius in 416; punished by the loss of a hand, but not slain.

(4) *Jovinus*, a general of troops on the Rhine, proclaimed at Mentz in 412 by Goar, a chief of the Alani, and Guntiar, a chief of the Burgundians. He associated his brother Sebastian with him. Ataulfus slew Sebastian and sent Jovinus a prisoner to Ravenna in 413.

(5) *Heraclianus*, Count of Africa, proclaimed Emperor, invaded Italy, was defeated, fled to Carthage, and was put to death, all in the same year, 413.

Constans was slain, and he himself, with another son, Julian, was defeated and forced to flee by a rival usurper[1], *Gerontius*. The father and son took refuge in the city of Arles; Constantius, who was the general, and who aspired to be the brother-in-law, of Honorius, besieged that city. Constantine took refuge in a church, and accepted ordination as a presbyter, thereby finally abandoning all claims to the imperial throne. After receiving a solemn promise of safety, confirmed by an oath, he opened the gates of Arles to Constantius, who sent him and his son as prisoners to his Imperial Master. Honorius, remembering with bitterness the slaughter of his kinsmen Didymius and Verenianus by the elder captive, ordered him to be put to death when he was still thirty miles distant from Ravenna. A conscientious observance of oaths was not a strong point in the religious character of this Emperor. 411.

The Visigoths march from Italy into Gaul 412.

We return to Ataulfus and his Visigoths. Two years after the sack of Rome they quitted Italy, never again to come back through the Alpine passes. The reason of their departure is not made clear to us. It may be that Gaul, whither they at first directed their steps, seemed a fairer prize than the much-ravaged plains of Italy: it may be that the desire of conserving instead of destroying 'Romania' induced the Gothic chieftain to withdraw from a land, the security of which was essential to the recovery of the prestige of Rome: it

[1] Strictly speaking, the father of an usurper, as Gerontius had his son proclaimed instead of himself.

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may be that the departure of the barbarians from the near neighbourhood of Ravenna was meant to soothe the Roman Emperor into giving that consent to the marriage with Placidia which threats had been unable to extort.

Ataulfus supports the usurper Jovinus.

But strangely enough, if this was the aim of Ataulfus, he next appears as supporting the cause of *Jovinus*, one of the many usurpers of the Empire, who, relying on the aid of the Tartar Alani and the Teutonic Burgundians, had lately raised the standard of revolt at Mentz. That pitiable shadow of an Emperor, Attalus, who still followed in his train, had counselled Ataulfus to make this inexplicable move. One important result followed from the visit to the camp of Jovinus. The hereditary enemy, or, as the Germans would say, the *Erb-feind* [1], of Alaric and of his successor, he who was in heart the murderer of Stilicho, Sarus, was coming to the same headquarters of mutiny, disgusted with the ungrateful feebleness of Honorius, who had allowed his faithful servant, Belleridus by name, to be murdered at the Imperial Court without making any inquisition for his blood.

Sarus taken and killed by Ataulfus.

Unawares, the revolter Sarus rushed into the deadly embrace of his enemy. Ataulfus waylaid him with 10,000 men, against whom the eighteen or twenty followers of Sarus fought with useless intrepidity. At length one of this immensely superior force, anxious to take the captive alive to his master, threw a piece of coarse sacking over the head of

[1] The Goths would probably call him *Arbi-fijands*.

Sarus, and so brought him helpless, but still living, into the presence of Ataulfus. It may be feared that the barbarian element, still lurking in the heart of the Visigoth, gratified itself with many a cruel taunt, if not with the sight of bodily torture, before the Erb-feind was finally handed over to the executioner, and sent to rejoin Alaric and Stilicho in the land of forgetfulness. 413.

Except this event, little followed from the visit of Ataulfus to the camp of Jovinus. The usurper deeply offended his powerful friend by proclaiming, contrary to that friend's advice, *Sebastian*, his brother, as his partner in the Imperial dignity.

Jovinus and his son surrendered by Ataulfus to Honorius and put to death.

With the opening of the year 413, Ataulfus sent an embassy to Ravenna offering to bring in the heads of all the usurpers if 'a just and honourable peace' were concluded. The offer was accepted, oaths were exchanged, and the ambassadors returned. First of all, Sebastian's head was despatched as a present to Honorius; then Jovinus, besieged and taken prisoner, was sent in bonds to Ravenna, and there slain by the Praetorian Prefect with his own hand. The heads of the two brothers were exposed, a ghastly sight, upon one of the gates of Milan[1], where the heads of Constantine and Julian had been rotting for ~~three~~ years, and those of Maximus and Eugenius for sixteen years before them.

[1] Olympiodorus says 'Carthage'; but this must be a mistake, and the mention of Eugenius and Maximus makes Milan the most probable correction.

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413. The courtship of Placidia proceeds slowly.

Great services were these which the Visigoth had rendered to the Emperor: still, the cardinal point, the restitution of Placidia, could not be agreed upon. Constantius began to press more eagerly for her return. Ataulfus, to evade this demand, raised his terms, for concessions in land, in money, in corn, yet higher and higher. In the midst of the peace negotiations, he even made a sudden attack upon the town of Marseilles. The general commanding there, Bonifacius, a man who afterwards played a great part in the service of Placidia, repulsed him with great loss, and he scarce escaped with life. Still, however, Ataulfus pushed on his preparations for the marriage; and at last, in the year 414, the year which witnessed the consulship of the other lover, Constantius, Honorius was induced, chiefly by the good offices of a certain general, Candidianus[1], to give his consent to the match.

414. The wedding at Narbonne.

Olympiodorus ap. Photium, p. 265.

The time was the early part of the month of January; the place where the marriage was solemnised was the city of Narbonne, the capital of Gallia Narbonensis, the chief province of Gaul. The house of Ingenuus, one of the principal personages of the city, was given up for the ceremony.

[1] Candidianus is mentioned again by Olympiodorus as assisting in the restoration of Placidia and her son in 425. He also presided at the Council of Ephesus (431), where his influence was exerted on the side of Nestorius. He was then 'Comes Domesticorum.' The 'Pons Candidiani' at Ravenna, mentioned by Jornandes (De Rebus Geticis, cap. xxix) as the limit of Alaric's advance in that quarter, was probably named after him.

Here, in the inner apartment[1] which was adorned after the manner usual with wealthy Romans, sat Placidia in the seat of honour, arrayed in royal robes. To her entered Ataulfus, not wearing the furs and carrying the great battle-axe of the Goths, but dressed in the fine woollen tunic[2] which was the appropriate wedding garment of the Romans, and in all other respects costumed like a countryman of the bride. The religious ceremony may probably enough have been performed by Sigesarus the Arian bishop who baptised Attalus, and who seems to have acted as a kind of chaplain to the Visigothic army. 414.

And so the complicated and unsatisfactory negotiations of the last four years were brought to a successful issue. Romans and barbarians were made for the time one people; the captor and captive were fond husband and devoted wife.

The gorgeousness of the wedding presents which the Visigoth gave to his bride was long remembered. Fifty beautiful youths dressed in silken robes (the material for which came not then from Lyons, but across trackless deserts from the far East of Asia) knelt before the bride, whose slaves they were henceforward to remain. Each held in his hands two very large plates, one filled with gold, the other with precious, or more properly, priceless, stones. The gold and the jewels were the spoils of

[1] Or it may be in the 'atrium,' or long porch in front of the house. The Greek word *παστάς* seems susceptible of either interpretation.

[2] *χλανίς*.

414.

Rome, but Placidia must have been more or less than woman if at that moment the thought of the possession of so many lustrous gems did not efface the remembrance of the woes of 'the daughter of her people.'

Attalus acts as choir-master.

After the presentation of the wedding gifts came the singing of wedding songs, in which the aesthetic Attalus, ex-Praetorian Prefect, ex-Emperor of Rome, but ever true to his Greek instinct for Art, led the chorus with that rich mellow voice which doubtless he possessed.

Importance of the marriage as prefiguring the union of the Latin and Teutonic peoples.

The day ended with loud demonstrations of joy on the part of both the populations whose union was typified by this event. And, in truth, small as was the result which actually followed from this marriage, we can hardly attribute to it too great an importance as symbolical of that amalgamation between the Roman and the Germanic races which was yet to be, though confused and bloody centuries were to elapse before it was finally achieved. Augustus or Tiberius would have as soon accepted a menial slave for a son-in-law as the German hero Arminius. In the four centuries which have elapsed since those days, 'Gothia' has risen much in the scale of civilisation, and 'Romania' has learned that her very existence may depend on the clemency of these barbarians. And so it comes to pass that the sister of the Roman Augustus and the *Thiudans* of the Teutonic people are joined with mutual love and reverence in the honourable estate of holy matrimony; the word

Barbarian loses half its potency as an epithet of reproach, and Modern History begins to show itself above the horizon.

414.

The issue of this marriage was a son, named after his maternal grandfather Theodosius. It might well be thought that high fortunes were in store for this child, that he would one day mount the throne of the Caesars and restore to Rome, by the arms of his father's soldiers, all and more than all that she had lost by the power of one uncle and the weakness of another. But it was not to be. Ataulfus, though more than ever, since this infant's birth, disposed to be friendly towards the Empire, found his overtures for peace persistently declined on account of the predominant influence of Constantius. Nay more: without actual battle he appears to have been, by a kind of blockade of the Gallic coast, forced over the Pyrenees, and obliged to enter Spain where Vandals, Alans, and Sueves, having penetrated before him, left little to be plundered and much toil to be undergone by the latest comers. Soon after the Visigothic host had entered Spain the infant Theodosius died. His parents made great lamentation over him, and buried him in a silver coffer in a church outside their new capital, Barcelona.

Birth of Placidia's eldest son,

415. who dies an infant.

The death of the child was speedily followed by that of the father. Ataulfus had among his servants a Goth named Dobbius (or Dubius)[1], whose former

Ataulfus murdered by his groom.

[1] According to Jornandes, the assassin was a certain Wernulf, at whose small stature his master had frequently mocked. But

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415. master, the chief of some petty tribe, he had conquered and slain. Dobbius was loyal to the memory of his earlier servitude, and watched for an opportunity of revenge. It came one morning when the king, according to his usual custom, was, like many a Teuton since, going the round of his stables and enjoying the sight of his horses feeding. Then, apparently, the treacherous groom came behind him and stabbed him in the back. Dying, for he was not killed on the spot, he was able to whisper his commands to his brother, 'If possible live in friendship with Rome, and restore Placidia to the Emperor.' And with those words surely a spasm of grief shook the frame of the dying warrior as he remembered all the years wasted on windy negotiations. Four years of these and only one of the actual possession of his fair young bride. The thought lent a fresh bitterness to death as the soul of Ataulfus went forth whither Alaric had preceded him.

Olympiodorus, whose account I have followed, is much more likely to be right than Jornandes. The modern historians, including even the careful Aschbach, make the assassin a former servant of Sarus. I venture to think that they are mistaken. Olympiodorus, who knows the history of Sarus well and has described his death, simply says Πάλαι γὰρ ἦν ὁ τούτου δεσπότης μοίρας Γοτθικῆς ῥῆξ ὑπὸ Αδαούλφου ἀνῃρημένος, 'For the master of this man was, of old, king of a Gothic troop, and had been slain by Adaulphus.' Had it been Sarus, he would surely have mentioned the name. Tillemont evidently thinks so, for he describes the event thus: 'Il fut tué dans son écurie par un de ses domestiques nommé Dobbie, de sa propre nation et qu'il avoit pris depuis longtemps à son service. Mais c'estoit après avoir tué *son maistre qui estoit Roy d'une partie des Goths*: et il n'avoit jamais pu luy faire oublier ce premier maistre.' (v. 629.)

415. Singeric, successor of Ataulfus, insults Placidia.

The successor of Ataulfus was *Singeric*[1], the brother of Sarus. Seeing the brother of the Erbfeind thus reaping the advantage of Dobbius's crime, we shall probably not be far wrong in supposing that he was an accomplice before the fact. His acts are those of a man determined to pursue the blood-feud to the uttermost. He tore the sons of Ataulfus (children of an earlier marriage than that with Placidia) out of the very arms of Bishop Sigesarus and put them to death. Placidia he durst not slay, but he dared to insult her. Mingled with a crowd of other captives she was forced to walk before his horse out of the gates of Barcelona, and this insulting procession[2] was continued till it reached the twelfth milestone from the city. Strange reverse of fortune for the daughter, sister, and grand-daughter of Emperors, humbled thus before an insolent barbarian on the soil of her own ancestral Spain.

He is slain, and Walia succeeds him.

But the reaction, if such there was in the Visigothic camp in favour of the family of Sarus, was but for a moment. After a reign of only seven days Singeric was slain, and the brave *Walia*, a worthy successor, though not, as far as we know, a relative of Alaric and Ataulfus, was raised upon the shield in his stead.

[1] Otherwise Segeric (Orosius) or Regeric (Jornandes).

[2] The word used by Olympiodorus for this procession, *προπομπή* is sometimes used of a *funeral* procession. Is it possible that Singeric, with a refinement of cruelty, inflicted this insult on Placidia while she was actually following the dead body of her husband to the grave?

Almost the first act of King Walia was to restore Placidia to the Romans. His chamberlain Euplutius was charged to escort her to the foot of the Pyrenees, whither came Constantius with almost regal pomp to receive her. A firm treaty of peace between the two nations was at length concluded, and in return for the surrendered princess the Visigoths received 600,000 measures (nearly 19,000 quarters) of corn. This was possibly the amount of pay which had been stipulated for and wrangled over in the previous negotiations between Ataulfus and Honorius.

Placidia restored to Honorius and a treaty concluded between the Empire and the Visigoths.

Miserable condition of Spain.

And in truth the state of Spain, wasted and trodden under foot by four barbarian tribes (Vandals, Alans, Sueves, and Visigoths), as well as by the remaining Roman soldiery, was such that any considerable quantity of corn might well seem a good exchange for a princess. The usual terrible stories of cannibalism are told of this time. In one Spanish town, it is said, a woman who had four children ate them all. As the first and the second and the third disappeared she pleaded the necessity of affording some sustenance, however dreadful, to the remainder, but when the fourth was eaten this plea availed her no longer, and she was stoned to death by her horrified townsmen. One commercial transaction, long remembered and talked of beside many a barbarian camp-fire, marked this time of famine. Some Gothic soldiers bought from some Vandals a *trula* of wheat for an *aureus*[1]. As the

[1] No doubt the *solidus aureus* is intended.

Trula was only the third part of a pint, and the Aureus was worth about twelve shillings, the bargain did not redound greatly to the profit of the Visigoths, who received from the other nation the contemptuous nickname of *Truli*. Many a time, as we can well imagine, were the streets of Spanish towns made red with Teuton blood, and the yellow locks of slain barbarians lay thick across the pathway, after the taunting shout *Truli, Truli*, and some unknown word of answering defiance had greeted the ears of the trembling provincials.

Expectation that the dissensions of the barbarians would rescue the Empire.

The thought that Rome would be the gainer by all these dissensions among her invaders is expressed by the barbarians themselves with a plainness which seems most improbable (were we not reading the words of a contemporary) in the following passage of Orosius:—

'Vandals, Alans, and Sueves, all sent embassies to Honorius, at the same time as the Visigothic king Walia, and on the same errand. "Do thou live at peace with all of us," said they, "and accept the hostages of all. We fight with one another, perish with one another, conquer for thee: thy commonwealth will reap immortal gain if both parties among us perish."'

Conclusion of Orosius's history. 417.

Orosius upon this remarks, 'Who would believe these things, unless the fact itself persuaded him of it. But so it is, that up to this very time we hear from numerous messengers that wars are being daily waged among the barbarous nations in Spain, and that the bloodshed on both sides is enormous:

especially that Walia, the king of the Goths, is earnest in keeping the peace which he has made with us. Wherefore I would for my part concede that the age of Christianity should be abused as much as ever you please, if you can show me anything from the foundation of the world till the present time that has ever been managed with similar success.' And so, with a few complimentary words to St. Augustine, he ends his history 'of the passions and punishments of men during 5617 years, namely, from the creation of the world till the present day.' Here we part company with the worthy ecclesiastic, not entirely convinced that the then condition of the Roman Empire was the most fortunate thing that the world had ever seen, nor regretting that the truth of the Christian Revelation rests upon some other arguments besides those alleged in the Seven Books of the Histories of Orosius.

We part company from the Visigoths.

Here also our path diverges from that of the Visigothic nation. In order to trace the fortunes of Placidia, the type of the alliance between Rome and the barbarians, we have followed the Visigoths over the Alps and the Pyrenees. It is now time to return within the boundaries of Italy. But having accompanied their waggons so long, we may in parting from them give a brief glance at their future history. The successors of Alaric will establish a powerful and well-ordered kingdom on both sides of the Pyrenees, the capital of which will be the city of Toulouse, its northern frontier the River

Their subsequent career.

Loire, and its southern the Mediterranean and Atlantic. They will take a leading part in repelling the invasion of the Huns. Towards the close of the fifth century the fairest of their possessions north of the Pyrenees will be wrested from them by the Franks under Clovis and his sons. In the sixth century they will consolidate their Spanish kingdom, they will renounce Arianism, and be numbered among the most steadfast supporters of the Catholic faith. The elective character of their monarchy, the predominance of the great nobles, and then of the great ecclesiastics, will continue during the seventh century special marks of their polity, in which the power wielded by the great Councils of Toledo will also be a remarkable feature. But during all this time the Gothic conquerors, while daily losing that rough and martial vigour which gave them the ascendancy over the Roman provincials, will not be admitting the latter into full rights of equal citizenship with themselves. And thus, when in 711 the wave of Saracen fanaticism shall break against the throne of 'Roderic the last of the Goths,' the whole fabric of the state will fall like a house of cards, and one lost battle by the Guadalete will make the Moors masters of Spain for centuries. The new Christian state, which will emerge from the mountains of Asturias and slowly win back town by town and province by province for the Cross, will be one in which Goth and Roman and Spaniard will be all welded together into one homogeneous mass by the fires of adversity, though

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a few Gothic names may survive, and even 'the blue blood' of the future Spanish hidalgo will faintly keep alive the memory of those fair-skinned warriors of the Danube, who in the fifth century descended, conquering, among the sunburnt populations of the South.

416. Placidia received by Constantius,

We return from the history of the Visigoths to that of their late Queen, Galla Placidia. Constantius, who was waiting to receive her at the foot of the Pyrenees, had received from Honorius the assurance that by whatsoever means, peaceable or warlike, he might succeed in liberating Placidia, he should receive her hand in marriage.

who again presses his suit

Some little time may, for the sake of appearances, have been conceded to the widow so recently a wife. But soon the courtship of the successful general, backed by the imperial mandate, commenced in good earnest. Placidia again and again rejected his overtures. The sullen, broad-headed, loose-limbed soldier, whose large eyes shot forth tyrant-glances on all around, could not understand why the widow of the comely and courteous Ataulfus should prefer the remembrance of the dead, to union with the living, lover, and was full of wrath against her confidential servants, to whose hostility he attributed her coldness.

and at last succeeds.

At length the fortress surrendered. The year 417 was distinguished by the eleventh consulship of Honorius and the second of Constantius. On the day when the new consuls entered office, the Emperor took his sister by the hand and delivered her

over to his colleague as a bride. The wedding festival, celebrated probably at Ravenna, was of unusual magnificence. It may have been a point of honour with the Roman general to eclipse the splendour of the far-renowned marriage-feast at Narbonne in the house of Ingenuus. Two children were the issue of this marriage; first, a girl, named after her imperial uncle, Honoria, and then (in the year 419), a boy, who, in remembrance of his great-grandfather, the sturdy soldier-emperor, received the name of Valentinian. For this son Placidia obtained from her brother the title *Nobilissimus*, a sort of recognition of his presumptive heirship to the Empire.

417. The wedding.

Issue of the marriage.

The same year, 417, which witnessed Placidia's second wedding-feast, witnessed also the final degradation of the unfortunate child of Genius, who so gracefully led the revels at her first—the ex-Emperor Attalus. It is said that this poor piece of jetsam and flotsam had once more mounted to the top of the waves, and had been again proclaimed Emperor in Gaul in the year 414. If so, he was soon again deposed, and 'as bearing the empty simulacrum of empire,' was carried by the Goths into Spain. There he wandered about, miserable and aimless as an ex-President of the United States, till he could endure it no longer, and took ship to sail anywhither away from his barbarian protectors. He was captured at sea by the ships of Honorius, brought to Constantius, and by him sent to Rome to await the Emperor's pleasure[1].

Attalus a captive.

[1] This is Orosius's account. According to other authors the Visigoths themselves surrendered him along with Placidia.

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417. Triumph of Honorius.

This capture of an old antagonist, and some successes obtained in Spain by King Walia, fighting as the Emperor's lieutenant, against the Vandals and other barbarous tribes, suggested and seemed to justify the idea of a triumph at Rome. It was not much for which to stand in the triumphal car, and to ascend the *Clivus Capitolinus*; but it was as much of a pretext as was likely to be found in the lifetime of Honorius.

Rome recovers her prosperity.

The outward appearance of the city was doubtless much improved since the three sieges by Alaric. Shortly before this time the Prefect, Albinus, had reported to the Emperor that the largesse of victuals to the people must be greatly increased, since the population was rapidly augmenting, and as many as 14,000 had passed in through the gates in one day[1]. The largesse may explain part of the influx of population, and the narrative may show not so much the recovery of Rome as the more profound exhaustion of Italy. Still it seems probable that the city was not much changed in outward seeming from the days when real triumphs were exhibited within its walls, and that a crowd of

[1] Μετὰ τὴν ὑπὸ Γότθων ἅλωσιν τῆς Ῥώμης Ἀλβῖνος ὁ τῆς Ῥώμης ἔπαρχος, ἤδη ταύτης πάλιν ἀποκαθισταμένης, ἔγραψε μὴ ἐξαρχεῖν τὸ χορηγούμενον μέρος τῷ δήμῳ εἰς πλῆθος ἤδη τῆς πόλεως ἐπιδιδούσης· ἔγραψε γὰρ καὶ ἐν μιᾷ ἡμέρᾳ τετέχθαι ἀριθμὸν χιλιάδων δεκατεσσάρων. As it is utterly out of the question to suppose that there can have been 14,000 *births* in one day in Rome, scholars seem to be agreed in substituting τετάχθαι for τετέχθαι, and understanding it of the number of strangers who streamed into the city and were marshalled perhaps for the Prefect's inspection. But the passage is not clear, and should be quoted under some reserve.

Olymp. ap. Phot., pp. 266–7.

curious and not discontented citizens 'climbed up' as of old 'to walls and battlements, to see' Honorius 'pass the streets of Rome.' BOOK I. CH. 8. 417.

All that we hear concerning the pageant is that the Emperor, having ascended the tribunal, ordered Attalus to come to the lowest step of it; and, after his old rival had humbled himself in the dust before him, he (reminding that rival doubtless of his own similar menaces when Alaric stood before Ravenna) ordered the thumb and forefinger of his right hand to be cut off, and then despatched him to one of the Lipari islands, where, as one of the annalists epigrammatically expresses it, he was 'left to life[1].' Punishment of Attalus.

Four comparatively uneventful years followed the marriage of Constantius and Placidia. Then, with the reluctant assent of Honorius, his brother-in-law was associated with him on the Imperial throne, and his sister took the title of Augusta. 417-421. Constantius Augustus.

The tidings of this addition to the Imperial partnership were not welcomed at Constantinople, where the young Theodosius, or rather his sister Pulcheria, who administered the government in his name, refused to recognise the new Emperor or to receive his statues, which, according to the etiquette of the period, were sent for erection in Constantinople. The Eastern Court refuses to recognise him.

Great was the wrath which this refusal kindled at Ravenna, and the long-smouldering jealousy between the two courts seemed likely to break forth Constantius finds the throne an uncomfortable seat.

[1] 'Truncatâ manu vitae relictus est.' Marcellinus, s. a. 412 (five years too early).

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into a flame of discord. And yet in a short time no one perceived more clearly than Constantius himself his unfitness for the position of dignified nothingness to which he had been raised, and no one more heartily regretted that elevation. The jovial, active soldier could no longer come and go as he pleased, no longer vie with the comic actors in provoking the laughter of the banqueters: every step which he took in the purple buskins of royalty was prescribed by the tedious court ceremonial invented by Diocletian, and perfected by the eunuchs of an earlier Constantius. His health began to give way, and, like many men of high animal spirits, he fell an easy prey to nervous depression. One night, six months after he had begun to reign, a figure appeared to him in a dream, and uttered the words, apparently innocent, but, to his ear, full of evil omen: 'Six are finished: the seventh is begun.' He was shortly afterwards attacked by pleurisy, and justified the dream and the interpretation thereof by dying before the end of his seventh month of royalty. Rarely has the world had so frank a confession of the unjoyousness of a kingly life as it received from this clumsy, roystering, and yet not altogether odious husband of Placidia.

He becomes low spirited and dies.

Not long before his death a transaction was proposed, which reminds us of the Roman senate's dealings with the Etruscan soothsayers during Alaric's siege. A certain Libanius, a mighty magician, sprung from Asia, appeared in Ravenna, and promised, with the Emperor's leave, to perform

Proposed art-magic of Libanius

great marvels against the barbarians, entirely by means of his art-magic, and without the aid of any soldiers. Constantius gave his consent to the meditated experiment, but Placidia, a fervent Christian always, and not too fondly attached to her second husband, sent him word that if he permitted that faithless enchanter to live she would apply for a divorce. Upon this Libanius was killed. 421.

Strange conduct of Honorius.

After her second widowhood Placidia was for a time the object of extravagant and foolish fondness on the part of her brother, whose uncouth kisses frequently bestowed upon her in public moved the laughter of the people. Then his fatuous mind wavered round from fondness to mistrust and from mistrust to aversion. He was jealous of her nurse, her waiting-woman, her grand chamberlain; the jealousy of the masters reflected itself in the squabbles of the domestics: the Gothic followers of Placidia, the veterans who had served under the standard of Constantius, often came to blows with the Imperial soldiers in the streets of Ravenna, and wounds were inflicted, if no lives were lost.

423.

Placidia retires to Constantinople.

At length the quarrel became so embittered that Placidia, finding herself the weaker of the combatants, withdrew with her two children to the court of her nephew Theodosius II at Constantinople.

Honorius dies.

Soon after, on the 26th of August of the same year (423), Honorius died of dropsy—his feeble mind and body having no doubt been shaken by these domestic storms—and his poultry and his people

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passed under other masters. The child 'more august than Jove,' whose birth and whose destinies Claudian had depicted in such glowing colours, died at the age of thirty-nine, having been by his weakness the cause of greater changes than are often accomplished by the strength of mighty heroes.

Joannes proclaimed Emperor.

On the death of Honorius some obscure palace intrigue raised Joannes, the chief of the Notaries, to the vacant throne. The office of the *Primicerius Notariorum*, though useful to the state, was not one which put the holder of it in the foremost rank of the official hierarchy. He could only claim to be addressed as *Spectabilis*, not as *Illustris*, and his chief duty seems to have been the editing of that very *Notitia Imperii* which has been so often quoted in these pages.

At first it is not easy to understand why a comparatively obscure member of the Civil Service should have been permitted to array himself with the still coveted imperial purple, until we ascertain that Castinus, who was then master of the soldiery, and who the following year shared the honours of the Consulship, supported the pretensions of Joannes to the diadem, intending doubtless to enjoy the substance of power himself while leaving its shadow and its dangers to his creature.

At the inauguration of Joannes an event occurred which shewed the influence still exerted over the minds of the people by the omen of the *voice* (φήμη). While the officers of the court were proclaiming

the style and titles of '*Dominus Noster Joannes Pius Felix Augustus*,' a cry, by whom uttered none could tell, was suddenly heard. 'He falls, he falls, he does not stand.' The multitude, as if desiring to break the spell, shouted with one accord, 'He stands, he stands, he does not fall;' but the ill-omened words were none the less remembered. 423.

Theodosius II determines to restore Placidia and her son.

It was not to be expected that the family of the great Theodosius, having still the resources of the Eastern Empire at their disposal, would tamely acquiesce in the assumption of the Western diadem by a clerk in the Government Offices. The only question was whether Theodosius II would interfere for his cousin or for himself. He chose the former and the more generous course, confirmed Placidia in her title of Augusta, and Valentinian in that of Nobilissimus (titles which on account of the quarrel with Constantius had not previously been recognised at Constantinople), and equipped an army to escort them to the palace at Ravenna. He himself accompanied them as far as Thessalonica, but was prevented by sickness from further prosecution of the journey. However, he caused his young kinsman to be arrayed in the imperial robes, and conferred upon him the secondary title of Cæsar. 424.

Expedition of Ardaburius and Aspar.

Ardaburius, the general of horse and foot, and his son Aspar[1], whose names appear to betoken a

[1] This Aspar is the same who in 457 raised Leo I to the Eastern throne, and was afterwards assassinated by him. His son, as well as his father, was named Ardaburius.

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barbarian origin, were entrusted with the chief conduct of the expedition. Candidianus also, he who, ten years before, had so zealously promoted the marriage of Ataulfus and Placidia, was now entrusted with a high command in her service.

424.

Ardaburius, after some successes in Dalmatia, set sail for Aquileia, then perhaps the largest city in the north-east of Italy [1]. An unfavourable wind carried him to a different part of the coast: he was separated from his followers, and taken in chains to Ravenna. Feigning treachery to the cause of his imperial mistress, he received from Joannes the gift of his life, and was kept in such slight durance that he was able to sow the seeds of real treachery among the generals and courtiers of the usurper.

Aspar, however, was deeply distressed and terrified for his father's life, and Placidia feared that her cause was hopeless; but the brilliant victories of Candidianus, who captured many towns in North Italy, revived their drooping spirits.

425.

What follows is related by the contemporary ecclesiastical historian Socrates, and the compiler feels himself therefore in some sort bound to insert it for the reader to deal with as he thinks fit.

vii. 23 (Bagster's translation).

An alleged miracle.

'The capture of Ardaburius made the usurper more sanguine in his hope that Theodosius would be induced, by the urgency of the case, to proclaim him Emperor, in order to preserve the life of this officer. . . . But at this crisis the prayer of the

[1] I do not know that we have any materials for deciding on the relative magnitude of Aquileia and Ravenna.

pious Emperor again prevailed. For an angel of God, under the appearance of a shepherd, undertook the guidance of Aspar and his troops, and led them through the lake near Ravenna. Now, no one had ever been known to ford that lake before: but God then rendered that passable which had hitherto been impassable. Having therefore crossed the lake, as if going over dry ground, they found the gates of the city open, and seized the tyrant.' 425.

Philostorgius, who was in a stricter sense a contemporary historian, being a middle-aged man when these events occurred, attributes the defeat of Joannes to the treachery of his followers, who had been tampered with by Ardaburius; and he knows nothing of the angelic shepherd. xii. 13.

Joannes deposed and slain.

Joannes was thus deposed after a reign of about eighteen months. He was led a prisoner to Aquileia, where Placidia and her son were abiding. In the hippodrome of that city his right hand was cut off. He was then sent in derisive triumph round the town riding upon an ass, and, after many similar insults had been heaped upon him by the soldiery, the Notary-Emperor was put to death.

Sack of Ravenna.

Placidia with the Cæsar her son entered Ravenna, which was given up to sack by the soldiers of Aspar to punish the inhabitants for their sympathy with the usurpation of Joannes.

Valentinian III Emperor.

Ardaburius was of course liberated. Helion, the master of the offices, and patrician, escorted the little Valentinian, now seven years old, to Rome,

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425.

and there, amidst an immense concourse of citizens, arrayed him with the purple of empire, and saluted him as Augustus[1].

Pious rejoicings at Constantinople. Socrates, vii. 23.

The tidings of all these prosperous events reached Constantinople while Theodosius and his people were watching the sports of the hippodrome. 'That most devout Emperor' called upon the people to come with him to the Basilica, and offer thanks to God for the overthrow of the tyrant. They marched through the streets singing loud hymns of praise, and the whole city became, as it were, one congregation at the Basilica, and ceased not from their religious exercises till daylight faded.

[1] With the proclamation of Valentinian III we lose the guidance of Olympiodorus.

CHAPTER IX.

PLACIDIA AUGUSTA.

Authorities.

Sources:—

FOR twenty years or more after the death of Honorius we have to pass through what Von Wietersheim calls 'eine fast quellenlose Zeit,' a time almost destitute of historical sources.

The before-mentioned annalists, PROSPER, IDATIUS, and MARCELLINUS, supply us with a few scraps of information. The ecclesiastical historian SOZOMEN throws an occasional gleam of light over civil history. In this general failure of authorities we are also grateful for such information as may be vouchsafed by a compilation once or twice referred to already,

The HISTORIA MISCELLA. This curious *farrago* of history forms the first part of Muratori's great collection of the Scriptores Rerum Italicarum. The first eleven books are substantially the work of Eutropius (the familiar Eutropius of our boyhood) and reach down to the death of Jovian. The authorship of the following books is generally attributed to Paulus Diaconus, of Aquileia, who died in 799, and the completion of the work to Landulf the Wise who flourished in the eleventh century. Without going into the disputed question as to this authorship it is sufficient to say that the writer, who is confessedly a mere compiler, interweaves large passages from Jornandes, Orosius, the Annalists, and the Ecclesiastical Historians. Occasionally we get a few sentences the parentage of which we cannot directly trace, and here, while not estimating the authority of the compiler very highly, we may presume that he has drawn from some source now closed to us.

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For the early history of Ravenna, which forms one of the subjects of this chapter, our chief authority is AGNELLUS (Liber Pontificalis) in the second volume of Muratori's Scriptores. The date and character of this ecclesiastical biographer are sufficiently described in the text.

The topography of Ravenna, owing to the changes in the course of the rivers effected both by nature and art, is an exceedingly difficult subject. Pallmann, who, in the second volume of his Völker-wanderung, exhibits eight maps of Ravenna from approved sources, all differing in important points, has felt the difficulty, but has not done much to solve it. Possibly some fresh light may be thrown upon the subject by the labours of Corrado Ricci, a young citizen of Ravenna, full of enthusiasm for the antiquities of his native town, who has written the best popular guide-book to the place 'Ravenna e i suoi Dintorni' (1878).

Placidia rules the Western Empire for a quarter of a century.

WE have now followed the varying fortunes of Placidia's life till we behold her in the thirty-fifth year of her age, seated upon the throne of the Western Empire, which for the next twenty-five years she governs, first with absolute sway as regent for her son, and then with power not less real, though apparently veiled, as the chief adviser of an indolent and voluptuous young man.

Ravenna her capital.

Ravenna continued to be the head-quarters of the imperial authority. Would that it were possible to convey to the mind of the reader who has not seen Ravenna, a small part of the impressions which it produces on him who visits it in the spirit of a pilgrim of history, not caring about Nineteenth Century interests or pleasures, but solely intent on studying its weird antiquities and learning from them the spell by which he can bridge over four-

teen swiftly-flowing centuries, and stand again in that Ravenna which heard of the downfall of Rome and saw the marriage of Placidia.

Present aspect of Ravenna.

Lying in a vast alluvial plain, with only the sharp ridge of the mountains of San Marino to break its monotonous horizon, Ravenna is now doubly stranded; for the sea which once lapped its walls, and brought the commerce and the squadrons of the world under its towers, has retreated to a distance of five miles, and is only discernible from the top of its church spires, while the railway has left it thirty miles or more out of its main course, and only recognises its existence by a feeble branch provided with infrequent trains. Yet, as the inhabitants point out to the visitor, this silent and desolate-looking town is by no means devoid of commercial activity. As an agricultural centre it transacts a large trade in pollenta and flour; above all, it is famous for its eels, which swarm in the mud of the canals which once sheltered Honorius, and which are so highly esteemed throughout Italy that a Neapolitan fisherman would rather sell the coat off his back than dispense with his Ravenna eel on Christmas Eve.

Fluviatile deposits.

This mud, poured forth age after age by the sluggish river which has gathered it out of the black loam of Lombardy, has sealed up Ravenna, immuring her from the busy world. The process still goes on visibly. The last deposit made by the river is mere marsh (like that through which the troops of Aspar found their mysterious way); and

this marsh can only be used for the cultivation of rice. You see with pity bare-legged peasants in March or April, toiling in this sticky slime, preparing the ground for the crop, and the thought occurs to you whether similar scenes were present to the mind of Dante when he condemned the irascible and the sullen to immersion in a muddy marsh:—

> 'And I, who stood intent upon beholding,
> Saw people mud-besprent in that lagoon,
> All of them naked and with angry look.
> . . . . . .
> Fixed in the mire, they say, "We sullen were
> In the sweet air which by the sun is gladdened,
> Bearing within ourselves the sluggish reek;
> Now we are sullen in this sable mire[1]."'

Gradually, as the muddy deposit increases, the soil becomes firmer, and that which was only a rice swamp becomes solid soil suitable for the cultivation of maize.

Ravenna in the Fourth Century resembled Venice.

When Honorius took refuge in Ravenna, it was probably defended by islands and lagunes, and approached by deep-sea channels, nearly in the same way as Venice now is. The islands protected the inner pools from the fury of the ocean, and allowed the deposit of the river to go forward quietly, while the lagunes, counterfeiting at high water the appearance of sea, made navigation difficult and almost impossible to those who were not accurately acquainted with the course of the deep-sea channels which wandered intricately amongst them.

[1] Inferno, vii. 109–111, 121–124 (Longfellow's translation).

Here Augustus, with his usual wise intuition, had fixed the great naval station for the Adriatic. The town of Ravenna was already three miles distant from the sea (no doubt owing to a previous alteration of the coast line), but he improved the then existing harbour, to which he gave the appropriate name of *Classis*, and connected it with the old town by a causeway, about which clustered another intermediate town called *Cæsarea*.

Suburbs.

Caesarea and Classis.

Classis, then, in the days of the Roman emperors, was a busy port and arsenal—Wapping and Chatham combined—capable of affording anchorage to 250 vessels, resounding with all the noises of men 'whose cry is in their ships.' Go to it now and you find one of the loneliest of all lonely moors, not a house, scarcely a cottage in sight: only the glorious church of San Apollinare in Classe, which, reared in the sixth century by command of Justinian, still stands, though the bases of its columns are green with damp, yet rich in the unfaded beauty of its mosaics. Beside it is one desolate farm-house occupied by the guardian of the church.

The Pine Forest.

Looking seaward, you cannot, even from thence, see the blue rim of the Adriatic, only the dark masses of the *Pineta*, the 'immemorial pine-wood' of which Dante, Dryden, and Byron have sung, and which is the one feature of natural beauty in all the dull landscape of Ravenna[1].

[1] For a charming and truthful picture of the Pineta, see Symonds's Sketches in Italy and Greece—Ravenna. The whole

It may be said that this picture of Ravenna offers but little inducement to any traveller to turn out of his way to visit it. It is true: and as Plato wrote over the doors of his school, 'Let none enter in but the geometrician,' so may it be said of Ravenna, 'Let no man who has not the historic enthusiasm strong within him set his face towards that city of the dead.' But for such an one, notwithstanding all the monotony of her landscape and the dullness of her streets, she has treasures in store which will make the time of his sojourn by the Ronco noteworthy even among Italian days. He will see the tombs of Western emperors and Gothic kings; he will look upon the first efforts of

article is of great excellence, and fills up many gaps in the necessarily incomplete sketch given above. The English reader will scarcely need to be reminded of Byron's lines on the Pineta (Don Juan, iii. 105–6)—

'Sweet hour of twilight,—in the solitude
Of the pine-forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er,
To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood.
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee.

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes save my steed's and mine
And vesper bells that rose the boughs along,' &c.

The general opinion is that the Pineta itself stands on soil recovered from the sea, and Byron's lines show that this was his view. But it seems more probable that the land on which it stands was one of the islands which stretched in front of the harbour, as Lido and Malamocco stretch in front of Venice.

Christian art after it emerged from the seclusion of the catacombs; he will walk through stately basilicas in which classical columns, taken from the temple of some Olympian god, support an edifice dedicated to the memory of a Christian Bishop; he will be able to trace some of the very earliest steps in that worship of the Virgin which, in the fifth and sixth centuries, was beginning to overspread Christendom: above all, he will gaze in wonder upon those marvellous mosaics which line the walls of the churches—pictures which were as old in the time of Giotto as Giotto's frescoes are now, yet which retain (thanks to the furnace through which the artist passed his materials) colours as bright and gilding as gorgeous as when they were first placed on those walls in the days of Placidia or Justinian.

Mosaics as contrasted with Frescoes.

Mosaics: it may be well to pause for a moment upon this word, in order to remind the reader of the special characteristics of the pictures thus produced, and wherein they differ from that other great branch of wall-decoration, the Fresco. The Mosaic is as it were a painted window deprived of its transparency. Fragments of glass carefully pieced together are the artist's sole material. Richness of colour, and deep metallic lustre, are his chief pictorial resources. Beauty of form, strength of outline, wonders of foreshortening, do not seem naturally to belong to the Mosaic, whether from the necessary conditions of the art or from the character of the ages in which it was chiefly practised.

Domes of dark blue studded with golden stars, golden auroras round the heads of saints, garments of deep purple and crimson, and faces which, though not beautiful, often possess a certain divine and awful majesty[1]: these are found in the Mosaic, and most conspicuously in that great temple in which Venice set herself to copy and to outdo the splendours of Byzantium—the Basilica of St. Mark. Owing to the fact that mosaic decoration was then re-introduced into Italy from the East, it has long been invested with a specially Byzantine character; but the existence of chapels and baptisteries at Ravenna, dating from the time of Honorius and Placidia, and richly ornamented with mosaic work, shows that it was originally common to both Western and Eastern empires. Always, whether the work be well or ill executed, dimly majestic or uncouth and ludicrous, we have the satisfaction of feeling that we are looking upon a picture which is substantially, both in colour and in form, such as it was when it left the hand of the artist, perhaps fourteen centuries ago[2].

All these conditions are completely reversed in the art of Fresco-painting, as exhibited, for instance, by Giotto in the Arena Chapel at Padua, by Fra Angelico in San Marco at Florence, or by Michael Angelo in the Sistine Chapel at Rome. Here we

[1] Notably the face of the Redeemer in the apse of the Basilica of San Miniato near Florence.

[2] 'Les Maitres Mosaistes' of George Sand gives an interesting imaginary sketch of the life of an artist in mosaics.

have a material which necessitates rapid workmanship, and invites to free and flowing outline; we have beauty of form, fertility of thought, and facility of expression; we have a continual progress from the conventional to the natural; but here we have *not* now what the artist first painted, but only a faded, almost colourless picture, which, even where it has escaped the whitewash of the eighteenth century, is not, cannot be, anything but the ghost of that which the artist's contemporaries gazed upon.

Cardinal Wiseman on Ravenna

Cardinal Wiseman has truly said that for him who wishes to study the remains of early Christian Art undisturbed by the admixture of the great works of Pagan architects, Ravenna is a better place than Rome. A negative recommendation certainly. Yet he who has visited Rome, and been at times almost bewildered by the converging interests of so many ages, nations, schools of art, and confessions of religion, will admit that to some moods of his mind the advice comes soothingly.

Ravenna has three points of contact with modern medieval history.

We may say the same thing from an opposite point of view. In Ravenna that varied wealth of medieval or modern memories which enriches nearly every other Italian city is almost entirely absent, and the fifth and sixth centuries rule the mind of the beholder with almost undivided sway. Almost, but not quite; there are three noteworthy exceptions. Byron lived here for a year and a half, in 1820 and 1821[1]. Here, three centuries

Byron.

[1] It is a striking and disappointing illustration of the 'subjective' quality of Byron's genius,—perhaps it would be more

before, in 1512, the young Gaston de Foix, nephew of Louis XII of France, gained a bloody victory over the leagued powers of Spain, Venice, and the Pope; and then, pushing on too hastily in pursuit, fell, pierced by fourteen pike wounds, on the banks of the Ronco, a few miles from the walls. Here, too, remounting the stream of time to the thirteenth century, we meet with the austere figure of Dante, wandering through the congenial shade of the Pineta, yet sighing in vain for the hills of Fiesole and the swift Arno of his home. But when we have visited these three places of pilgrimage, the Casa Byron, the Column of Gaston (or Colonna dei Francesi), and the Tomb of Dante, there is nothing left to distract our attention from these dying days of the Western Empire, of which even the names at the street corners, 'Rione Galla-Placidia,' 'Rione Teodorico[1],' continually remind us.

Gaston de Foix.

Dante.

All else is pre-medieval.

Apollinaris Sidonius on Ravenna.

The aspect of Ravenna in the fifth century is represented in the following passage from a letter[2]

truthful to say, of his disagreeable egotism,—that in the volume and a half of his Biography devoted to his letters from Ravenna there is scarcely the faintest allusion to the great historic interests of the place. There are endless chafferings with his publisher about the price of his poems, plenty of details about his connexion with the Countess Guiccioli, but nothing about the mosaics in the churches, only a line or two for the Ostrogothic king, and nothing about Placidia. The verses in Don Juan quoted above, praising 'the solitude of the pine-forest,' are his best tribute to Ravenna: those on the Colonna dei Francesi and Dante's tomb might have been the work of a meaner bard.

[1] 'Galla-Placidia quarter,' 'Theodoric quarter.'

[2] Epistolarum, lib. i. 5.

of the Gaulish nobleman, Apollinaris Sidonius, who in 467 (seventeen years after the death of Placidia) visited this city on his road to Rome :—

'It is hard to say whether the old city of Ravenna is separated from the new harbour or joined to it by the Via Caesaris which lies between them. Above the town the Po divides into two branches, of which one washes its walls, the other winds among its streets. The whole stream has been diverted from its main channel by large mounds thrown across it at the public expense, and being thus drawn off into the channels marked out for it, so divides its waters that they furnish protection to the walls which they encompass, and bring commerce into the city which they penetrate. By this route, which is most convenient for the purpose, all kinds of merchandise arrive, especially food. But against this is to be set the fact that the supply of drinking water is miserable. On the one side you have the salt waves of the sea dashing against the gates, on the other the canals filled with sewage and of the consistency of gruel, are being constantly churned up by the passage of the wherries; and the river itself, here gliding along with a very slow current, is made muddy by the punt-poles of the bargemen, which are continually being thrust into its clayey bed. The consequence was that we were thirsty in the midst of the waves, since no wholesome water was brought to us by the aqueducts, no cistern was free from sewage-pollution, no fresh fountain was flowing, no well was without

its mud.' This scarcity of drinking-water was an old joke or grievance against the city of the Adriatic. Thus Martial, writing at the end of the first century, says [1]—

Martial's epigrams on the water-supply.

'I'd rather, at Ravenna, own a cistern than a vine,
Since I could sell my water there much better than my wine.'

And again, rather more elaborately [2]—

'That landlord at Ravenna is plainly but a cheat;
I paid for wine *and water*, and he has served it neat.'

Further description by Sidonius.

We have another picture of Ravenna, still less complimentary, from the pen of Sidonius in the Eighth Epistle of the First Book. It is easily seen, however, that he is speaking in a tone of raillery, and that his words are not to be taken too literally.

He is writing to his friend Candidianus: 'You congratulate me on my stay at Rome, and say that you are delighted that your friend should see so much of the sun, which you imagine I seldom catch a glimpse of in my own foggy Lyons. And you dare to say this to me, you, a native of that furnace, not town, which they call Cesena' (a city about fifteen miles south of Ravenna), 'and who showed what your own opinion was of the pleasantness of your birthplace by migrating thence to Ravenna. A pretty place Cesena must be if Ravenna is better; where your ears are pierced by the musquito of the Po, where a talkative mob of

[1] Epigr. iii. 56. [2] Ib. 57.

frogs is always croaking round you. Ravenna, a mere marsh, where all the conditions of ordinary life are reversed, where walls fall and waters stand, towers flow down and ships squat, invalids walk about and their doctors take to bed, baths freeze and houses burn, the living perish with thirst and the dead swim about on the surface of the water, thieves watch and magistrates sleep, clergymen lend on usury and Syrians sing Psalms[1], merchants shoulder arms and soldiers haggle like hucksters, greybeards play at ball and striplings at dice, eunuchs study the art of war and the barbarian mercenaries study literature. Now reflect what sort of city contains your household gods, a city which may own territory, but cannot be said to own land' [because it was so frequently under water]. 'Consider this, and do not be in such a hurry to crow over us harmless Transalpines, who are quite content with our own sky, and should not think it any great glory to show that other places had worse. Farewell.'

Strabo's panegyric on Ravenna.

Having quoted this long tirade from Sidonius, it ought in fairness to be added that Strabo[2] (who lived, it is true, more than four centuries before him) praises the healthiness of Ravenna, and says that gladiators were sent to train there on account of its invigorating climate. When he attributes

[1] There may be some allusion here to an ecclesiastical tradition that all the bishops of Ravenna for the first four centuries were of Syrian extraction.

[2] P. 301 (Oxford edition, 1807).

this healthiness to the ebb and flow of the tide (practically non-existent on the Western shore of Italy) and compares Ravenna in this respect with Alexandria, when all the swampy ground about it has been turned into lakes by the rising Nile of summer, we can at least understand his argument. But when he says that 'much mud is washed *into* the town by the combined action of the rivers and the tides, and thereby the malaria is cured,' we can only conclude that then, as now, the causes of health and disease in Italy must have been inscrutable by the Transalpine mind.

Ecclesiastical atmosphere of Ravenna in the Fifth Century.

We cannot properly understand the conditions of the life led by the Augusta and her counsellors at Ravenna without imbuing our minds with some of the ecclesiastical ideas already associated with the place. It seems probable that there was here none of that still surviving conflict between the old faith and the new, which disturbed the religious atmosphere of Rome during the early part of the fifth century. Ravenna, like Constantinople, owed all its glory as a capital to Christian emperors, and contentedly accepted the Christian faith from the hands that so honoured it. As an important Christian city, it claimed to have its special connecting link with the history of the Apostles. The mythical founder-bishop of the Church of Ravenna was *Saint Apollinaris*, a citizen of Antioch, well versed in Greek and Latin literature, who, we are told, followed Peter to Rome, was ordained there by that Apostle, and eventually

St. Apollinaris founder of the see.

was commissioned by him to preach the Gospel at Ravenna. Before his departure, however, he had once passed a night in St. Peter's company at the monastery known by the name of the Elm ('ad Ulmum'). They had slept upon the bare rock, and the indentations made by their heads, their backs, and their legs were still shown in the ninth century[1].

The arrival of St. Apollinaris at Ravenna was signalised by the restoration of sight to a blind boy. He overthrew the idols of the false gods, healed lepers, raised a young man from the dead, cast out devils, baptized multitudes in the river Bedens, in the sea, and in the Basilica of St. Euphemia, where once more the hard stone upon which he was standing became soft and retained the impress of his feet. When persecution arose he was loaded with heavy chains and sent to the 'capitol' of Ravenna, where angels ministered to him. Three years of exile in Illyricum and Thrace followed: on his return he was again seized by the persecutors, forced to stand upon burning coals, and subjected to other tortures, which he

[1] This form of legend seems to have some especial connexion with the memory of St. Peter, probably on account of his name ('a rock'). All visitors to Rome will remember the cavity in the rocky side of the Mamertine prison, marking the place where a cruel gaoler dashed the Apostle's head against the wall. The impressions of the feet of Christ on stone shown in the church of St. Sebastiano, and copied in that of 'Domine quo vadis,' seem to belong to the same class of traditions. And the author from whom the account in the text is taken speaks of a Monastery of St. Peter in the Janiculum, where the stone, wax-like, retained the impress of the knee of St. Peter, praying.

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bore with great meekness, only addressing the Imperial Vicar as a most impious man, and warning him to escape from eternal torture by accepting the true faith. At length he received the crown of martyrdom during the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, a name which is not usually branded with the stigma of persecution.

Lives of the Bishops of Ravenna by Agnellus.

How much of the story which is here related obtained credence in the fifth century we cannot precisely say, for our chief authority is Agnellus, bishop of Ravenna, and biographer of other bishops[1], who lived a generation later than the Emperor Charles the Great. Yet the evidence of the Basilicas of the Honorian period and that immediately following it, shows that the names of St. Apollinaris and others illustrated by the catalogue of Agnellus, were already considered holy. True, this chronicler, with more candour than many of his tribe, remarks[2], 'Where I have not found any history of any of these bishops, and have not been able by conversation with aged men, or inspection of the monuments, or from any other authentic source, to obtain information concerning them, in such a case, that there might not be a break in the series, I have composed the life *myself* with the help of God and the prayers of the brethren.' But notwithstanding this honest avowal,

[1] He is supposed to have written his 'Vitae Pontificum Rāvennatum' about 839.

[2] In the Life of St. Exuperantius (Muratori's Scriptores Rerum Italicarum, ii. 62).

as it is clear that he wrote from frequent reference to mosaic pictures, many of which are now lost, we may conjecture that he represents, fairly enough, the traditions of the fifth and sixth centuries, though with some subsequent legendary incrustations which we should now vainly seek to remove.

The quaint and vivid details of the personal appearance of the bishops seem to confirm the supposition that Agnellus wrote much on the authority of the mosaics. Thus, one bishop 'was bent double by the too great fulness of his years[1];' another 'was crowned with the grace of white hairs;' another's 'countenance, like a clear mirror, shone over the whole congregation;' and so on.

The story of the election and episcopate of *Severus*[2], a bishop of the fourth century, must have been still fresh in the minds of the people of Ravenna when Placidia reigned there, and it would be interesting to know what shape it had then assumed. Four hundred years later it was told on this wise. Severus was a journeyman woolcomber, and one day when he was wearied with his work, he said to his wife who wrought with him, 'I will go and see this wonderful sight, how a dove shall descend from the high heaven and light upon the

[1] 'Pro nimia dierum plenitudine curvus effectus est.' (Agnellus ap. Muratori, ii. 33.)

[2] 'Severus cujus nomen intelligitur in compositione *Saevus-verus*,' remarks Agnellus, with whom philology is not a strong point.

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head of him who is to be chosen bishop.' For this was the day of the election of a new Bishop of Ravenna, and it was the especial boast of the Church of that city that her bishops were thus manifestly designated by the descent of a dove from heaven.

But the wife of Severus began to mock at him, and to scold him, saying, 'Sit here; go on with thy work; do not be lazy; whether thou goest or not, the people will not choose thee for Pontiff.' But he pressed, 'Let me go,' and she said, jeeringly, 'Go, then, and thou wilt be ordained Pontiff in the same hour.' So he rose, and went to the place where the people with their priests were gathered together; but having his dirty working clothes on, he hid himself behind the door of the place where the people were praying.

As soon as the prayer was ended, a dove, whiter than snow, descended from heaven and lighted upon his head. He drove it away, but it settled there a second and a third time. Thereupon all the authorities who were present crowded round him, giving thanks to God, and hailed Severus as bishop. His wife, too, who before had mocked at him, now met him with congratulations. The woolcomber-bishop appears to have occupied the episcopal throne for many years. He sat in the Council of Sardica in 347, and subscribed the decrees which refused to make any alteration in the Nicene Formula.

After some time, his wife Vicentia (or Vincentia) died, and, some years later, his daughter Innocentia.

When the mourners came together to lay Innocentia in her mother's tomb, it was found to be too small to hold both bodies. Severus, mindful evidently of many a matrimonial altercation in long-past years, cried out, 'Ah! wife, why wilt thou be thus vexatious unto me? Why not leave room for thy daughter, and receive back from my hands her whom I once received from thine? Let the burial proceed in peace, and do not sadden me by thy obstinacy.' At these words the bones of his dead wife gathered themselves together, and rolled away into one corner of the stone coffin with a swiftness which the living body could scarcely have equalled, and room was left for the dead Innocentia by her side. When his own time came to die, after celebrating mass, he ordered the same coffin to be opened, and, arrayed as he was in his pontifical robes, he laid him down between his dead wife and child, and there drew his last breath[1].

If we can place any dependence at all on the confused chronology of his see, Severus ended his episcopate of near half a century in 391, a year or two after the birth of Placidia, and four years before

[1] In the ninth century the bodies of St. Severus and of Saints Vincentia and Innocentia (for the whole family was by this time canonised) were abstracted, by fraud or force, from their resting-place at Ravenna, and carried to Mayence and thence to Erfurt. Father Bacchini, writing about 1708, congratulates his dear friend the Abbot of the Monastery of Classis on having recovered a considerable portion of the body of the saint and restored it to its home, 'a benefit which the Church of Ravenna will keep in everlasting remembrance.'

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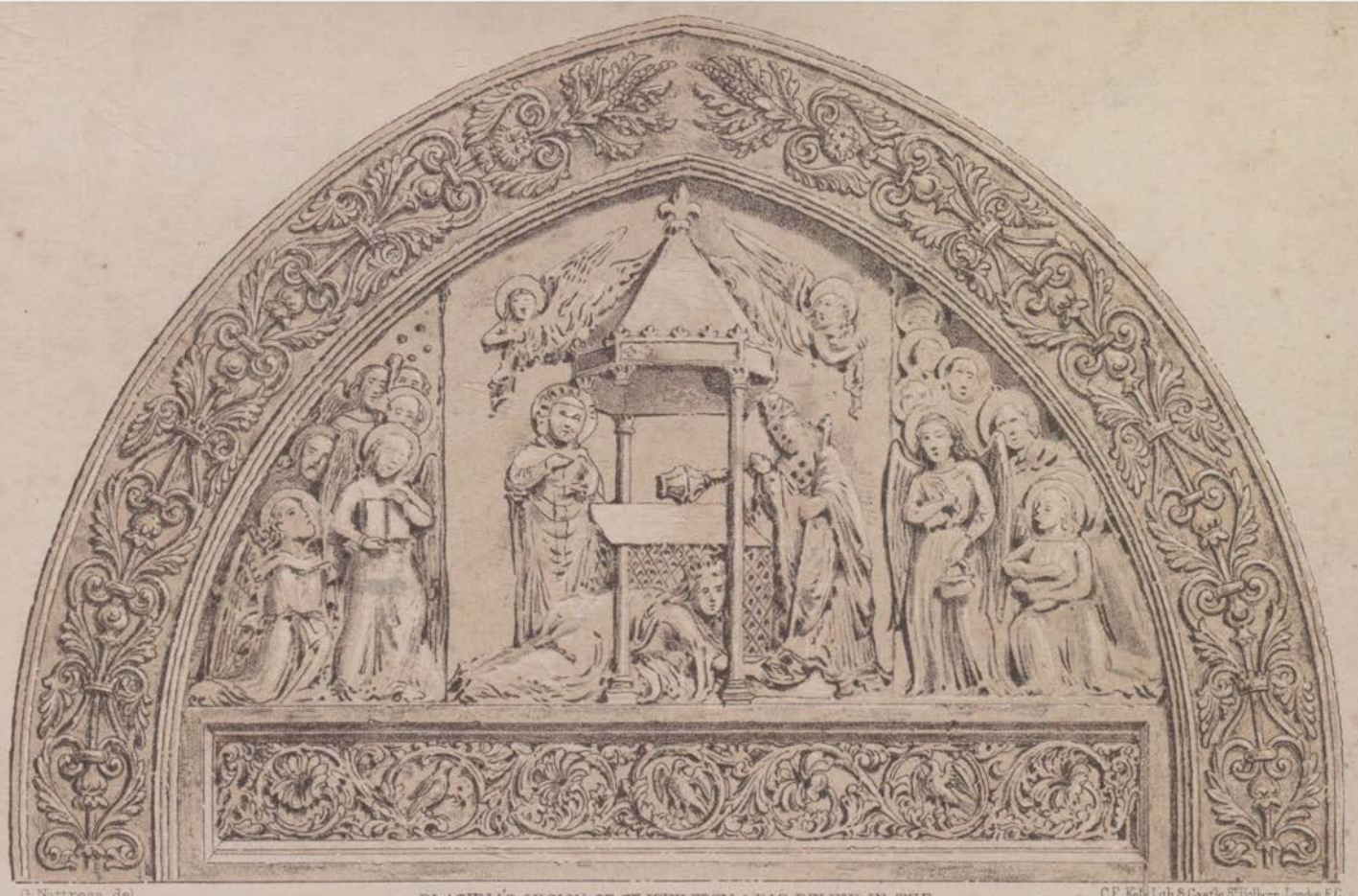
the death of Theodosius. During the first half of the fifth century, the two most honoured names in the hagiology of Ravenna were those of John the Angel-seer (Joannes Angeloptes) and Peter the Golden-worded (Petrus Chrysologus). The former was so called on account of the tradition that shortly before his death, when he was celebrating mass in the Church of St. Agatha, an angel descended at the words of consecration, and standing beside him at the altar, handed him the chalice and paten, fulfilling throughout the service the office of an acolyte. Peter, who, like Chrysostom, received his surname from the golden stores of his wisdom and eloquence, was no citizen or priest of Ravenna, but a native of Imola, who was designated for the high office of bishop by the voice of Pope Sixtus III, in accordance with the apostolic monition of St. Peter and St. Apollinaris conveyed to him in a dream. However this may be, no name is now more living in Ravenna than that of San Pier Crysologo, who built the marvellously beautiful little chapel in the Archbishop's Palace, on whose vaulted ceiling four great white-robed angels, standing between the emblems of the four Evangelists, support with uplifted arms, not a world, nor a heavenly throne, but the intertwined letters X P, the mystic monogram of Christ.

Joannes Angeloptes

Petrus Chrysologus.

It was into this world of ecclesiastical romance, of embellishment by legend and by mosaic, that Galla Placidia entered when she returned to Ravenna, destined herself to contribute no unimport-

Pacidia builds the church of St John the Evangelist



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PLACIDIA'S VISION OF ST JOHN FROM A BAS-RELIEF IN THE TYMPANUM OF S. GIOVANNI EVANGELISTA AT RAVENNA.

C.F. Kell, Lith. 8, Castle St Holborn, London, E.C.

ant share to its temples and to its traditions. Near her palace she built the *Church of the Holy Cross*, now ruined and modernised. But a much more interesting monument to her fame is the *Basilica of St. John the Evangelist*, now by the irony of Fate flanked by the Strada Garibaldi and the road to the railway-station. The basilica itself was rebuilt in the twelfth or thirteenth century, and its mosaics have been for the most part replaced by the frescoes of Giotto; but a bas-relief over the chief entrance, sculptured at the time of the rebuilding, still retains, not indeed the contemporary, but the mythical portraiture of the Augusta herself. There she is represented as prostrating herself at the feet of the Evangelist, who is arrayed in priestly garb, and engaged in incensing the altar. Meanwhile his imperial worshipper clasps his feet, and with gentle compulsion constrains him to leave one of his sandals in her hands.

to commemorate her deliverance from shipwreck.

This bas-relief, executed about 800 years after the death of Placidia, illustrates, not inaptly, the growth of ecclesiastical tradition. On her voyage from Constantinople to Ravenna, the Augusta and her children were terrified by the arising of a great storm, which threatened to whelm them in the deep. In her distress she vowed a temple to the son of Zebedee—himself a fisherman, and well acquainted with stormy seas—if he would deliver her from so great a danger. The wind ceased, she reached Italy in safety, and, as we have already seen, wrested the sceptre from the hands of Joannes

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the Notary. In fulfilment of her vow she built the Basilica of St. John the Evangelist, had it consecrated either by Joannes Angeloptes or Petrus Chrysologus, and bade the mosaics on the walls and even the wavy outlines of the pavement tell the story of her escape[1]. Round the apse of the basilica, and over the heads of the mosaic portraits of the imperial family, ran this inscription: 'Strengthen, O Lord, that which thou hast wrought for us: because of thy temple at Jerusalem shall kings bring presents unto thee.' And higher yet was an inscription to this effect: 'To the Holy and Most Blessed Apostle John the Evangelist. Galla Placidia Augusta, with her son Placidus Valentinianus Augustus and her daughter Justa Grata Honoria Augusta, in fulfilment of a vow for deliverance from peril by sea.'

Agnelli Liber Pontificalis (ap. Muratori II. 68).

The legend of the Sandal of St. John.

So far the contemporary monuments as described, faithfully no doubt, by Agnellus in the ninth century. Four hundred years later, when the original church had fallen into ruin and was replaced by a new edifice of Italian-Gothic architecture, a legend had grown up that the Augusta, when she had built her church, was filled with sadness by the thought that she had no relic of the Apostle wherewith to enrich it. She imparted her grief to her

Spicilegium Ravennatis Historiae.

[1] 'Jubet Augusta ubique naufragii sui praesentari formam, ut quodammodo tota operis facies Reginae pericula loqueretur. Pavimentum undosum undique mare quod quasi ventis agitatum procellosae tempestatis gerat imaginem' (Spicilegium Ravennatis Historiae ap. Muratori, tom. i, pars 2, p. 568).

confessor, St. Barbatian, and besought his prayers. At length, upon a certain night, which they had determined to pass in watching and prayer in the precincts of the church itself, it came to pass that they both fell into a light slumber. To Barbatian, between sleeping and waking, appeared a man with noble countenance, vestments of snowy whiteness, and with a golden censer in his hand. The confessor awoke, the form did not vanish, he pointed it out to the Augusta, who rushed forward and seized his right sandal with eager hands. Then the Apostle John, for he it must have been, vanished from their sight, and was carried up into heaven. The 27th of February, when this event was supposed to have occurred, was kept as a festival by the Church of Ravenna, 'but the place where the sandal was laid up by the Empress is unknown to all men. Meanwhile in *many* places is still to be seen a title, writ long ago, to this effect: (Here) rests the Sandal of the Blessed Apostle and Evangelist John[1].'

Other ecclesiastical legends about the family of Placidia.

Nor was Placidia's the only head which was surrounded with this halo of ecclesiastical tradition. It was believed (at the time of Agnellus) that to a niece of hers, named Singleida, as to whose existence history is silent, appeared in vision a man in white raiment and with hoary hair, who said to her, 'In such and such a place, near the church which thy Aunt hath reared to the Holy Cross do

[1] See, for further comments on this story, Hemans's Ancient Christianity and Sacred Art, 358–360.

thou build a monastery, and name it after me, Zacharias, the father of the Fore-runner' [John the Baptist]. She went to the place next day, and saw a foundation already prepared for the building, as if by the hand of man. She returned with joy to her aunt, and received from her thirteen builders, by whose labours, in thirteen days, the house was finished, which she then adorned with all manner of gold and silver and precious stones.

It is remarkable that the ecclesiastical historian, Sozomen, in closing his history, comments on the special favour shown by God to the Emperor Honorius, in permitting the relics of many holy men to be discovered during his reign. Chief among these discoveries was that of the body of Zachariah, son of Jehoiada, slain by the command of Joash, king of Judah. A richly-dressed infant lay at the feet of the holy man, and was believed to be the child of the idolatrous king, whose death was the punishment of his father's sin, and who was therefore buried in the grave of the victim. The identity of the name suggests the probability that the vision of the unknown Singleida and the discovery of the relics of the prophet may be variations of one and the same story.

But it is time to leave the moonlight of ecclesiastical tradition, and come back into secular history.

Rivalry of Placidia's counsellors.

The chief event of Placidia's reign (for Placidia reigned, though her son's effigy appeared on the

coins) was the final loss of the province of Africa, a disaster which resulted directly from the feud between her two chief advisers, Bonifacius and Aetius. 'Each of these men,' says Procopius, 'had the other not been his contemporary, might truly have been called the last of the Romans.' We may add that each alone might have possibly saved the life of the Empire, or at least prolonged it for a century, but that their contemporaneous existence destroyed it.

The chorus of a Greek tragedy would have found in the parallel history of these two men a congenial subject for its meditations on the strange ways of the Gods and the irony of Fate. Bonifacius, the heroic, loyal-hearted soldier, 'whose one great object was the deliverance of Africa from all sorts of barbarians[1],' stands conspicuous to all after-ages as the betrayer of Africa to the Vandals; Aetius, the brave captain, but also the shifty intriguer, Roman by birth, but half-barbarian by long residence at the Hunnish Court, deserves the everlasting gratitude of posterity as the chief deliverer of Europe from the dominion of Attila, as he who more than any other individual man kept for the Romance and Teutonic nations a clear course to glory and happiness, free from the secular misery and desolation which are the effects of Tartar misrule.

These passages, however, in the lives of the two rivals must be for the present postponed, t ll the history of the Huns and of the Vandals comes more

[1] Olympiodorus (apud Photium, p. 278).

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immediately under consideration. It is the attitude of the two men towards Placidia with which we have now chiefly to concern ourselves.

Loyalty and justice of Bonifacius.

We first hear of *Bonifacius* in the year 413, as repelling a sudden onslaught which Ataulfus made on Marseilles. He next appears at the time of the death of Honorius as Count of Africa, which province he holds loyally for Placidia, while the rest of the Western Empire seems inclined to acquiesce in the usurpation of Joannes. He had a high reputation for justice, and even for holiness. His justice was shown when a peasant came to his tent to complain that his wife had been seduced by one of the barbarian mercenaries in the army of Bonifacius. The general desired the complainant to return on the morrow; meanwhile, at dead of night, he rode a distance of nine miles to the peasant's house, satisfied himself of the truth of the accusation, was himself both judge and executioner, and returned to his tent with the head of the offender, which next morning he exhibited to the husband, astonished, but delighted at the swift foot of avenging Justice.

His holiness—as that age accounted holiness—was shown by a correspondence with St. Augustine, which induced him, after the death of his wife, to take a vow against re-marriage, though without retiring from the active business of life. This vow he afterwards broke, taking to himself a rich wife named Pelagia, who was doubly objectionable to his spiritual advisers as a woman and as an Arian;

and modern ecclesiastical commentators[1] trace to this fall from the high ideal of ascetic virtue the whole of his subsequent errors and calamities.

Early career of Aetius.

Aetius, the rival of Bonifacius, was born at Durostorum, a town on the Lower Danube well known to us under the name of Silistria. His father, Gaudentius, a man probably of barbarian origin, rose high in the service of the Western Empire, being successively Master of the Cavalry and Count of Africa. When quite young, and serving among the Imperial Guards, Aetius was given over as a hostage to Alaric, and remained in that condition in the Gothic camp for three years. Later on, he was again given, probably by Honorius, as a hostage to the Huns. The hardy and athletic young soldier seems to have made many friends among the barbarian armies; perhaps, also, he acquired a knowledge both of their strong and weak points, which made him a wiser enemy when he had to take the field against them than the forcible-feeble generals of Honorius.

After the death of the latter Emperor, he adhered to the faction of the Secretary Joannes, who, in the crisis of his own affairs, sent Aetius northwards to obtain assistance from his friendly Huns. He returned with 60,000 Huns at his back, but only to find that the power of Joannes had, three days before, fallen before the armies of Placidia. It is said that a battle between the Huns and the forces of Aspar,

[1] Tillemont (Hist. des Empereurs, vi. 190), and Baronius as quoted by him.

the Byzantine general, then took place. We may conjecture that it was but a hollow contest, meant to enhance the price of peace. At any rate, we find the barbarians, shortly after, concluding a treaty with the Romans, under which they receive a sum of gold, and agree to return quietly to their homes. Aëtius does not suffer by the general reconciliation. He is raised to the rank of Count (probably Count of Italy), and becomes thenceforward the chief adviser of Placidia and her son.

It was not unnatural that between these two, who were now the foremost men of the Empire—Bonifacius, *Vir Spectabilis, Comes Africae,* and Aetius, *Vir Spectabilis, Comes Italiae*—rivalry and dissension should arise. Bonifacius felt that his lifelong fidelity to the house of Theodosius was scantily rewarded by his mistress. Aetius could not deem himself secure in his post of confidential adviser at the Court of Ravenna, while there ruled at Carthage a man with such transcendent claims upon the imperial gratitude.

The manner in which this rivalry worked out into daylight is disclosed to us only by Procopius, one of the most cynical of historians, and separated by nearly a century from the events which he records. One cannot therefore claim the reader's entire confidence for the story which follows, but it must be told thus because no other version of it has come down to us.

De Bello Vandalico, i. 3.

Plot of Aetius against Bonifacius.

It appears, from the not very accurate language of Procopius, that during a visit of Count Bonifacius

to the Imperial Court, Placidia had bestowed upon him some higher rank than he already bore, in connection with the government of the African province[1]. Aetius concealed his real dissatisfaction at this promotion of his rival under a mask of apparent contentment and even friendship for Bonifacius. But as soon as he had returned to Africa, the Count of Italy began to instil into the mind of Placidia suspicions that Bonifacius would prove another Gildo, usurping supreme authority over the whole of Roman Africa[2]. 'The proof,' said he, 'of the truth of these accusations was easy. For if she summoned him to her presence, he would not obey the order.' The Augusta listened, thought the words of Aetius full of wisdom, obeyed his counsels, and summoned Bonifacius to Ravenna. Meanwhile Aetius wrote privately to the African Count, 'The Augusta is plotting to rid herself of you. The proof of her finally adopting that resolution will be your receipt of a letter from her, ordering you, for no earthly reason, to wait upon her in Italy.' Bonifacius, believing his rival's professions of friendship, accepted the warning, refused to obey the Empress's summons, and thereby at once confirmed her worst suspicions. In the year 427 he was declared a public enemy of Rome.

Bonifacius calls in the Vandals.

Feeling himself too weak to grapple with the Empire alone, Bonifacius began to negotiate for the

[1] Possibly he was made Vicarius as well as Comes.

[2] 'Africa,' as thus used, does not of course include either Egypt or the Cyrenaica, which formed parts of the Eastern Empire.

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alliance of the Vandals, who were still struggling and tussling with Visigoths and Sueves for the mastery of that Spain which they had all made desolate. The Vandals came, under their young king Gaiseric, and never returned to the Peninsula.

429.

The plot of Aetius exposed and Bonifacius cleared.

With the details of the Vandal conquest of Africa, which occupied the years from 428 to 439, we have here no concern; our business is only with the unhappy author of all those miseries which marked its progress. Not many months after Gaiseric had landed in Africa, some old friends of Bonifacius at Rome, who could not reconcile his present disloyalty with what they knew of his glorious past, crossed the seas and visited him at Carthage. He consented to see them; mutual explanations followed, the letter of Aetius was produced, and the whole web of treachery was at once in their hands. They returned with speed to Placidia, who, though she did not feel herself, in that sore emergency, strong enough to break with Aetius, sent, nevertheless, assurance of her forgiveness to Bonifacius and earnest entreaties to forsake his barbarian alliances and re-enter the service of Rome. He obeyed, but could not now conjure down the storm which he had raised. He made magnificent promises to the Vandals if they would consent to quit Africa. They laughed at his promises; the Vandal vulture had her talons too deep in the rich province of Africa to have any thought of returning to Spain, where her sister birds of prey would have given her a gory welcome.

And thus it came to pass that Bonifacius was soon engaged in battle against his previous allies. In the year 431 he fought with some success, but in 432, though he had received large reinforcements from Constantinople under the command of Aspar, he was utterly beaten by the Vandals in a pitched battle, and compelled to fly to Italy. Notwithstanding his defeat, he was received with enthusiasm at Rome, and with perfect trustfulness and oblivion of his past disloyalty by Placidia. She conferred upon him the title of *Magister utriusque Militiae*, which had been borne for three years by his rival Aetius, and she seems to have been about to bestow upon him her full confidence, and to make him virtually chief ruler of the Empire. At this point, however, Aetius reappears upon the scene, fresh from a successful war against the Franks. A battle ensued between them, in which Aetius was defeated, but in the single combat which took place, and which seems already to show the influence of Teutonic usages in the dying world of classicalism, Bonifacius received a wound from a javelin (or dart) of unusual length, with which his enemy had provided himself on the eve of the combat, and from the effects of that wound he died three months after.

Bonifacius returns to Italy

and is slain by Aetius in single combat,

432.

Though there is so much of fraudulent intrigue about the conduct of Aetius, it is impossible not to feel a kind of foretaste of the coming age of chivalry about the whole five years' duel between these two mighty champions, 'each one worthy to have been called the last of Romans.' Nor is this impression

but leaves his widow to the care of his conqueror.

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weakened when we find Bonifacius on his death-bed exhorting his wife to accept no one's hand in re-marriage but his rival's only, 'if his wife, who was then living, should die.' The ecclesiastical advisers of the Count of Africa perhaps would see in this strange command a legacy of woe such as the dying Centaur bequeathed to *his* victor, Hercules, and might thus claim Bonifacius himself as a voucher for their theory that his second marriage had been his ruin. But a more probable explanation of the story, be it true or false, is the popular belief that each hero recognised in the other his only worthy competitor in war, in politics, or in love.

Aetius chief minister of Placidia for the last seventeen years of her reign.

As for Aetius, he did not immediately regain his old position at the Court of Ravenna. The remembrance of his treacheries was too vivid, the power of the party of Bonifacius still too strong, and he was fain to betake himself once more to exile among the friendly Huns. Again he was restored to power, apparently by their aid, in the year 433, and for the remaining seventeen years of the joint reign of Placidia and Valentinian he was, as before, the ruling spirit of the Western Empire. He was often battling in the distracted province of Gaul, with Visigoths, with Burgundians, with Franks, and generally obtained success in the field; but no military successes could root out the barbarian multitudes from the Gaulish soil, or do more than keep alive some semblance of imperial authority in certain of the towns by the Rhone and the Garonne and in the mountain fastnesses of Auvergne.

The legend of 'The Groans of the Britons'

It is during this period and in the year 446 that the well-known legend related by Gildas (a rhetorical and untrustworthy historian) places the abject supplication, entitled 'The Groans of the Britons. To Aetius for the third time Consul. The barbarians drive us to the sea: the sea drives us back upon the barbarians,' and so forth. It is a tribute to the greatness of Aetius that even in a legend like this the appeal should be represented as being addressed to him rather than to his imperial masters.

Political aspect of Placidia's reign.

In their political aspect, the twenty-five years of the reign of Placidia represent the slow settling down of the Roman Empire of the West into irretrievable ruin and disorganisation. There was during this interval no great stroke of the enemy upon Italy itself, such as Alaric's three sieges of Rome; on the contrary, the soil of Italy seems to have enjoyed a strange immunity from barbarian invasion. But the hope of recovering any of the lost provinces of the Empire—Britain, Gaul, Spain—was becoming more and more visionary; the crowns of the barbarian kings were passing from father to son, and the new intruding dynasties were deriving a sanction and a kind of legitimacy from time.

Separation of Africa from the Empire.

Meanwhile Africa, the great granary of Rome, was being severed from the Empire. We need only turn back to Claudian's picture of the distress occasioned by Gildo's usurpation, to know what that involved for Italy and Rome. If one year's stoppage of the supplies of African grain

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had caused the Mistress of the World to 'speak low as out of the dust,' and 'all the faces of her citizens to gather blackness,' what must, first the devastation, and then the permanent hostile occupation, of the province have done? Soon after Alaric's sieges, as we learned from Olympiodorus, the population came flocking back into Rome at the rate of 14,000 a day, so that the former largesse of victuals was no longer found sufficient. Now, we may fairly conjecture, the imperial largesse would no longer be given. 'Circenses' had been stopped by the command of the Most Christian Emperor; the more needful 'Panis' would have to be stopped also, however reluctantly, by his sister; and we shall surely not be wrong in supposing that now commenced that decline in the population of the Imperial City, which went on at a still more rapid rate in the latter half of the century.

Fortunes of some of the Roman nobles still unimpaired.

Still however the fortunes of the great Roman nobility survived in some of their old magnificence. It is of a time nearly coincident with the commencement of Placidia's rule that Olympiodorus writes when he tells that every one of the great houses of Rome had in it all the appliances which a well-ordered city might be expected to contain—a hippodrome and forum, temples and fountains and magnificent baths. At sight of all this stateliness the historian exclaimed—

Apud Photium p. 273.

'One house is a town by itself: ten thousand towns to the city[1].'

Many Roman families received revenues of 4,000

[1] Εἷς δόμος ἄστυ πέλει· πόλις ἄστεα μυρία κεύθει.

pounds of gold (£160,000) yearly, besides corn and wine and other produce, which, if sold, would bring in one-third of that amount. The noble families of the second rank received from £40,000 to £60,000 per annum. Probus, the son of Olympius, who was prefect of the city during the short-lived tyranny of John, spent £48,000 in order to illustrate his year of office. Symmachus the ~~historian~~, a senator of moderate rank, spent £80,000 over the shows of his son's praetorship. This, it is true, was before the taking of Rome by Alaric. Even he however was surpassed by a certain Maximus, who, upon *his* son's praetorial games, expended no less than £160,000. And the shows upon which these large sums of money were lavished lasted only for one week.

Ecclesiastical aspect of Placidia's reign.

To Placidia herself and her innermost circle of friends it is probable that the ecclesiastical aspect of her reign, as has been hinted in the description of her capital, seemed infinitely more important than the political. She signalised her accession to supreme power by the usual bead-roll of laws against the Jews, forbidding them to practise in the courts of law or to serve in the imperial armies; against the Manicheans, the astrologers, and the heretics generally, banishing such even from the environs of the cities. At the same time she ordained that the clergy should be subject only to ecclesiastical judges, 'according to the ancient edicts.' It may be doubted whether this provision applies to civil rights and wrongs; and if any exemption from

the ordinary tribunals in such cases were granted to them, it seems clear that it was revoked by an edict of her son, two years after her death[1]. But the very discussion seems to show us the ecclesiastical theories of the Middle Ages asserting themselves by the death-bed of the classical mythology: seven centuries pass away like a dream, and we hear the voice of Becket arguing against the Constitutions of Clarendon.

The controversy as to the union of the two natures in Christ.

For yet other reasons, the period during which Placidia presided over the destinies of the Western Empire looms large in the history of the Church. In the year 431 was held the Council of Ephesus, which anathematised the doctrine of Nestorius; in 451, the year after her death, the famous Council of Chalcedon condemned the opposite heresy of Dioscorus. During those twenty years therefore (and in the East for half a century longer) raged the furious and to us almost incomprehensible struggle concerning the two natures of Christ. Old and mighty states were falling to pieces; new and strange barbaric powers were enthroning themselves in the historic capitals of the West; shepherds were becoming kings, and patricians were being sold into slavery as swineherds; but still the interminable metaphysic talk flowed on. Eliphaz the Temanite, and Bildad the Shuhite, and Zophar the Naamathite, said each his say. To them entered Protagoras and Gorgias, and the whole brilliant progeny of the sophists. With

[1] See Tillemont, Hist. des Empereurs, vi. 185 and 204.

Oriental long-windedness and Hellenic subtlety they argued as to the precise limits of the divine and the human in the person of our Saviour; and an outbreak of insane monks, a robber-council beating a bishop to death, an insurrection of the Byzantine populace against their 'Manichean' Emperor varied the otherwise monotonous manufacture of creeds and anathemas.

The rage of this conflict, though felt in Italy, was not so fierce there as in the East; and Placidia, more fortunate than her nephew Theodosius II, trod the narrow path of orthodoxy with reputation unimpaired, so that the ecclesiastical historians generally speak of her with high respect.

Placidia's failure with her children.

The weak point in her historical record is her failure to mould the character of her children. Both her son and daughter in various ways, as we shall see hereafter, brought scandal and calamity upon the Empire by their sensualities. Procopius (whose delight it is to find fault) plainly accuses her of having given the young Valentinian an effeminate and enervating education, and the conjecture is soon made that his character was thus intentionally enfeebled in order that his mother might retain the reins of power in her hands after her duty as regent would have terminated. The conjecture is a natural one, but there does not seem to be any evidence to support it. Doubtless the relation of a Queen Mother to a son growing up to manhood is a difficult one at the best of times and where both are actuated by the highest principle.

A better illustration of this could not perhaps be found than that which is afforded by Maria Theresa and the Emperor Joseph II. But Placidia, we must remember, was really the man of her family. She had the energy and the wisdom of her father; her brothers, her son, her nephew exhibited through life that strange lethargy which at intervals crept over him. And her husband, the coarse and brutal buffoon, may well have contributed to the natures both of Valentinian and Honoria a taint of sensuality which the wisest mother would have found it difficult to eradicate. The Theodosian sullenness and the Constantian vulgarity were poor materials out of which to form an Emperor of Rome.

Upon the whole issue, without palliating her alleged share in the judicial murder of Serena, or denying her ill-success in the training of her children, one may plead for a favourable verdict as to the character of Placidia. Her love for Ataulfus, her grief at his death, her brave endurance of the insults of his murderer, long ago enlisted me on her side; and now, after carefully reading all that her detractors have to urge against her, I look upon her still as the one sweetest and purest figure of that dreary time.

Death of Placidia.

She died at Rome on the 27th November, 450, near the 60th year of her age. Apparently the whole Imperial Court removed in this year to the city by the Tiber; but Placidia's body was carried back to that Ravenna which she had so lavishly adorned.

Her mausoleum at Ravenna.

The mausoleum of Galla Placidia, otherwise called the church of St. Nazarius and St. Celsus, is a little building shaped like a Latin cross, equal armed, measuring about 40 feet both ways. At the centre of the cross you see above you a dome covered with mosaics. On a deep blue ground are scattered golden stars, and in the zenith is a jewelled cross. In the arches immediately below the dome stand eight prophets, two on each side of the square chapel. Below these again other arches more deeply recessed; in one of them the Good Shepherd, lifting his cross on high, sits surrounded by his sheep; in another, Christ, wielding his cross like a sword, and with something in his form and attitude reminding one of the description in the first chapter of the Apocalypse, stands with an open book, probably the Gospel of St. Mark, in his hand; at a little distance off an opened bookcase discloses the other three gospels; between him and them is a great brazier, in which heretical books, perhaps those of the Nestorians, are said to be burning, the flames and the smoke being very vividly rendered. In each of the side arches corresponding to these, two stags, surmounted and surrounded with strange arabesques, are pressing through their intricacies to drink at a pool in the forest. All this picture-work is of course mosaic.

Below, on the floor of the chapel, stand three massive sarcophagi of Greek marble.

In the sarcophagus on the left repose the re-

mains of Valentinian III and Constantius, the son and the husband of Placidia. In the bas-relief outside two lambs, standing between two palm-trees, look up to another lamb standing in the middle of the picture upon a little eminence whence proceed four streams, probably the four rivers of Paradise. The glory round the head of this central figure and the anagram XP show that it is intended as a type of Christ.

The sarcophagus on the other side shows the central lamb (but without the glory round the head) standing on the hillock whence issue the four streams, together with three crosses. On the transverse bar of the central cross sit two doves, a somewhat unusual addition. The spiral columns, the pediment resting upon them, and some other features, seem to suggest comparisons with Renaissance work. Yet there appears to be no doubt that all the mosaics and sculpture in the mausoleum of Galla Placidia are entirely contemporary, fifth-century work.

Let the beholder give one more look at that mighty sarcophagus on his right, for it contains all that earth is still cumbered with of Honorius.

At the end of the mausoleum, immediately behind the altar, which is made of semi-transparent alabaster, stands the largest of all the sarcophagi, which contains the ashes of Galla Placidia. There are no bas-reliefs on this tomb, which is said to have been once covered with silver plates, long since removed. For eleven centuries the embalmed

body of the Augusta remained undisturbed in this tomb, sitting upright in a chair of cypress wood, and arrayed in royal robes. It was one of the sights of Ravenna to peep through a little hole in the back and see this changeless queen. But unhappily, three hundred years ago some careless or mischievous children, determined to have a thoroughly good look at the stately lady, thrust a lighted taper through the hole. Crowding and pushing, and each one bent on getting the best view possible, they at length brought the light too near to the corpse: at once royal robes and royal flesh and cypress wood chair were all wrapped in flames. In a few minutes the work of cremation was accomplished, and the daughter of Theodosius was reduced to ashes as effectually as any daughter of the Pagan Caesars.

With this trivial anecdote of the year 1577 ends the story of Galla Placidia.

NOTE F. Early Ecclesiastical History of Ravenna, or, *Notes from the First Part of the Liber Pontificalis of Agnellus.*

NOTE F.

The city of Ravenna plays so important a part in the history of Italy during the fifth and sixth centuries, and ecclesiastical traditions form so large an ingredient in the history of that city, that I venture to insert here some details for which I could not have found place in the text without interrupting for too long a time the flow of the regular narrative.

It may be well to repeat here that we labour under the great disadvantage of deriving our chief information from a monkish chronicler who lived four centuries after the time with which we are at present concerned. And though, on the one hand, this long interval of time makes his work a curious and interesting illustration of the exercise of the mythopoeic faculty, on the other, we must constantly remind ourselves that these quaint legends may have derived their colour from the Carolingian period, not from the Theodosian, and may in the year 450 have utterly lacked the degree of currency and credence which they possessed in 839, the year when Agnellus wrote his chronicle.

The language in which the Liber Pontificalis is composed is supposed to be Latin. False concords and barbarisms abound, but the style is fluent and declamatory, formed perhaps on the models of Jerome and Augustine. Every now and then we come upon a quotation (generally in hexameters) from an earlier age, and these quoted passages are generally correct enough in metre and in Latinity. The effect produced by their presence here is like that of the classical capitals in the dim aisles and beneath the ecclesiastical mosaics of Sant' Apollinare in Classe.

Agnellus appears, according to his own account, to have been vehemently urged by the other Presbyters of Ravenna to undertake the labour of recording the History of that See, a labour so severe that his health seems to have suffered from it, and he sometimes threw down the pen doubtful whether he should ever be able to resume it. But the pressure of his colleagues, as eager then to read as modern authors are to write, overcame his reluctance, real or feigned. If he found enough material in the memories of the oldest inhabitants, he wrote a long life of an eminent saint; if he found no such material he invented it; if his health was not adequate to the labour of invention, he treated his brethren instead to a disquisition on an obscure text of Scripture, which certainly became obscure when he had handled it sufficiently. NOTE F.

He was of noble birth, of short stature, with a melodious voice, and was compared by his admirers to St. Paul.

He gives with great minuteness the day of the death of his episcopal heroes, but generally omits to mention the year. The memory of the day was no doubt preserved by religious observances in their honour. All the lives end with the words 'He occupied the see of Ravenna — years, — months, and — days:' but only in two cases throughout the first part is the *number* of the years, months, and days filled in. We are able therefore to use great freedom with reference to Chronology.

At the risk of some tedious repetitions I have copied his statements as to the bishops' burial-places, partly because they are probably the most trustworthy part of his history, and partly because the number of churches, especially at Classis, mentioned by him, which have 'died and made no sign,' helps us to understand more vividly all that the three towns once were, and how small a part of their art-treasures —rich as that residue seems—has been preserved to us.

Of the first bishop, *Apollinaris*, or Apollinarius, I have spoken pretty fully in the foregoing history.

2. 'St. *Aderitus*, a holy man, much honoured by Apollinaris, built like a wise architect on the foundation laid by his Master, and reclaimed many souls from idolatry.

NOTE F. He died on the last day of September, and was buried in the basilica of St. Probus about a furlong from the church of St. Apollinaris' [in Classe?]

3. 'St. *Eleucadius*, whose name in Latin signifies white (Candidus), was a meek and prudent man, and was ordained deacon by Apollinaris. He was a great philosopher, who composed books both on the Old and New Testaments and on the Incarnation and Passion of Christ; wherefore also in the book of the Martyrdom of the Blessed Apollinaris it is said, "Of the philosopher Eleucadius he made a deacon." He was buried outside the walls of Classis where till this day there exists a church, consecrated in his name [1].'

4. 'St. *Martianus*, a man of noble birth, also ordained deacon by Apollinaris, drew in many into the ranks of the clergy by his skill in sacred doctrine. After many miracles he gave up his soul to his Creator, and was buried, I think, in the church of St. Eleucadius.'

5. 'St. *Calocerus*. His name signifies a good time (καλὸς καιρός), and if you like to turn κ into ι it means a good priest (καλὸς ἱερός). He was a man of advanced age, who wrought many wonderful signs and rescued many souls from the power of the demons. He died, and was buried on the 3rd of February in the basilica of St. Probus.'

6. 'St. *Proculus*. Tender as a father over his children, he gathered in more and more converts into the bowels of the church. He expressed himself with honeyed sweetness in his sermons to the people, and handed as it were cups of milk to their thirsting souls. The crown of white hairs was on his head when he ended his episcopate with his life. Where he was buried I know not, but I think either in the basilica of St. Eleucadius or that of St. Probus the Confessor.'

7. 'St. *Probus*, a meek and pious man, bright in aspect, fervent in work, wise in discourse, prudent in heart, full of the grace of the Holy Spirit. Many sick people came to him and returned healed by his prayers, and many unclean spirits were cast out by him. Immediately before his death,

[1] Still existing in the time of St. Peter Damian (Rubeus, p. 46).

which happened on the 2nd of November, he saw the angelic hosts. He was buried amidst the lamentations of the whole people, and his sepulchre is with us to this day as well as his church. And in no other church within the city of Ravenna or of Classis is mass celebrated above the people [1]. And the said basilica is built near the porch of the Blessed Euphemia, which is called By-the-sea, and which we now behold demolished [2].' NOTE F.

8. 'St. *Dathus*. A religious and very pious (*nimis pius*) man, and a frequent preacher to the people, and like a mirror his face shone forth more clearly over all, for when he was called to supernal grace his saintly soul departed from his body. As some assert he is buried in the church of St. Probus.'

9. 'St. *Liberius*. A great man, a never-failing fountain of charity, who in his time was the cause of bringing much honour to the church. Yet he kept his own soul in all humility, though he held the chief rank in all philosophy. He was buried, as some conjecture, side by side with his predecessor.'

10. 'St. *Agapetus*, whose name in the Latin tongue signifies *Charitosus*. He daily celebrated love-feasts (Ἀγάπαι) with strangers, and assiduously bestowed gifts on the poor. He was buried, it is supposed, with those last named.'

11. 'St. *Marcellinus*, a just man and honoured for his prayers. He overthrew the camp of the demons, and diligently guarded the sheep who had been entrusted to him by the Lord [3], lest that most cruel wolf, who daily robs and rages, should succeed in ravaging the camp of his church and tear away the prey from among his sheep, and lest he should with beastly throat devour those Christian souls whom this holy man (Marcellinus) had gained for his Almighty Master, and with his linked [4], infernal chains bind

[1] Super populum?

[2] This church in the city of Classis, which Hieronymus Rubeus calls 'templum augustissimum,' was in his time (1571) 'levelled with the ground so that no vestiges remained of so great a work.'

[3] This similitude of the sheep and their shepherd is a favourite one with Agnellus, and is also of very frequent occurrence in the mosaics.

[4] Compare the 'linked thunderbolts' of Milton.

NOTE F. them down in hell. After a long space of years, the pontificate and life of Marcellinus ended: and his body gave out such sweet odours, that myrrh and frankincense and all manner of most precious spices seemed to fill the nostrils of those who buried him. He was laid in the basilica of St. Probus.'

12. St. *Severus*, whose history has been sufficiently indicated above. This story however may be added to fix the date of his death. 'After he had celebrated mass, and when with his deacons he ascended the pulpit to read the Epistles of St. Paul, for the refreshment of his congregation, suddenly he fell into an ecstasy and lay there for some time neither sleeping nor waking. His friends thinking that he slept began to knock him on the ribs. Waking he sat up, and said with mournful face "Oh, what have you done? Why have you recalled me hither? Though you thought you saw me, I was in truth far away." "Where wast thou, father?" say they. "I was in the church of Modena, and there I commended the soul of my brother Bishop Geminianus to the Almighty, and watched them committing his body to the tomb." To prove the truth of his words the citizens of Ravenna and Classis sent horsemen to Modena, who ascertained that on the very day and hour named by Severus, Geminianus gave up the ghost and that Severus was present amid the throng of mourners, till he suddenly disappeared, they knew not how.' Shortly afterwards he died himself. His episcopate appears to have covered the time at least from 347 to 391.

This being the case, we can find no room here for the four following bishops.

13. 'St. *Liberius II*, an eminent man (praecipuus vir), a father of the orphan and liberal in his alms.'

14. 'St. *Probus II*, anointed with Divine grace and beautiful to look upon, decrepit with age, heavy in body, mirthful in countenance, imbued with heavenly grace, strengthened by God unto whom he sought perpetually.'

15. 'St. *Florentius*, a righteous man, father of the poor and guide of the widows; who was buried in the monastery of St. Petronilla, close to the walls of the church of the Apostles.'

16. 'St. *Liberius III*, a saintly man, goodly in form, clear of mind, with a milk-like flow of eloquence, a destroyer of idols, and one who had the joy of seeing the Christians in his time visibly increase and the pagans diminish.' He is said to have been a contemporary and an eye-witness of the assassination of the Emperor Valentinian II, who was really slain not at Ravenna but at Vienna, or Vienne, in Gaul, and all the details are quite incorrectly given. NOTE F.

In short, these four holy men are not in the least wanted here and must migrate backwards to some period in the third or fourth century, before the episcopate of St. Severus, where, chronologically, there is only too much room for them.

17. 'St. *Ursus*, a most chaste and holy man, had an earnest and noble countenance and was moderately bald. He first began to construct a temple to God, so that the Christians previously scattered about in huts should be collected into one sheepfold.'

Without taking this language about the huts too literally, we may accept the fact that St. *Ursus* was the first to build a really metropolitan church for Ravenna. At this day the Duomo (unfortunately rebuilt in the eighteenth century) bears the name of St. *Orso*. The original building with its five naves, separated by four rows of columns, fifty-six in number and all taken from the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, must have been a goodly sight.

Another name for this 'Ecclesia Ursiana' was the Anastasis (Resurrection). The wall on the women's side of the church was decorated with a figure of St. Anastasia. High over all rose a dome (testudo) 'with various coloured tiles representing different figures.'

The Pontiff Ursus just lived to see his work completed, and then after an episcopate of twenty-six years (extending probably from 391 to 417), 'he laid him down to die, on the anniversary of Christ's resurrection, and was appropriately buried in his own cathedral of the Anastasis.'

18. 'St. *Peter I*, a most holy man, of tall stature, attenuated frame, emaciated countenance, and wearing a bushy beard. He, together with all his predecessors from the time

NOTE F. of St. Apollinaris, had been of Syrian extraction[1]. He was the founder of the church of St. Peter[2] the walls of which he built, but he did not live to complete the edifice. No church was equal to this in length or in height, and it was adorned with most precious stones, and with tiles of various colours and greatly enriched with gold and silver and sacred vessels, made by order of this same bishop.

'There[3], as some assert, was pourtrayed a picture of the Saviour, the fellow of which no man hath ever seen among pictures, so altogether lovely as to be not unworthy of the form which the Son of God himself condescended to wear when he was incarnate and preached unto the nations. I think that you, my fellow-disciples and brethren, who have been nourished in the bosom of the Ursian Church, ought to know a certain tradition concerning this picture which I have heard from our fore-elders, both among the people and the priests.

'It is that there was a certain spiritual father in the wilderness, who daily besought the Lord that he would show unto him the form of his incarnation. When he was weary with long praying for this thing, one night a man stood by him, of angelic aspect and clothed in white raiment, who said to him "Behold! thy prayer is heard, and I have seen thy labours. Arise, go into the city which is called Classis, and seek there the Church of Peter; and when thou hast entered therein, look upon the doors of the same church below the Ardica[4]: there shalt thou behold me painted upon the plaster of the wall[5] such as I was in the flesh, when I was in the world."

'Filled then with a holy joy at these words, he quitted the desert, accompanied by two lions, and travelling over wide tracts of country he at length reached the city of

[1] This is the strange and inexplicable tradition to which Sidonius appears to allude in the passage quoted on p. 443.

[2] Now entirely obliterated from the face of the earth.

[3] 'Super Regiam,' says the Chronicler. The Commentators seem to understand Regia as = Basilica, and to apply it to the church of St. Peter.

[4] The Ardica is, according to Ducange, the upper part of the principal door of the Church.

[5] 'Depictum in parietis calce.' This looks like fresco rather than mosaic.

Classis; and when he had entered with the lions themselves into the aforesaid church, for a long time he went about praying and bewailing, seeking in vain all over the walls for the holy portrait. At length he came to the place which had been revealed to him in his dream, and saw the very picture itself painted there. Seeing it he fell on his face and worshipped, uttering his thanks amid tears of joy. And looking long upon the picture, he said at last "I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast heard me, not according to my merits but according to thy great compassion, and in fulfilment of those words of the prophet, *While they are yet speaking I will hear.* Now I am satisfied out of thy divine treasury: now receive my soul into thy holy palace that I may sit down, an invited guest, at the marriage supper of the Lamb." After he had long uttered these words of prayer and delight, between the two lions who were also roaring on each side of him, he gave up the ghost. The people hearing of these things, ran together, and digging his grave with fear and reverence, buried him there with mighty lamentations. While the work of burial was going on, the lions licked his limbs and the places where his feet had trod, shedding tears all the while: when it was over, one laid himself at the head and the other at the feet, roaring to one another with loud voices and striving to put their necks under his grave. Thus they also died, and the people buried them at one end and the other of the grave, and returned home talking of the marvels which the Lord had manifested both upon man and upon beast.' NOTE F.

St. Peter I is said to have died at the very time when Valentinian III ascended the throne. For reasons which need not be enumerated here, I am disposed to interpret this of the year 423 when Honorius died, and when loyal Theodosians might perhaps deem that the imperial crown had devolved on his nephew. Agnellus tells us at great length the story of the discovery of Peter's body by himself when Abbot of the Monastery of the Virgin Mary at Blachernae, and by his friend George a presbyter of Classis. 'I will tell you the very truth and no lie. We mounted our horses and rode off to Classis, and, having told my servants to wait

NOTE F. there, we went into the Monastery of St. James. . . . We found a chest of cypress wood, and when we had opened it we found therein the holy body lying as if it had been buried in that same hour, being very-long in stature and the skin very pale: but all the members of the body, the chest and the belly, were still entire, and nothing was wanting, except that the pillow under his head was somewhat decayed. But the body gave forth such an odour as if we had been smelling a mixture of myrrh and balsam, burnt as incense. Awful terror seized us, and such sadness, that the chest which we had before opened with alacrity we now could scarcely close even with sighs and groans. In short, we were all overcome by that odour, and so it was that for the space of a whole week it never departed from our nostrils. Above the fore-mentioned chest lay his effigy wonderfully depicted, and around it the words "The Lord Peter, Archbishop."'

As was before said, Peter I appears to have died between the years 423 and 425. To him should follow, according to Agnellus,

19. St. Neon and

20. St. Exuperantius,

but as there is absolutely no room for them here we must insist upon their giving place to Angeloptes and Chrysologus, the great prelates of the reign of Placidia. After her death there is half a century vacant in which they can be placed[1].

21 or 17. St. *Joannes Angeloptes* occupied the episcopal

[1] It may appear inconsistent to attach any authority at all to the names in Agnellus's list, while admitting the necessity for such violent dislocations in his arrangement of those names. But it seems almost certain that the names themselves were furnished to him by the mosaics and other monuments in the churches, though it is easy to understand how he might fail to get the clue to their right order.

Ducange (Glossarium Mediae et Infimae Latinitatis s. v. Diptycha) quotes a long passage from Rubeus's History of Ravenna, asserting that there was still present in the Church at Classis a *chasuble* which served the purpose of a Diptych in recording the names of deceased bishops, which were embroidered on the silk lining and each enclosed in a circle. In one perpendicular line was one series, a line from shoulder to shoulder contained another, round the loins a third series, below the arm-hole a fourth, and so on. It is easy to see how mistakes as to arrangement might arise from the use of such a document as this.

throne for sixteen years, ten months, and eighteen days. I am disposed to place some faith in this statement, and would therefore, if possible, interpose his pontificate between the death of the Emperor Honorius in August 423, and the death of Pope Sixtus III in August 440, that being the Pope by whom, as we shall hereafter see, his successor was appointed. No doubt this leaves a very slender margin, yet such a succession of events cannot be pronounced impossible, especially if the death of Peter I occurred a little before the actual day of the death of Honorius. NOTE F.

'John was a man right venerable for his virtue, a nourisher of the poor, a lover of modesty and chastity, one at whose prayer the angelic hosts descended upon earth: of moderate stature and thin face, lean with fasting, a great alms-giver to the poor.

'In his time the Church of St. Laurentius[1] the Martyr, situated in Caesarea, built by Lauricius, was completed. We can still behold from the magnitude of the building what great diligence must have been used in its construction. I think I had better not be silent as to the story which I have heard told concerning the erection of this Church.

'The aforesaid Emperor gave his chamberlain Lauricius a sum of money wherewith he was to build him a palace in Caesarea. Having received the money he came to that place and there built [not a palace, but] a basilica to the Blessed Martyr. Having entirely finished his work he returned to his master whom he found sitting on his throne in imperial vestments, and who asked him, with much excitement, whether the royal palace which he had ordered him to build were yet completed. (For malevolent men full of envy and inbred sin had assailed the ears of the Emperor with their temptations, telling him that the blessed Lauricius was building not an imperial mansion but a church.) The chamberlain answering said, that he had built a great and noble palace, that it had porches and lofty towers, and couches[2] here and there affixed to the very walls of the house.

[1] No remains apparently of this church.

[2] Alluding possibly to seats for the congregation.

NOTE F. 'So the wrath of the Emperor was quieted, and when, after a long march, he beheld the building rising in air he was filled with complacency[1]. But when they had actually entered the holy building, Lauricius darted away and took refuge behind the altar. Honorius, after giving orders for his arrest, prostrated himself on the floor of the Church. Thereupon a gem of great value fell out of his crown, and became fastened in the stones of the pavement. The Emperor himself passed into an ecstasy, and when he raised his head and the mist had passed away from his eyes he saw behind the altar of St. Laurentius (which the aforesaid Pope[2] Joannes had consecrated) Lauricius standing and Laurentius, Christ's athlete, laying his hand upon Lauricius's shoulder. Then the Emperor laid aside all his wrath, and declaring that Lauricius was a more righteous man than himself he venerated him as a father, and ordered all things in the palace according to his advice[3]. Lauricius lived in the light of this world ninety-six years, and died in a good old age in the time of the same Emperor [4], who with his soldiers mourning followed the bier.

'He was buried near his Church (which is marvellously decorated with golden mosaics and divers kinds of stones and metals let into the walls) in the Monastery of St. Gervasius and Protasius [the martyr-soldiers of Milan]; and the stone chest wherein his most excellent body rested used, some say, to be so transparent that passers-by could plainly see the corpse inside. Why it is so no longer I have heard and I will tell you. Some Emperor, I know not his name, wished to appropriate the chest for his own purposes. On a certain night St. Lauricius stood by the custodian of the church and said, "Bring hither ashes and water and rub with them my sepulchre[5], and afterwards

[1] An incidental proof how little as yet the Ecclesiastical Basilica had deviated in external appearance from its imperial pattern.

[2] I need not remark that Papa as well as Pontifex is used of others beside the Pope of Rome.

[3] Translation doubtful.

[4] This must be a mistake. See the account of the inscription a little below.

[5] Translation doubtful.

diligently wash it." When this was done its transparency vanished, and the workmen who came next day reported the change to their master [who apparently desisted from his project.] NOTE F.

'Until this day the chest itself rests neither on the ground nor on any stone[1], and before you enter into the repository of the chest you will see on the right hand close to you the likenesses in mosaic of three young men. There will you find in golden letters this inscription, "To Stephanus, to Protasius, to the blessed Martyrius[2], and as an eternal memorial of himself Lauricius dedicated this on the 29th of September in the fifteenth consulship of Theodosius and the first of Placidus Valentinianus." (That is to say in the year 435, a date which at once shows that Lauricius must have outlived Honorius by at least twelve years.) The jewel which I mentioned above, having fallen from the Emperor's crown, so surpassed all other jewels in its lustre that by its light a man could walk through the church at night. And up to our own day it remained fixed in the stone where it fell.'

Agnellus goes on to tell of the interview of Angeloptes with Attila. The invasion of Attila took place in 452, and the successor of Angeloptes was certainly ruling in 451, probably in 440, so this story must be given up. He then tells of his beneficial interference in the war between Odoacer and Theodoric (490–3). Of course that must go too. He then returns, serenely unconscious of his gross anachronisms, to the times of Placidia and her son Valentinian III which evidently fix the true historical position of this bishop.

And yet either the difficulty of writing biography with such hazy notions about history, or some other cause, does seem to have tried the nerves and temper of the good Abbot. In the following fashion he ends his second chapter and begins his third, 'My brethren, let it suffice you for this day to have heard so much concerning the life of this holy man. For the time is now far spent, already the sun is

[1] A similar story is told of the Santa Casa at Loretto.

[2] Gervasius (?).

NOTE F. doubling the length of his shadows, the day is darkening over, and the hour faileth. Nevertheless if any one is curious enough to urge me to explain what I have before written, how that this holy man, while yet inhabiting a mortal body, gazed upon the faces of angelic spirits, to such an one in three days time, if my strength desert me not, I will, with the mighty help of God, repeat words from the days of old which long ago sounded upon mine ears.' . . . .

'The Third Chapter.

'It came to pass yesterday that I, being moderately oppressed with bodily discomfort, was not able to relate to you all the miracles of the aforesaid holy man: but nevertheless, the Divine clemency having taken compassion on your prayers, I am so far recovered that I shall to-day relate to you what I have heard from men of venerable age, if I can remember their words.'

And so he proceeds to make that gigantic stride over half a century by which he reaches the year 490, the period of the wars between Theodoric and Odoacer.

Returning to the earlier part of the fifth century he mentions a story which, whether true or false, was an important factor in the subsequent ecclesiastical history of Ravenna. 'The Emperor Valentinian III,' says Agnellus, 'was so greatly moved by the preaching of the holy man, that he took off his imperial crown in his presence, and with lowly words and reverent gesture, begged his blessing. Having received it he departed with glad countenance, and not many days[1] after he bestowed upon him fourteen cities

[1] As the passage is important, I will transcribe the original:—'Non post multos dies idem Augustus sub consecratione B. Johannis Antistitis xiv Civitates cum suis Ecclesiis largitus est Archieratica potestate, et usque in praesentem diem xiv Civitates cum Episcopis sub Ravennae Ecclesiâ reducta sunt . . . . Iste primus ab Augusto pallium ex candidâ lanâ accepit, ut mos est Romanorum Pontifici super duplo idem induere, quo usus est ipse et successores sui usque in praesentem diem.' Agnelli, Lib. Pontif. apud Muratori, ii. 67.

with their churches, to be governed by him with archpriestly power. And these fourteen cities with their bishops are to this day subject to the Church of Ravenna. This bishop first received from the Emperor a *Pallium* of white wool, just such as it is the custom for the Roman Pontiff to wear over the *Duplum*; and he and his successors have used such a vestment down to the present day.' NOTE F

The historical student will see at a glance how much importance may be attached to these few sentences. The question of Investitures, and the dependence or independence of the Church of Ravenna from that of Rome are both concerned here. Of course the champions of the Papal prerogative do not admit that the passage has any authority.

Just at the close of the life of Joannes that celebrated mass is placed which gave him his surname *Angeloptes*, and in which, according to the story, angels ministered to him. The vision of the Holy Grail, as told in Tennyson's 'Sir Galahad,' is an expansion of this thought so dear to the medieval mind. 'After a short time, having blessed all his sons the citizens of Ravenna, with joyful countenance as one bidden to a feast, he ended his days on the fifth of June. He was buried in the Basilica of St. Agatha, behind the altar in the place where he saw the angel standing, and we see daily his portrait over the Sedilia; from which it appears that he was a man of slender form, with hair mostly black, but a few white locks interspersed. But his holiness was greater than his years, for the Lord of Heaven looks not so much at men's ages as at their hearts.

'And now, my brethren, through the favour of God I have fulfilled my promise as far as I was able, and written the life of Joannes Angeloptes. But thy deeds, oh Peter Chrysologus, who is sufficient to declare. Though my voice was made of adamant and came forth from brazen lungs, and though I had a hundred verses in my *ligarii* (?), even so I could not narrate all thy actions.'

22. *St. Peter Chrysologus* 'was beautiful of aspect, delightful in form. Before him was no Pontiff like him in wisdom, neither did any such arise after him. He was born

NOTE F. in the neighbourhood of the town, which was long ago, and is now called Imola[1], but then Forum Cornelii.

'Now, dearest ones, we will enquire how it came to pass that in such an orthodox see, the citizens of Ravenna chose, not one of their own flock, but one who came from the subject Church of Cornelius to be their Pontiff. On the death of the aforesaid most blessed Bishop John, all the people, together with the priests, came together and elected unto themselves a chief shepherd as is the custom of the Church; and, hastening with him to Rome, they presented the elected one for ordination by the holy Pope of the Apostolic See, in order that so great a church might not be widowed of her Bishop many days[2]. All were ready to present him on the morrow to the holy Apostolic presence. But in that same night there appeared in a vision to Pope Sixtus[3], the blessed Apostle of Christ, Peter the key-bearer, together with Apollinaris his disciple, and, between them both, Peter Chrysologus. And the Apostle Peter, stepping[4] a little forward, said to Pope Sixtus, "Behold this man whom we have chosen, and who stands betwixt us: this man and no other do thou consecrate as Bishop."

'Next morning the people came to introduce the man of their choice. The Pope looked long upon him and said, "Away, take him forth from the midst of you: bring me the man who was shewn to me, for I will elect none other." They asked what these words might mean, and being thrust out of doors were much saddened.

'The next day all the candidates great and small were introduced, but the man seen in the vision could not be found. On the morning of the third day, while the Pope was neither fully awake nor fast asleep, the same two figures appeared with Peter Chrysologus between them and said, "We have before told thee to lay hands on no one else but this man, since he for many years shall illuminate the

[1] Quaere as to this statement.

[2] The reader will observe here a tradition of dependence from Rome, inconsistent with Valentinian's alleged donation to Angeloptes.

[3] Third of that name. Pope from 432 to 440.

[4] Translation doubtful.

Church of Ravenna. Like a well-trimmed oil-lamp he shall both be fat himself and shall be a cause of light to others." NOTE F.

'Again all the people were introduced, and the right man was not among them. Then said the Pope to the Bishop of Imola, "Bring in thy clergy: perchance I may there find the man of whom I am in search." The Bishop answered that he had with him but one deacon who superintended all his affairs, and upon whose hand he leaned. He was brought in and at once the holy Pope saw the man who had been shown him in the vision, now shining like a precious jewel; and in the spirit he saw St. Peter and St. Apollinaris standing on his right hand and his left, and holding his hands. He rose from his throne and went into the midst of the porch to meet him: and when Peter Chrysologus sought to withdraw himself from under his consecrating hands the most blessed Pope suffered him not.

'But then arose a murmur among the people, and their shouts went up to heaven. Some said, "We will not receive this neophyte: he is not of our fold, but has crept up some other way, like a robber, into the chair of our Bishops. Take him forth out of our midst, we do not receive him: for it is not lawful to transfer from the subject Church to the Church which rules." Others again said, "This is a righteous man, you do ill to clamour against him: let us take him, since he is very wise and chaste, and a learned teacher, that he may be a glory to our Church." But when St. Sixtus III saw the division among the people he declared to them all his vision, and how he had received the Apostolic command to consecrate this man. "And if," said he, "you refuse him for your father, depart from me, and consider yourselves as all estranged from the Holy Catholic Church of Rome." Then all with one accord began to shout, "Ordain him, ordain him." They speedily wrote[1] out the decree, and by laying on of hands he received the Holy Spirit, and was ordained Pontiff, and returned with glory to his See of Ravenna. And from that day all men began to venerate him as an angel of God.'

[1] *Conscripserunt*, not *subscripserunt*, and therefore, probably, not to be translated 'they signed the decree.'

NOTE F. Of the actual episcopate of Chrysologus there is not much that need here be recorded. He is said to have taken part, by correspondence, in the Council of Chalcedon (451), and to have addressed a severe letter to the heretic Eutyches. 'After a space of 30 years a claim is barred by mere human laws; why then dost thou after about 500 (?) years presume thus to address thy railing accusations against Christ? But thou oughtest to humble thyself before the holy Roman Pontiff, and diligently to keep his precepts, and think of him as if he were St. Peter the Apostle still present in the flesh holding the primacy of the Roman See.'

The internal evidence is quite sufficient to show that no such letter was ever addressed by Ravenna to Chalcedon. One letter however on the subject of the Eutychian heresy and some homilies are still extant, which by the consent of scholars appear to be admitted as his genuine compositions. His true memorial however is the lovely chapel of San Pier Crysologo, to which reference is made in the text.

When it was made known to him by a divine intimation that death was approaching, he left the archiepiscopal splendours of Ravenna and repaired to his own ancestral Imola. There, in the Basilica and by the altar of Cassian, once schoolmaster, then martyr, and now patron-saint of Imola, he stood and uttered a long and beautiful prayer to God and address to his people. After which, 'turning to the altar of St. Cassian, he said, "I pray thee, blessed Cassian, intercede for me. I was as it were a home-born servant in thy house when Cornelius nourished me up in the bosom of thy Church. Returning to thee once more I now give up my body to thee and my soul to Almighty God." With these and other words, hurled forth as from the mouth of a conqueror, while all around were weeping, he gave up his spirit on the third of December. And the grave-diggers laid his sacred body in the spot which he himself pointed out behind the episcopal seat in that Church, and there he remains unto this day.'

Of *Neon* and *Exuperantius*, whom we are compelled to transfer to this place in the catalogue, Agnellus evidently knew extremely little. In fact it is in his life of Exuperan-

tius that he makes the amusing avowal, quoted above (p. 446), that where traditions failed him he invented them. NOTE F.

The correctness of the position which has been assigned to Neon is in some slight measure justified by the fact that among the letters of Pope Leo I. (440-461) is one addressed 'Leoni Ravennati Episcopo.' We have no other trace of a Leo among the bishops of Ravenna at this time, and the mistake of substituting Leoni for the unusual Neoni might easily be made. There appears also to be some authority for the assertion that Neon finished a church to St. Peter begun by Peter Chrysologus[1].

To the modern traveller Neon's chief claim for remembrance consists in his decoration of the Baptistery, that little octagonal building which, like so many of its kind in North Italy, stands a little apart from the Duomo (Ecclesia Ursiana) to which it belongs. A large cistern—evidently used for the full immersion of the neophyte—stands in the centre of the building. On the dome above, the vivid mosaics depict the baptism of Jesus by John. Jordan, in aspect like a classical river-god, contemplates the great event, while all around the lower part of the dome stand the stately figures of the Apostles. Some hexameters, still inscribed on the walls in the time of Agnellus, attributed 'the glory of this renovation to the magnanimous Neon, chief of the priests, who, with beautifying reverence, ordered all things anew.'

Neon was buried in the Basilica of the Apostles before the altar of St. Peter under a slab of porphyry. In the time of Agnellus his remains were removed thence to another grave, and on their way had to be carried past the place which was then called the Arm of the Mighty One (Brachium Fortis), and to this day bears the name of Braccio Forte.

Upon this *Brachium*[2] *Fortis* hangs a tale which may be

[1] 'Sunt tamen qui scribant, D. Petri majoris Templum a Petro Chrysologo inceptum Neonem absolvisse' (Commentary on Agnellus, Lib. Pontif. apud Muratorium, ii. 54). It is not clear, however, on what authority this statement is made.

[2] The text of Agnellus wavers between Brachium *Fortis*, 'Arm of the Mighty One,' and Brachium *Forte*, 'Strong Arm.'

NOTE F. worth listening to for the sake of the illustrations which it affords of the commercial life of the two capitals, of the East and of the West, in those days.

'Here was represented the likeness of our Lord Jesus Christ, and on one side of him the Apostle Peter, on the other that chosen vessel Paul.

'Now there were two men at Ravenna, one of whom said to the other, "I have a small petition to ask of thee," and the other said, "I will grant thee whatever thou desirest." Then said the first, "Give me thy son that I may be his father in baptism, and may raise him from the holy font. Let us thus be his fathers in common, thou after the flesh, I after the spirit." The other answered, "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ so be it." And after it was done, and the child was baptized, and they had become its co-fathers, they lived in great affection towards each other, and never met without the kiss of peace, having made the Holy Spirit a mediator between them. And know ye that greater is the father after the spirit than he that is father after the flesh, for the father after the flesh has begotten his son in sin, and in sin the son is born, and in sin he remains. But the spiritual father, after he has received the child from the wave of baptism, having driven away the devil and all his works, has a new and spiritual son born to him from the sacred font, and receives him sanctified thenceforward by water and the Holy Spirit.

'Now it happened about this time that one[1] of these two co-fathers (Compatres) said to the other, when they were standing by the Brachium Fortis, "Lend me, I pray thee, privily, 300 golden solidi" [about £180] And the other said, "Meet me here to-morrow morning early, and I will bring what thou requirest."

'When the day dawned they came together at the same place, and when the lender[2] had counted out the money he said to his co-father, "Now, co-father, receive what thou

[1] Agnellus does not tell us which of the two *compatres* lent and which borrowed. Probably we may assume that the Pater Carnalis lent the money and the much greater Pater Spiritualis received it.

[2] Foenerator, properly usurer.

hast asked: yet provide between thee and me how thou wilt bind thyself to repay me. Wilt thou not give me some guarantor[1]? Wilt thou not call in some daysman[2] betwixt us? Wilt thou not give me a pledge." The debtor answered, "Such a limit is fixed between us as no man can pass over. Only lend me this money, thou shalt lose none of it. I say it in the sight of God: where I stand I will restore it to thee." The lender answered, "Co-father! let the mediator between us be the Almighty God, whose likeness is here painted, and let this Arm of the Saviour be a strong and terrible guarantor, and these two Princes of the Apostles be witnesses between me and thee." The saying pleased the other, and with many mutual attestations they agreed that the Arm of the Mighty One should guarantee the debt: and said the lender, turning again to the picture, "On the strength of thy guarantee I lend these 300 solidi: if he should not return them to me, do thou restore them." NOTE F.

'After these things the borrower departed and went hither and thither on his business, and soon multiplied his capital fourfold. Then he entered the city of Constantinople, and finding how his money there increased in his hands, he was loth to return to Ravenna; and lo! the time arrived for repaying the loan, and he came not at all.

'Then came the co-father, who had lent the money, to the portrait of the Saviour, saying, "Oh eternal Lord! the day fixed upon for the repayment of the loan of which thou wast the guarantor has arrived. Watch over my cause and see that I suffer no loss of any of my *solidi*."

'That same night the Arm of the Saviour appeared to the debtor, and said to him, "Go, restore the money to thy co-father who daily importunes me to fulfil my guarantee." [But he went not.]

'Then upon a certain day the lender came again to the same place, and began to address words of chiding to the sacred portrait, "Oh Lord! why dost thou not render justice unto me. Thou art my guarantor. In the name of thy strong Arm I gave it: by that Arm thou rulest the heavens and the earth, thou stillest the raging of the sea, and yet

[1] Fidejussor. [2] Mediator.

NOTE F. canst thou not constrain one man to do justice? If an earthly citizen had been my guarantor, I had attached him by the Judge or the Lictor [1], or in such and such a way I had recovered my money. But thou who art Lord of heaven and earth, if thou dost not vindicate thy word, what can I do? Since the heavens are not clean in thy sight, and the Sun and the Moon shine not before thee, and Angels and Archangels tremble, and the earth melteth and the mountains flow down, and all the elements of the world do fail because of thee, who am I that I should dare to speak before thee?" These and many more such passionate lamentations he poured out before the Lord and his two chosen Apostles.

'Again on that very night the likeness of the Saviour appeared to the debtor, saying, "Return to Ravenna and restore the *solidi* to thy co-father since he calls upon me and I can no longer bear his chidings. Know that if thou dost not go speedily, and he importunes me again, thou shalt lose all the goods which thou hast gathered here, and I will give thy body over to torments, and thou shalt pass the rest of thy life in the greatest misery: but I, out of my treasure-house, will restore unto him two-fold."

'Then very early in the morning he took ship and returned to Ravenna. Hearing this news his co-father rejoiced and went to visit him. Among other conversation he began to ask him about the borrowed money. To which the other answered, "I have it, and it has multiplied fourfold in my hands." Then the lender said, "Blessed be God: give me back my *solidi*." But he answered, "Most willingly. Not now however, for it is late, but to-morrow before that Strong Arm which was thy guarantor, and in presence of the two Apostolic witnesses."

'So they went next day and at the appointed place the borrower counted out to the lender 400 *solidi*, and said, "Thou hast done well, because thou hast lifted me out of poverty, and Almighty God has blessed my business and given unto me fourfold. Take now thy 300 *solidi*, and in addition I give thee 100 that I may be harmless, because I

[1] Translation doubtful. *Civem Fecicum*, perhaps = *Fetialem*.

did not appear on the appointed day." To whom his co- NOTE F.
father replied, "Be it far from me that I should take more than the exact sum which I bestowed upon thee. That would not the Mighty Arm allow, which is mediator between me and thee, that I should take usury of thee even to so much as a shoe-latchet."

'Then the borrower told the story of how the Lord of the Strong Arm had appeared to him again and again in a vision and had told him of the prayers of the lender, prayers which were even then hovering on the verge of blasphemy, so that the borrower ran a risk of having to account not for the *solidi* only but for the lender's soul also. Then they compared the times and the seasons and found that the prayers of the one had always preceded the visions of the other. And though the borrower pressed his friend to take the 100 *solidi* he steadfastly refused to do so, saying, "I have sworn by the Lord and by this Strong Arm which hath brought thee back again, that I will not take as much as a little handful of dust, but only thy love which I daily retain. Let us see and act cautiously that neither of us defraud the other, because we have made this Strong Arm mediator between us." And when he said this they wept for joy and kissed one another. They went in peace, and from that day forward for this reason the place is called *Brachium Forte* unto this day, although few know the cause thereof.'

The little chapel of Braccio Forte was still standing in 1865, when it was removed during the excavations which brought to light the real tomb of Dante.

23. *St. Aurelian*, the last bishop of Ravenna with whom we here have to do, occupied the See during the early part of the sixth century. 'He was an eminent man, young in years, old in wisdom, mild towards the people, courteous towards his flock. But, my dearly beloved, that you may know what heavy burdens you have imposed upon my neck, I have not been able to learn any facts about this man except that he acquired certain property for the cathedral in the territory of Comacchio, and that a monastery was built in his time. But on account of your prayer, that this man's history may not appear too short, I will, with Divine

NOTE F. help, relate boldly what my human intellect is quite unable to declare.

'Now you wish that I should proceed. But I am very sick and weak in body, and can do nothing to-day. To-morrow, with the Creator's help, I will begin.

[A day intervenes.]

'Oh, do not press me as you did yesterday. Your eloquence has urged me quite enough. Think of the words of Solomon, "He who presseth for words too vehemently squeezeth out blood."

Remember that this wisdom of mine is not my own but the gift of the Almighty. Ah, wretched me, who am daily pressed with such questions. Do not thus treat me. If you want to have this Liber Pontificalis finished quickly and deposited in your hands, consider your own frailty, and then mine also. To-day I am six lustres (thirty years) old, besides two years and ten months. Since I quitted my mother's womb I have never suffered such tortures, never have I been so constrained as I was by you yesterday. But if it is your pleasure to drag me hither and thither by the ears, to tie my hands behind my back, to lay your strokes upon my shoulders, I will consent. Do what you will and then leave me alone, and keep what I have already written concerning the Pontiffs of Ravenna: you will hear nothing more from me. I will finish this life of Aurelian, and then be silent ever after[1].

'Remember what I say: I wish you to know that if I leave off this Liber Pontificalis on account of your persecution, a time will come when you will read my half-finished book and will remember with a groan what I am now saying to you. I desire with the help of Almighty God to bring this labour of mine to its proper ending: you, by your too great haste, in fact wish me to leave off. I will not do it. But as I consider that I am your debtor bound to answer that question about the rivers of Ethan I will now do it.

'The Psalmist says, "Thou didst cleave the fountain and

[1] This threat was not fulfilled. His second book is equal in length to the first, which he is here completing.

the flood, thou driedst up rivers of Ethan." What is the meaning of these rivers of Ethan?' NOTE F.

Three or four mystical interpretations of this passage follow, occupying a whole folio page. As our version translates 'Thou driedst up mighty rivers,' and as the connection with the history of Italy is not obvious, we will allow the commentary to repose in peace. And here we take our leave of the first part of the Liber Pontificalis of Agnellus.

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NOTE G. St. Augustine and Count Bonifacius. NOTE G.

The following letter (the 220th of the Epistles of Augustine), though very long, will I think repay the reader's perusal.

No abstract would reproduce the peculiar blending of Christian nobleness and courage with ascetic austerity in the mind of the writer of the letter, or adequately show the conflict of emotions—saint and rebel striving together for the mastery—in the heart of the receiver.

'Augustine, to his master and son Bonifacius, whom he longs to see protected and ruled by the compassion of God for his present and eternal salvation.

'I could not have found a more faithful man or one who would more readily obtain access to thy presence than that servant of Christ, dear to both of us, whom the Lord has now offered me for this service, the Deacon Paul, the bearer of this letter. For I have something to say to thee, not on behalf of thy power and the honour which thou bearest in this evil world, nor for the safety of thy perishable and mortal flesh, since that also must pass away, and how soon we know not. But I would speak to thee on behalf of that salvation which Christ hath promised us: Christ who for this was dishonoured and crucified that he might teach us to spurn the good things of this world, and to love and to hope for *that* from him which he showed forth in his resurrection. "For he hath risen from the dead and now dieth no more: death hath no more dominion over him."

NOTE G.

'(2) I know that there are many men who love thee according to this world's life, and who in that sphere give thee their counsels, sometimes useful, sometimes useless, seeing that they are men, and, as far as may be, they are wise for the present time, not knowing what shall be on the morrow. But that thy soul may not perish in the sight of God—it is not easy for any man to give thee counsel for this end: not because the men to do it are wanting, but because it is difficult for them to find a time when they may have audience with thee on such matters. For I too have often longed for it, but have never yet found place or time to converse with thee as I ought to converse with a man so dear to me in Christ. But thou knowest in what state I was when thou condescendedst to visit me at Hippo, for I could scarcely speak for the weakness and weariness of my body. Now therefore, my son, hear me, at least when I discourse to thee in this letter, which in thy present perils I have had no earlier opportunity to send to thee, fearing both for the safety of the messenger and also for the letter lest it should fall into the hands of those by whom I would not have it read. I confess these fears of mine: forgive me if they have been excessive.

'(3) Hear me, therefore, or rather hear the Lord our God using my weakness for his message. Remember what manner of man thou wast when thy former wife, that woman of blessed memory, was still present in the body: what thou wast when her death was still recent: how the vanity of this world repelled thee, how thou then didst yearn after the service of God. We know, we are witnesses what manner of conversation thou hadst with us at Tubunae concerning thy state of mind and thy inclinations. We were alone with thee, I and my brother Alypius. I cannot think that all the cares of this world which now fill thy mind can be mighty enough to blot out altogether those conversations from thy memory. For then thou wast desiring to be rid of all the civil functions the discharge of which took possession of thy time, and to betake thee to sacred leisure, and to that life which is led by the monks, the servants of God. And what hindered thee then from

taking this step? What but the consideration which we pressed upon thee, how much even thy public life would benefit the churches of Christ if thou madest this its sole aim, that they being delivered from the molestations of the barbarians, might, as the Apostle says, "lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and chastity." Thou the while wast to seek from this world nothing but what was needed for the mere support of life for thee and thine, being girt with the belt of chastest continence, and under all the armour of a Roman soldier being yet more safely, yet more strongly, fortified by the whole armour of God. NOTE G.

'(4) While I believed, and rejoiced to believe that thou wast still firm in this purpose, thou madest a voyage, thou marriedst a [second] wife. The voyage was a part of that obedience which, according to the Apostle, is owing to the higher powers. But the wife thou wouldest not have married unless thou hadst been conquered by concupiscence, and therefore broken thy vow of chastity. When I heard that thou hadst done this, I confess that I was struck dumb with astonishment, though my grief was somewhat assuaged when I learned that thou hadst refused to marry her unless she first became a Catholic; and yet the heresy of those who deny the true Son of God has so far prevailed in thy house that thy own daughter was baptized by these very men. But now, if the rumours which have reached me be not false—oh, that they were—and if it be true that even the handmaids dedicated to God are re-baptized by those same heretics, with what fountains of tears must such wickedness be deplored. Men say too, but perhaps they lie, that thy wife is not sufficient for thee, but that thou art polluted by intercourse with concubines, I know not whom.

'(5) Now as to all these great sins, patent to all men, which have been committed by thee since thy re-marriage, what can I say? Thou art a Christian: thou hast a heart: thou fearest God. Consider for thyself the things which I prefer to leave unsaid: and thou wilt find how great are the evil actions which demand thy repentance. For the sake of that repentance, and in order that thou mayest have time to manifest it fully, I trust that the Lord will

NOTE G. spare thee and free thee from all thy perils; but remember that which is written, "Delay not being converted to God, neither put off from day to day." Thou sayest that thou hast right on thy side [in thy disputes with the court]—a matter upon which I can pronounce no judgment since I cannot hear both sides—but whatever the merits of that dispute, which we need not now discuss, canst thou, at the bar of God, deny that thou wouldest never have come into thy present straits unless thou hadst loved the good things of this life, which, as a servant of God (whom we before knew thee to be), thou oughtest to have altogether despised and held of no account? If offered, thou shouldest have taken them that they might be applied to pious uses: if refused or transferred to another, thou oughtest not to have sought them so earnestly, as for their sakes to be brought into this present difficulty. In this emergency, for the sake of this world's goods, evil deeds are being wrought—few indeed *by* thee, but many *for* thee—and while thou fearest losses which harm but for a little time, if at all, thou plungest into the commission of these actions which will harm thee truly and for ever.

'(6) To mention one of these misdoings, who cannot see that many men are gathering round thee under the pretence of guarding thy power and life. They may be all faithful to thee, thou mayest have no plot to fear, from them; but at any rate it is through thy influence that they hope to obtain those possessions which they too, as well as thou, love according to the spirit of this world and not according to God. And thus thou who oughtest to have restrained and kept in check thy own lusts wilt be compelled to satisfy the lusts of others. To do this it will be necessary for thee to consent to the commission of many things displeasing to God, and yet not even so will the goal be attained. For it is easier for those who have the love of God in their hearts to prune lust, than for those who love the world to satisfy it. Wherefore the Holy Scripture says, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. The world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever" (1 John

ii. 15–17). Oh that multitude of armed men, loving the world with fierce lust, whose desires thou wilt have to flatter, whose ferocity thou wilt have to fear! How wilt thou ever be able, I do not say to satisfy (that is impossible), but in any measure to appease their longings without doing deeds which God forbids, and for which He threatens His punishments on the doers thereof? And in fact, already thou beholdest many places so trodden down by these followers of thine that there is scarce anything left, however paltry, that they can still carry off. NOTE G.

'(7) But what can I say as to the ravage of Africa[1], which the African barbarians are carrying on unresisted by any man, while thou art so engrossed with thy own schemes of self-defence that thou art not taking any measures for averting so great a calamity. Oh! who would have believed that with a Bonifacius for General of the Household Troops (Comes domesticorum) and Count of Africa, wielding the power of so great an army, a Bonifacius who, when a mere Tribune with a few auxiliaries (foederati) at his back, had silenced all those very nations by terror and the sword, under such a Governor the Barbarians would by this time have recovered such boldness, have penetrated so far, have ravaged such wide regions, have carried off so much plunder, have made desolate so many towns once teeming with inhabitants? Did not men say when thou wast invested with the authority of a Count, that the African barbarians were not only already subdued but would become even tributaries of the Roman Commonwealth? And now to what other issue these hopes of men have turned thou seest right well: nor need I speak longer with thee on this subject, since thou must needs think more than I can say.

'(8) But thou wilt perhaps reply, "I am not answerable for these disasters, but they who have injured me, who have punished instead of rewarding my official services." Controversies like this I cannot hear nor judge: do thou rather

[1] The previous section seems to have referred to the lawless exactions of Bonifacius's own soldiers, this to the ravages of the wild tribes of Mount Atlas. The Vandal invasion came as the climax of guilt and misery, but had not yet commenced when this letter was written.

NOTE G. look within and weigh that controversy which thou knowest that thou hast, not with men, whoever they may be, but with God himself, since if thou wouldest live as a believer in Christ thou oughtest to fear offending Him. For as to the controversies previously spoken of, my feeling rather is that men should impute it to their own sins that Africa suffers such calamities. But still, I would not that thou shouldest be reckoned among the number of those unrighteous and cruel men whom God uses as the instruments for inflicting temporal chastisement upon us. For He, who uses their wickedness as His scourge in Time, reserves for themselves His punishments in Eternity except they repent. Do thou therefore look towards God, consider Christ who brought us such good things, who suffered for us such evil things. They who desire to attain to His kingdom, and to live the blessed life with Him and under Him, these love even their enemies, they do good to them which hate them, and pray for them which despitefully use them and persecute them, and if they sometimes, in the way of discipline, have to use moderate severity towards wrong-doers, yet they never lose even towards these the sincerest charity. But if upon thee good gifts have been bestowed by the Roman Empire, gifts of this world it is true, transitory gifts because she herself is earthly not heavenly, do not thou return evil for her good. Or if she have bestowed upon thee evil things, do not return evil for evil. Whether of these twain be true I do not wish to discuss, and I am not able to judge. I only say to a Christian man, "Do not return evil for good or evil for evil."

'(9) Thou wilt say to me perchance, "In such an emergency what do you wish me to do?" Now if thou askest my advice as after the spirit of the world, meaning, "How can the safety of my fleeting life be guarded, how can my power and wealth be preserved intact or yet more be added to them?" I have no definite advice that I can give. But if thou seekest my counsel as after God, lest thine own soul perish, and if thou fearest the words of Truth, saying, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" then I know what to write, I have advice that I can give. For what needs then to say anything else than

that which I said before, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes, and the ambition of the age, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away and the lust thereof, but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever, even as God abideth for ever." Here is my counsel: grasp it: act upon it. Hence shall it appear if thou art a brave man indeed. Conquer those lusts which make thee love that world of yours, repent of thy past evil actions when thou wast conquered and carried captive by desires which were not good. If thou shalt receive and hold fast this counsel, thou wilt both arrive at those certain blessings which are reserved for us hereafter, and thou wilt do thy part among the uncertainties of this life without ruin to thy soul. NOTE G.

'(10) But perchance thou wilt yet again enquire of me, how canst thou do all these things, thou who art still entangled in all the necessities of this world. Pray mightily and say to God what thou readest in the Psalms, "O bring thou me out of my necessities[1]." For then will those necessities be at an end when those lusts are conquered. He who heard thy prayer and ours on thy behalf, that thou mightest be delivered from all those great dangers of visible and bodily warfare, in which only this fast-fading life was at stake, but not the life of the soul if she were not held captive by cruel lusts—He will again hear thee praying that thou mayest overcome thy internal and unseen foes, that is thy lusts, by an invisible and spiritual victory, that thou mayest so use the world as not abusing it, that instead of being made evil by this world's goods thou mayest make them to yield yet more good, since even this world's goods are good in themselves, and are given to men by none other than Him who hath all power in heaven and earth. They are given to the good that they may not be thought to be in themselves evil: that they may not be thought to be the supreme good they are given also to the wicked. In the

[1] 'Distresses' in the A.V. Psalm xxv. 17.

NOTE G. same way they are taken back from good men for their probation, and from wicked men for their punishment.

'(11) For who is so ignorant, who so foolish, as not to perceive that the health of this mortal body, the vigour of these perishable limbs, victory over the men who hate us, the honour and power of this world, and all other good things of this life are both given to and taken away from both the evil and the good. But the health of the soul with the immortality of the body, victory over the lusts which are our foes, glory and honour and peace to all eternity, these things are given only to the good. These things therefore shouldest thou love, these desire, these seek after by all means in thy power. To obtain and hold fast these benefits, give alms, pour forth thy prayers, practise fasting as far as it may be done without injury to thy body. But, as for those earthly goods, love them not howsoever they may abound to thee. So use them that many other good things may spring up from them, but commit not one evil deed in order to retain them. For all such things as these shall perish, but good works shall not perish, not even those which were wrought out of the perishing things of time.

'(12) If thou wert still unwed I should recommend thee as I did at Tubunae to live in the holy state of continence: I shall add, what I then refrained from adding, that, as far as the safety of the state will permit, thou shouldest withdraw thyself from warlike concerns, and devote thyself, as thou wast then desiring to do, to that life of holy fellowship wherein the soldiers of Christ fight in silence, not that they may kill men, but that they may cast down principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places, that is the Devil and his Angels. These are the enemies whom the saints conquer. They see them not, yet they are assured of victory by conquering the feelings of their own hearts. Now however since thou hast married a wife (who came to thee in all innocence and simplicity of heart, though thou after those words of thine shouldest not have asked her to come), I can no longer give thee the same advice, but I do exhort to faithfulness though not to celibacy. . . . .

However, from loving God, not the world, from acting loyally and working for peace in these very wars (if thou must still be engaged in them), from turning the good gifts of this life to good account and refusing to do aught evil for their sake, from all these things a wife is no hindrance or ought to be none. NOTE G.

'All this have I written to thee, dearly beloved son, at the bidding of that affection which I have for thee, not according to the spirit of the world but according to God. And remembering also that it is written, "Rebuke a wise man and he will love thee: rebuke a fool and he will go on to hate thee," I deemed it right to think of thee as not a fool but a wise man.'

CHAPTER X.

SALVIAN ON THE DIVINE GOVERNMENT.

NEAR the end of the life of Placidia, a book was written in Gaul, and circulated from monastery to monastery, which evidently produced a profound impression on the minds of the generation who first read it, and which remains to this day one of our most valuable sources of information as to the inner life of the dying Empire and the moral character of its foes. This work is the treatise of St. Salvian, Presbyter[1] of Marseilles, concerning the Government of God, in eight books.

Life of St. Salvian.

The author was born at Cologne, probably some time between the years 410 and 420. He migrated to Trèves, where he appears to have spent several years, and then to Marseilles, in which city he passed the middle and later portion of his life. He was married, and had a daughter named Auspiciola, after whose birth he and his wife Palladia, according to the not infrequent custom of the times, took the so-called vow of perpetual chastity, and consecrated themselves to the religious life.

[1] He is erroneously called Bishop in the title-page of some editions. There appears to be no doubt that he died a simple Presbyter.

He was still living, at a good old age, in the year 493, and was then spoken of by a contemporary ecclesiastic[1] as 'a Presbyter of Marseilles, well furnished with divine and human learning, and, not to speak invidiously, the master of the holy bishops Salonius and Veranius.'

The riddle of the age: 'Why is the Empire falling?'

The enigma which demanded solution from Salvian, as it must have done from all of his contemporaries who looked forth with any intelligence upon the catastrophe of the Roman Empire, was this, 'Why, if this world be ordered by Divine Providence, is the framework of society, now no longer Anti-Christian but Christian, going to pieces under the assaults of the barbarians?' Augustine had dealt with one half of this question, but he had treated it merely as a part of Christian polemics. He had contended, in the 'De Civitate Dei,' that these calamities were *not* the result of Rome's renunciation of Paganism. He had not, except casually and incidentally, sought to investigate what was their true cause. Orosius, while to some extent following his master's lead, had ultimately come to the conclusion that the state of the Empire was not unsatisfactory, and therefore that the enigma did not exist. A transitory improvement in the affairs of Honorius in the year 417, a slight bend backwards towards prosperity of the stream which had been flowing long and steadily towards ruin, might make this contention plausible in the eyes of a small religious

[1] Gennadius.

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coterie; but such desperate optimism was sure to be rejected sooner or later by the common sense of mankind.

Salvian's answer 'Because of the vices of the Romans.'

With a truer perception of the real conditions of the problem than either of his predecessors, and with the increased knowledge afforded by another generation of manifest decline, Salvian set himself to answer the same question, and arrived at this conclusion, the sum and substance of his whole treatise, 'The vices of the Romans are the real cause of the downfall of their Empire[1].' The fuller and more complete solution of the problem, namely, the Divine purpose to weld the Latin and Teutonic elements together into a new and happier Europe, does not seem to have presented itself to his mind. Such a conception was hardly possible to a Roman of that age to whom the Barbarian was as much out of the pale of political capability as the Gentile was out of the pale of spiritual privilege in the eyes of the Pharisee. But as a truthful man, enthusiastic, like one of the old Hebrew prophets, on behalf of pure living and just dealing, he saw and could not escape bearing witness to the immense moral superiority of the Barbarians over the Romans. This contrast gives emphasis to all his denunciations of the vices of his fellow-countrymen. 'You, Romans and Christians and Catholics,' he says, 'are defrauding your brethren, are grinding the faces of the poor, are frittering away your lives over the impure and heathenish spectacles of

[1] 'Sola nos morum nostrorum vitia vicerunt' (end of book 7).

the amphitheatre, you are wallowing in licentiousness and inebriety. The Barbarians, meanwhile, Heathens or Heretics though they may be, and however fierce towards us, are just and fair in their dealings with one another. The men of the same clan, and following the same king, love one another with true affection. The impurities of the theatre are unknown amongst them. Many of their tribes are free from the taint of drunkenness, and among all, except the Alans and the Huns, chastity is the rule.'

Superior morality of the barbarian races.

A contrast so drawn between the Teuton and the Latin nations cannot fail to be highly gratifying to the former. Now that the German has risen to be the head-boy in the school, he reads with delight the faded characters which record how, before he could speak plainly, he was always such a far nobler-looking and cleaner child than his companions; and rightly enough, in the very forefront of the series of 'Monumenta Historiae Germanicae' (published at Berlin, 1877), appears the treatise of Salvian 'De Gubernatione Dei.'

Salvian's statements not to be accepted without qualification.

On the other hand, it is impossible not to feel in reading Salvian's book that though he is thoroughly truthful and in deadly earnest, one must not accept as literal truth every point of the contrast which he draws between Roman immorality and Barbarian purity. As Tacitus in the 'Germania' undoubtedly sometimes paints up German freedom in order to render the slavery of Rome under Domitian more hateful by contrast; as the philosophers of last century drew many an arrow from

the quiver of the Red Indian to discharge it against the rotten civilization of which France under Louis XV was the centre, so doubtless has Salvian sometimes used the German chastity, the German simplicity of life to arouse a sense of shame in his Roman reader. Besides, he is preacher as well as man of letters. In reading his pages, one every now and then seems to hear his hand descend upon the rail of the *ambo* in the centre of the crowded cathedral; and at such a time it would be obviously indecorous to suggest a doubt whether a whole German nation could be literally described by one epithet of praise and a whole Roman province by another term of vituperation.

It must be added, moreover, that Salvian admits many blots on the character of his barbarian clients. 'Only,' as he contends, 'not one of these tribes is altogether vicious. If they have their vices they have also virtues, clear, sharp, and well-defined. Whereas you, my beloved fellow-provincials, I regret to say, with the exception of a few holy men among you, are altogether bad. Your lives from the cradle to the grave are a tissue of rottenness and corruption, and all this notwithstanding that you have the sacred Scriptures in your hands, drawn from the purest sources and faithfully translated, while their sacred books have suffered all manner of interpolations and mistranslations at the hands of evil authors[1].'

[1] 'Eadem, inquis, legunt illi, quae leguntur a nobis. Quomodo eadem, quae ab auctoribus quondam malis et male sunt inter-

The following are the chief passages in which Salvian describes the special vices of the different barbarian races :—

The special vices of the barbarians.

'The nation of the Saxons,' he says, 'is fierce, that of the Franks untrue, of the Gepidae inhuman, of the Huns immodest. In short, it may be said that the life of all the barbarous nations is a course of vice[1]. But are their vices as blameable as ours? Is the immodesty of the Hun, the perfidy of the Frank, the drunkenness of the Aleman, the rapacity of the Alan, as blameworthy as similar crimes committed by Christians?' [All of these were heathen, not Arian, nations.] 'If the Hun or the Gepid deceive, what marvel, since the criminality of falsehood is unknown to him? If the Frank perjure himself, is that strange, since he looks upon perjury as a mere fashion of speech, not a crime?'

Profanity of Gaulish provincials.

Then, side by side with the perjury of the Franks he places the new form of profanity, the oath 'per Christum,' which had come in among the Roman provincials. 'By Christ I will do this,'

polata et male tradita? ac per hoc jam non eadem, quia non possunt penitus dici ipsa, quae sunt in aliqua parte vitiata. . . . Nos ergo tantum scripturas sacras plenas, inviolatas, integras habemus, qui eas vel in fonte suo bibimus vel certe de purissimo fonte haustas per ministerium purae translationis haurimus' (v. 2).

[1] 'Gens Saxonum fera est, Francorum infidelis, Gepidarum inhumana, Chunorum impudica: omnium denique gentium barbararum vita vitiositas' (iv. 14). This may be rather a concession for argument's sake to an opponent than Salvian's own deliberate judgment on the facts.

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'By Christ I say that,' were the perpetually recurring exclamations of the Christian inhabitants of Gaul. Nay, sometimes one heard, 'By Christ I will kill so-and-so,' or 'By Christ I will rob him of his property.' In one case it happened to Salvian himself to plead earnestly with some powerful personage that he would not take away from a poor man the last remnant of his substance. 'But he, already devouring the spoil with vehement desire, shot forth savage glances from his eyes against me, enraged at my daring to interfere, and said that it was now his religious duty, and one which he dared not neglect, to do the thing which I besought him not to do. I asked him why? and he gave me the astounding answer, "Because I have sworn *per Christum* that I would take that man's property away from him[1]."'

In another passage[2] he balances the virtues and vices of the chief races of the barbarians against one another in the following fashion:—'The nation of the Goths is perfidious but modest, that of the Alans immodest but less perfidious; the Franks are liars but hospitable, the Saxons wild with cruelty but to be admired for their chastity. All these nations, in short, have their especial good qualities as well as their peculiar vices.' Combining these two passages, and comparing them with hints uttered in other parts of the book[3], we may

[1] iv. 15. [2] vii. 15.

[3] e.g. 'Esse inter Gothos non licet scortatorem Gothum: soli inter eos praejudicio nationis et nominis permittuntur impuri esse Romani' (vii. 6).

conclude that, in the relations between the sexes, the Tartar hordes of Huns and Alani stood exceptionally low, and the Goths and Saxons exceptionally high, in the scale of morality. Want of loyalty to solemn treaty-obligations was the chief fault attributed to both Franks and Goths by their Roman neighbours in Gaul. Peculiarly wild and savage cruelty was the besetting sin of our Saxon forefathers. Drunkenness was not then generally laid to their charge, as it was to that of the nation of the Alamanni, who occupied the region of the Black Forest and skirmished by the upper waters of the Rhine.

Salvian's pictures of Roman society.

After all, however, Salvian's sketches of barbarian character, though the most frequently quoted parts of his book, are not so valuable as his distinct and carefully-coloured pictures, evidently drawn from the life, of Roman society and Roman institutions. How vividly he brings before us the debates of a *conventus* (or assembly of *notables*, to borrow a phrase from a much later period of French history) assembled for purposes of taxation in the capital of a Gaulish province.

The Conventus.

'Messengers arrive express, bringing letters from the highest sublimities' [the Emperor] 'which are addressed to a few illustrious persons, to work the ruin of the multitude. They meet: they decree certain additions to the taxes, but they do not pay those taxes themselves, they leave that to be done by the poor. Now, then, you rich men, who are so prompt in ordaining fresh taxes, I pray you be

prompt likewise in paying them. Be foremost in the liberality of your contributions, as you are foremost in the liberality of your words. You have been paying long enough out of my pocket, be good enough to pay now out of your own. . . . Does it seem unreasonable to complain that one class orders the taxes which have to be paid by another class? The injustice of the proceeding is most evidently shown by the wrath of these same rich men when by any chance taxes have been passed in their absence and without their consent. Then you shall hear them saying "What a shameful thing! Two or three persons have ordered a levy which will be the ruin of thousands." Not a whisper of this before, when they were present at the assembly. All which plainly shows that it is a mere matter of pique with the rich that any important matter of taxation should be settled in their absence, and that they have no feeling of justice which would be offended by unrighteous edicts being passed in their presence.

'And as the poor are first to pay, so they are the last to be relieved. If it should happen, as it did on a late occasion, that the Supreme Powers [the Emperor] should, in consideration of the ruined state of the cities, decree a return of some part of the contribution of the Province, at once these rich men divide among themselves alone the gift which was meant to be for the solace of all. Who, then, remembers the poor? Who, then, calls in the needy to share the imperial bounty? When it

was a question of laying on taxes, the poor were the only persons thought of. Now that it is a question of taking them off, it is conveniently forgotten that they are tax-payers at all. . . .

These exactions not practised by the Barbarians,

'In what other race of men would you find such evils as these which are practised among the Romans? Where else is there such injustice as ours? The Franks know nothing of this villainy. The Huns are clear of crimes like these. None of these exactions are practised among the Vandals, none among the Goths. So far are the barbarian Goths from tolerating frauds like these, that not even the Romans, who live under Gothic rule, are called upon to endure them. And hence the one wish of all the Romans in those parts is that it may never be necessary for them to pass under the Roman jurisdiction. With one consenting voice the lower orders of Romans put up the prayer that they may be permitted to spend their life, such as it is, alongside of the barbarians. And then we marvel that our arms should not triumph over the arms of the Goths, when our own countrymen would rather be with them than with us. . . .

whose land therefore became an asylum for refugees from the Empire.

'Although the fugitives from the Empire differ in religion, differ in speech, differ even in habit of body from the barbarians, whose very smell, if I may say so, is offensive to the Provincial, yet they would rather put up with all this strangeness among the barbarians than submit any longer to the rampant tyranny of the Roman revenue officers. . . . And thus the name of Roman citizen, for-

merly so highly valued and even bought with a great price, is now voluntarily abandoned, nay, it is shunned; nay, it is regarded with abomination. . . . Hence it comes to pass that a large part of Spain, and not the smallest part of Gaul, is filled with men, Roman by birth, whom Roman injustice has de-Romanised[1].'

Such was the fiscal condition of the remaining provinces of the Empire in the middle of the Fifth Century. How easily we could imagine, in listening to that description of a Gaulish *Conventus*, that we had glided unconsciously over thirteen centuries, and were listening to the preparation of a *cahier*, setting forth the wrongs of the iniquitously-taxed *Tiers Etat* before the convocation of the States General..

Downward steps in the course of the small provincial land-owner.

The lamentable consequences of such exactions on the condition of the poorer classes are clearly traced in the pages of Salvian. The poor Provincial, who could not fly to the Goths because his whole property was in land, hunted to despair by the tax-gatherer, would transfer that land to some wealthy neighbour, apparently on condition of receiving a small life annuity out of it. He was then called the *Dedititius* (or Surrenderer) of the new owner, towards whom he stood in a position of a certain degree of dependence. Not yet, however, were his sorrows or those of his family at an end, for the tax-gatherer still regarded him as

Dedititius.

[1] This passage is taken from Book v, chaps. 7 and 8, freely rendered and combined with chap. 5.

responsible for his land, and required the old amount of taxes at his hands. From the life-rent for which he had covenanted he might possibly be able to satisfy this demand, but on his death his sons, who had utterly lost their paternal inheritance, and still found themselves confronted with the claim for taxes, were obviously without resource. The next stage of the process accordingly was that they abdicated the position of free citizens and implored the great man to accept them as *coloni*, a class of labourers, half-free, half-enslaved, who may perhaps with sufficient accuracy be compared to the serfs *adscripti glebae* of the middle ages. But they had already begun to drink, as Salvian says, of the Circean cup of bondage, and they could not stay the transforming process. Before long they became mere slaves (*servi*), without a shadow of right or claim against their new lords. Such was the downward course by which the free Roman landholder was changed into the mere beast of burden of some rich noble who was influential enough to hold at bay for himself the ruinous visits of the tax-gatherer[1].

Colonus.

Servus.

Of the condition of the slaves themselves, Salvian draws a melancholy picture. Insufficiently supplied by their avaricious masters with the bare necessaries of life, they were almost compelled to rob in order to keep soul and body together, and the masters, however they might affect to blame their thievish habits, knew in their secret hearts

Cruel treatment of slaves.

[1] v. 8, 9.

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that no other resource was left to them. Even when the master himself was tolerably kind-hearted, the common herd of slaves suffered torment from the fellow-slaves who were set over them. The steward, the driver, the confidential valet, were so many petty tyrants who made the life of the poor drudge, whether in the house or in the field, well-nigh unendurable. Sometimes, in desperation, a slave would fly from his fellow-slaves to their common master, and would find a shade more of compassion from him than from them[1].

All pervading spirit of injustice.

The spirit of injustice, and hard, unpitying selfishness, according to Salvian, pervaded all classes. The prefect looked upon his prefecture as a mere source of plunder[2]. The life of the merchant was one long tissue of fraud and perjury, that of the *curiales* (burgesses) of injustice, that of the officials of calumny, that of the soldiers of plunder[3].

The long indictment against the Empire, of which only a few counts are here transcribed, may be closed by Salvian's description of the fall of the two cities of Trèves and Carthage, the capitals of the two great provinces of Gaul and Africa. Of both cities he seems to speak from personal knowledge. He resided many years at the former, and a hint which he lets fall makes it probable that he had at least visited the latter.

[1] iv. 3.

[2] 'Quid aliud quorundam, quos taceo, *praefectura quam praeda?*' iv. 4.

[3] iii. 10.

Three times had Trèves, 'the most opulent city in Gaul,' been besieged and taken by the barbarians. Still it repented not of its evil ways. The gluttony, the wine-bibbing, the immersion in carnal delights ceased not; and it was a special characteristic of the place that in all these degrading pleasures old men took the lead. Some of the citizens perished of cold, some of hunger; the naked bodies lay at the head of all the streets, and 'death exhaled new death.' Still the hoary sinners sinned on; and, after the third sack of the city, a few of the oldest, and by birth the noblest among them, petitioned the Emperor for shows in the amphitheatre (*circenses*) by way of consolation for their losses. The theatrical and amphitheatrical performances of that age, idolatrous in their origin and unspeakably immoral in their tendency, always excited the opposition of an earnest ecclesiastic[1], and one of the most eloquent passages in the whole book is that in which Salvian rebukes this request of the nobles of Trèves for such exhibitions.

Calamities of Trèves and unrepentant state of that city.

'Citizens of Trèves, do you ask for games? and that when your country has been laid waste, when your city has been taken, after the bloodshed, the tortures, the captivity and all the calamities of your ruined town? What can be imagined more pitiable than such folly? I confess I thought you of all

Cry for 'Circenses.'

[1] Apparently the words of the Baptismal Service, 'Abrenuntio diabolo, pompis, *spectaculis* et operibus ejus,' were understood as containing a special reference to the shows of the amphitheatre (vi. 6).

men most miserable when I heard of the destruction of Trèves; but I think you more miserable now when you are begging for games. . . . So then, oh man of Trèves! thou askest for public amusements. Where, pray, shall they be celebrated? Over tombs, over ashes, over the bones and the blood of the slain? What part of the city is free from these dread sights? Everywhere is the appearance of a sacked city, everywhere the horror of captivity, everywhere the image of death. . . . The city is black with her burning, and wilt thou put on the sleek face of the merry-maker? All around thee mourns, and wilt thou rejoice? Nay, more, wilt thou with thy flagitious delights provoke the Most High, and draw down the wrath of God upon thee by the vilest idolatries? I do not wonder now, I do not wonder that all these evils have befallen thee. For if three catastrophes failed to correct thee, thou deservedst to perish by the fourth[1].'

Magnificence and wickedness of Carthage.

In yet stronger colours does this prophet of the Fifth Century paint the magnificence, the sins, and the downfall of Carthage: Carthage, who had risen again from the dust to be the rival of the towers of Rome; Carthage, rich in all the appliances of the highest civilization, in schools of art, in schools of rhetoric, in schools of philosophy; Carthage, the focus of law and government for the continent of Africa, the head-quarters of the troops, the seat of the Proconsul. In this city were to be found all

[1] vi. 15.

the nicely graduated orders of the Roman official hierarchy, so that it was scarcely too much to say that every street, every square had its own proper governor. Yet this was the city of which the great African, Augustine, had said, 'I came from my native town to Carthage, and everywhere around me roared the furnace of unholy love[1].' And too plainly does the language of Salvian, after all allowance made for rhetorical exaggeration, show what Augustine was thinking of when he wrote those words. Houses of ill-fame swarming in each street and square, and haunted by men of the highest rank, and what should have been venerable age; chastity outside the ranks of the clergy a thing unknown and unbelieved, and by no means universal within that enclosure; the darker vices, the sins of Sodom and Gomorrah, practised, avowed, gloried in —such is the picture which the Gaulish presbyter draws of the capital of Africa[2]. Perhaps the weight of his testimony is slightly lessened when he complains in a later passage[3] of the hatred which existed in Carthage against monks, so that when one of that order of men appeared with his pale face and tonsured head in the streets of the city, abuse and execration were wont to arise from the inhabitants against him. The description is so vivid, and Salvian's picture of the vices of the Africans is so black, as to suggest the possibility that he him-

[1] 'Veni Carthaginem et circumstrepebat me undique sartago flagitiosorum amorum,' Confessions, iii. 1.

[2] vii. 16, 17. [3] viii. 4.

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self, as an ecclesiastic visiting Carthage from Marseilles, had once been subjected to one of these scenes of outrage. But the chief facts to which he bears witness were too notorious to admit of falsification, and are moreover too well confirmed by other evidence.

Purifying influence of Vandal Conquest.

Into this City of Sin marched the Vandal army, one might almost say, when one reads the history of their doings, the army of the Puritans. With all their cruelty and all their greed they kept themselves unspotted by the licentiousness of the splendid city. They banished the men who were earning their living by ministering to the vilest lusts. They rooted out prostitution with a wise yet not a cruel hand. In short, Carthage, under the rule of the Vandals, was a city transformed, barbarous but moral[1].

Rome fell because she had proved untrue to the Aryan traditions of Family-Life.

The pages of Salvian's treatise are unrelieved by one gleam of brightness or of hope, and it is therefore of necessity a somewhat dreary book to read or to comment upon. But drearier than anything which he has written would be the thought that such a fabric as the Roman Empire, so splendid a creation of the brain of man, an organization upon the whole so beneficial to the human race, could have perished without an adequate moral cause. That cause he gives us, the deep corruption of life and manners in the Roman world. At the same time he truly remarks that this taint was not found in the genuine old Roman character, but was imported into it from

[1] vii. 20–22.

Greece[1]. Looking back through the mists of prehistoric time we can dimly discern the Aryan progenitors of the Greeks, the Romans, and the Goths cherishing certain religious beliefs and certain ideas of a strong and pure morality which guarded the sanctity of the home. The Teutons, when they descended upon the dying Empire, still preserved that precious Aryan inheritance intact. The Greeks had long since lost it or bartered it away for other gifts, the products of their delicious climate, their sensibility to artistic impressions, an analytical intellect and a capacity for boundless doubt. In later ages Rome, influenced by her Hellenic sister, had lost it too, and the corruption of her great cities showed in all its hideousness the degradation which might be achieved by a civilization without morality and without God.

One of her own poets had said, 'Abeunt studia in mores[2],' or as we might express it, 'Literature colours morality.' It is almost a truism to say that the maxim might be thus developed, 'Morals colour politics.' The character and actions of the individual must affect the character and actions of the community; the more or less of righteousness and purity in the citizen influences for good or for evil the duration of the State. By fraud, by injustice, by power abused, by an utter want of sympathy

[1] 'Romani, sed non antiqui, jam scilicet corrupti, jam dissoluti, jam sibi ac suis dispares et Graecis quam Romanis similiores,' vii. 20.

[2] Ovid, Heroides, Ep. xv. 83.

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between the classes of society, by a generally diffused 'recklessness of unclean living,' even more than by the blows of the barbarians, fell the commonwealth of Rome.

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